NEW YORK CLIPPER

THE OLDEST AMERICAN SPORTING AND THEATRICAL JOURNAL.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor. | NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876. | VOLUME XXIV.—No. 40. Price Ten Cents.

GOOD-BYE, OLD YEAR.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.
BY H. BRYANT HAZELTINE.

Good-bye, Old Year! We part as friends
Who've been long time together;
Who've found along their onward way
Some cloud, but more fair weather.

We started when the sun was low,
And days were short and dreary;
We walked along o'er hills of snow,
Sometimes with footsteps weary.

But length'ning days and brighter suns
Brought us to greener meadows,
And we've reposed in quiet vales,
Within the cooling shadows.

The birds trilled forth their amorous lay
In accents soft and fowling,
And flowers sprang up to cheer the way
As we were onward going.

And when the fire of Summer's sun
Our throbbing foreheads heated,
We whiled away the noontide hours,
By some cool fountain seated.

Sometimes the dark'ning clouds o'erhead
Proclaimed a gath'ring shower,
And we would bow in silent awe
To sorrow's fearful power.

But Autumn suns brought riper joys,
In rich and untold measure,
When round the hearth we gladly drew
Rejoicing in our treasure.

But now the sun again is low,
The days are dark and dreary;
And we, o'er Winter's hills of snow,
Creep on with footsteps weary.

The sun sinks low—we gather round
The fireside's dying embers;
Our limbs grow chill—we pass away
Like other bleak Decembers.

LILY MELVILLE,
OR THE HAND OF FATE.

A Thrilling Story of Intrigue, Deceit, and Love.

CHAPTER I.

Know, then, thyself; presume not God to scan;
The proper study of mankind is man.
* * * * * * *
Chaos of thought and passion all confused,
Still by himself abused or disabused;
Created half to rise and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all.
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled;
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.—POPE.

Down in the now unfashionable region of the east there lies, a little apart from the swift, ever-running stream that rushes to and fro through the leading thoroughfare, a little hid-away nest of streets and squares called Spitalfields. On either side of this oasis in the desert of drifting life-sands rise the roar of ever-passing footsteps, the rattle and rumble of countless vehicles, and the indescribable hum of still more restless voices. From the city to the green fields that lie beyond crowded Shoreditch and its suburbs, on one side, and the great docks of the East-end on the other, the living tide of human beings flows all day and nearly all night. Between these rivers lie Spitalfields and Spital square. Years ago this was the fashionable spot in our modern Babylon. The rich built themselves great houses and drove their heavy, much be-plated carriages in its streets. The rich have gone to the west and taken their carriages with them, but their grand houses still remain—grand still and forever, though with a dingy, faded, antique grandeur, for the elaborate carvings are blurred and smoked by the ever-passing fingers of the old man Time, and the elaborate gildings faded and dulled by his never-ceasing breath. Huge, rambling places they are, with halls larger than most of the modern villas, with rooms big enough to hold many a present-day fashionable cottage, with fire-places that would swallow up a city clerk's income in coal, and passages through which a modern hansom cab could be driven with ease. Mysterious old places some of them are, with queer and not altogether reputable legends attached to them, dark, crimson marks that will not be washed from their old oak floorings; high, iron-barred windows, suggestive of languishing prisoners; dark, bewildering cellars, with an order of secrecy and crime; and huge cupboards, opening by elaborate springs, and leading to few knew where. Not only the houses, but the streets in which they stand, savor of the dead and gone past. Some are narrow and solitary. Their old, feet-worn stones have almost forgotten the touch of shoe-leather, and in despair have comforted themselves by allowing blades of rank grass to grow between their interstices. The tide of fashion has swept over and past them. These are deserted and solitary; others, wider perhaps and nearer the great thoroughfare outside, are still cognizant of life and action, but the feet that press them are the weary ones of silk-weavers and their families, the relentless ones of the fag-gatherer, and the monotonous ones of the policeman. In the outer ring are the vegetable market and the great steam factories, but in the centre the old houses, the old streets still and quiet as a graveyard, and the place is nearly forgotten.

Take my hand, reader, and let us enter this old, red-bricked mansion. It stands hidden away, shouldered back as it were in the corner of a grass-grown square. Its old, heavy oak door is cracked and blistered by the sun. The stone steps—five of them—are trodden into hollows at the middle, and flanked on either side by a rusty railing. There is no area, but two blind circular windows barred with thick iron show that a cellar lies beneath. There are two windows above—if windows they can be called—seeing that out of ten panes five have been boarded up, and the sixth is rendered opaque by the thick layer of dust that might have been accumulating for centuries. Passing outside, who would think of gazing at the ramshackle old place, or, if gazing, imagine that anything of life lies within it? The hall is like its neighbors—a huge one, paneled with dark oak and polished perhaps once a-time, but now dim and lack-lustre. Facing the door rises a wide staircase; a pair of horses could drag a modern toy brougham up them without difficulty, as far as space went. Dust is in the hall; dust here on the stairs; dust in the front room—if the dim light could reveal it; dust in all the other scantily formed and more quaintly furnished; dust everywhere. The front room—a large, dreary apartment, paneled like the hall, and as lack-lustre—shows some signs of life. Three or four chairs and a table are set upon a frayed but real Turkey carpet. An old carved cabinet, with all the noses of its figures rubbed off, and most of their arms, rears its faded majesty against the farther wall. A few pictures, the subjects of which it is impossible to tell for dust and age, hang around three of the walls, the fourth being occupied by a huge, dark, serge curtain that hangs from ceiling to floor in heavy folds, upon which the flickering of a small fire, burning in a huge and cavernous aperture, surmounted and surrounded by a tall and wide mantelpiece, throws a sullen glow.

And now for the light. Look carefully through the room and descry a lad sitting in an attitude of profound meditation, within the embrace of a monstrous old-fashioned chair, whose back, carved with grotesque heads, seems to grin down upon his young head, whose fat, ponderous, misshapen arms seem so long as to reach down to under the floor on each of it as can be seen by the fitful fireglow—is clouded by a look almost painful in its intensity of thought. It is a face of fifteen, but wears the expression belonging to one of thirty. The eyes are dark, deep and penetrating—too much so; they are the eyes of a troubled spirit, a morbidly inquiring mind, a puzzled, never-questioning, never-satisfied gleaning through the masses of dark, overhanging hair, sometimes, too, through the fingers of the small, unnaturally white hand raised to part the hair from the forehead or shield the face from the heat of the fire.

Look now at the attitude, unnaturally pensive and languid for one so young, unpleasantly suggestive of age and unrest, yet in perfect harmony with the pale face and restless eyes that are bent now upon the fire with a thoughtful frown, and now raised towards the door with a glance of expectancy.

The vanity day grows quickly into night, and the firelight grows brighter by the disappearance of the dim gleam through the dust-obscured windows, and still the lad sits. Presently his ear—rendered acute by the silence reigning around and the still greater silence within him—catches the sound of approaching footsteps, and he stoops, not rises, and throws a fresh log upon the fire, resuming his old attitude, and keeping his eyes fixed upon the door. The footsteps ascend the huge stairs, the door opens, and the companion of the lad's life enters. He is a tall, handsome-looking man, with no resemblance to the lad, save perhaps in the eyes, though, dark and piercing as the lad's are, the man's are blacker and more piercing still. As he enters, closing the door carefully after him, and shooting with a familiar action a long bolt into its socket, the boy rises, and, displaying a wonderful yet not ungraceful gait, approaches the man to help him to remove a long, dark cloak that is wrapped closely around his thin, lithe figure. The man acknowledges the action, and nods with a short laugh that is more an exclamation of greeting than mirth.

"Well, Cli!" he says in a voice that is not unmusical. "Well, lad, all right, I see. Cloak wet? Throw it across the chair. Heyho, I am tired—fagged'n more the word—to death."

And with the lifting of his dark eyebrows and a pursing of his full, expressive mouth, he shuts into the chair which the lad, still silently, drags—it is too heavy to lift—towards the fire.

"What a blaze! Art cold, Cli? Your young blood should scarce own to that, though. I suppose you find it chilly to be doing nothing but thinking; while I'm hot—hot, lad—with work, and thinking, too, for the matter of that."

This, uttered in the tone of a soliloquy, with the black eyes fixed upon the fire and a pair of long, slender hands fumbling about his head, does not require an answer, and Cli, as the man calls him, still dumb, stands beside his empty chair and waits. The fumbling brings about a strange result, for with an impatient exclamation the man lifts what seems to be almost the upper part of his head—but which is in reality a wig and false forehead—and, with his eyes still upon the fire, hands the disguise to the lad. He takes it with an air of one long accustomed to the task, and, crossing the room to the old cabinet, deposits it within one of its cavernous drawers. Then he returns, and, dumb still, proceeds to light a handsome but faded lamp and spread a cloth upon the table. The bright flame of the lamp awakens the man—who, seen by its light, is altered by the removal of his wig, having golden hair and a fair complexion that go strangely with his dark eyes—for he rises, and, with a long-drawn "Heyho," helps the boy lay out the cold joint, salad, bread, butter, cheese and a bottle of wine that are to serve for supper. Then, all the preparations complete, the strange two seat themselves at either end of the massive table.

"Cold beef!" remarks the man. "This is a luxury, Cli, luxury—you and I have fared worse, eh?"

And he nods, but without the smile that should accompany the congratulation.

"Aye," replies the lad, speaking for the first time and in a voice as peculiar as the man's, but a hundred-fold more musical. "Aye," he continues, "and I suppose may do so again."

"You are right," returns the man, cutting a slice of the beef and handing it to him. "To-day lies in our hands, to-morrow in the gods'. That is a Roman proverb, Cli, but, unlike some of the same family, true. To-day is ours, to-morrow is the gods'. You do not ask me how the day has gone?"

Cli shrugs his shoulders—a gesture peculiarly unnatural to one so young—unnatural, but not ungraceful.

"I am not impatient, Melchior; no great fortune, or thou wouldst have been more cheerful and have sighed less."

This speech was as shrewdly unnatural as the gesture—peculiar, too, by the introduction of the "thou," which, it will be noted, both man and boy used at times, and in an odd and irregular manner.

"True," replies Melchior, "no great things, Cli. But the seed is sown, let us hope, the seed is sown; you can't get the harvest without sowing, remember that, lad. Sow, harrow and watch, and the harvest is sure—though maybe long delayed."

The lad nods.

"And where hast thou been sowing to-day?"

"In the field of fools," replied Melchior curtly—"a large tract of land to cover, and a fruitful one. And you, lad, what hast thou done?"

"All that you set me," said the youth, his face lit up with a passing gleam of interest.

"That's well. I'll look at it after supper—give me the corkscrew. To-day is ours, and, if we use it well, to-morrow may be plucked from the gods—eh, Cli?"

The lad nodded again to show that he understood. The man uncorked the bottle and poured out a glass of the contents with great care.

"Rare Rudersheim, Cli. One of the last few bottles. Ah, old wine, you and I have seen some strange things. Here's to thy death and burial!"

And with a gesture grotesque and weird he raised the glass high above his head, then set it to his lips and drained it.

"So, the tasks are done, Cli?" he resumed, leaning back in his chair and wiping his lips. "The history and the geography, the French and the Italian, all done, eh?"

Cli nods.

"That's well. Knowledge is power. Some say it is not, Cli; they are idiots. Knowledge—not learning, mark you—is power infinite, immeasureable. Know man, and you rule him. Know him not, and he rules you. Man is divided into two classes."

"Into two classes," said the boy, taking up the sentence in obedience to a questioning uprising of his master's eyebrows, and speaking in a rapt, meditative, yet eager tone, and with dreamy eyes. "Into two classes—fools and knaves, slaves and owners, poor and rich."

The man filled his glass and nodded approvingly.

"Good! Go on, Cli, go on."

"The fools were created for the knaves, the slaves for their masters, the poor for the rich. Knowledge rules them all. Know man and rule him."

"Good! Well repeated, Cli. Grave that lesson on your heart, while you have one; when you are fortunate enough to be able to live without it, burn it into your mind—burn it in. Knaves, fools, rich and poor. Knowledge of man above them all. Heigho! Now, Cli, your glass of brave old Rudersheim, and then to work."

The lad rose from the table and shook his head.

"No wine to-night, Melchior," he said, gathering together the remains of the meal.

The man nodded.

"Then we'll put the bottle by; Rudersheim is not to go begging, lad. Time, which teaches all things, if men will but learn it, will teach them to accept all offers while fools live to make them."

Rising as he spoke, he carried the bottle to the cabinet and placed it tenderly within it. Then he walked to the door, examined its fastenings, which were elaborate and seemingly unnecessarily massive, and stood by the fire waiting till the lad had finished clearing the table. When Cli had folded the cloth he said:

"I am ready, Melchior."

And, taking up the lamp, he proceeded to the end of the room shrouded by the curtain. The man followed, and the two passed behind its massive folds into the remaining portion of the room. It was empty and unfurnished, and seemed to serve as the store-room for old packing-cases and hampers, several of which were lying about the floor and resting against the wall. Setting the lamp upon the ground, the lad removed one of these packing-cases from the wall, and commenced passing his fingers along the worm-eaten planks. In a few moments his practiced fingers found the cunningly hidden spring, and a slight, grating noise was heard as the panel slid slowly into the wall. Taking up the lamp, the lad stepped aside and the man passed through, leaving the boy to fasten the door and follow him. The rays of the lamp held up above their heads served to light them on their way down a long flight of twisting, circular stone steps into a large cellar. Here the atmosphere, instead of being damp and chilly, as might have been expected, was dry and hot. A turn of the passages revealed the cause—a small, compact furnace, which threw from its red-hot heart a fierce circle of heat. The fire had been lighted some hours, and the iron door was glowing and red. By some contrivance the smoke was entirely consumed or carried off through unfamiliar funnels and cunningly contrived ventilation.

Besides the furnace, the cellar contained a number of smelting-pots, crucibles, testing-glasses, bottles and jars of chemicals, dies used by metal-workers, and a beautifully constructed machine for stamping coin. In one corner, concealed by a screen, lay a mass of metals—iron, lead, copper and zinc. In another, a set of appliances for working the smelting-pot and manufacturing the fused metals.

With a methodical air the two strange beings proceeded to don hooded linen coats and shirts and encase themselves in masks and plates of iron to shield them from the fierce heat of the furnace. Then the man, approaching the smelting-pot, poured in the lumps of metal which the boy supplied him with, and so, silent and enwrapped they worked, ever feeding the fire with hungry, long-drawn sighs, till, within the tents, the crimson glow of the fire flashing upon their hideous iron armor, and transforming them from human beings into the likeness of demons.

For several hours they toiled on, silent all through, save for some passing remark by the man on the temperature of the furnace or the progress of the smelting. Then, when a sufficient quantity of the metal was melted, they poured it into various moulds, and the two carried them into an adjoining compartment for the next process. Here they rested a while and divested themselves of their iron fire-guards, Cli seating himself upon a block of wood, and relapsing into the old attitude of gloomy, unyouthful meditation which had settled upon him upstairs. But a word from Melchior roused him, and, with a start, he helped him arrange the metal upon the machine ready for receiving the stroke of the die. As silently as before, but with greater attention and a look of fixed eagerness and anxiety, the man worked on, scrutinizing each glittering coin as it fell from the machine, and passing it critically between his finger and thumb. Some coins he flung aside with an impatient exclamation to be remelted; others he laid on a slab, nodding approvingly.

Click, click, sounded the machine, tinkle, tinkle, the coins as they fell from it.

Suddenly the great bell of St. Paul's gave out the hour twelve.

"Work's done, Cli!" exclaimed the man, raising himself and straightening his back. "Punctuality is the soul of business."

The youth, who had been feeding the machine, dropped the handle by which it was worked, and stood with his hands clasped behind him, gazing fixedly at the glittering pile of coins before him.

"See!" exclaimed Melchior, taking one up and holding it before him with a sardonic, smile. "As beautiful, as neat, as precise, as artistic as we could wish. Who dare say that our friends at the Mint can produce a better? Look you, Cli, how absurd, how fictitious, the value they set upon their precious guineas when we can produce them at will? Money! What is money but a base delusion, when you and I, lad, can make it for ourselves!"

And he laughed a strange, mocking laugh.

"Men kill each other, sell their souls, their lives, their bodies, for money. Fools all, Cli. We, who cannot, more than the rest of humanity, exist without it, make it for ourselves."

And he flung the coin upon the steel table with a flourish of his arm.

"It rings well," he mused. "It would puzzle some of them if a genuine sovereign were placed beside it to pick out the impostor. Bah! It comes from the same source, Cli—mother earth, and is closely related. That pretty piece of fiction is the brother of the genuine coin for which men do and suffer so much. There, lock up, lad, and see to the furnace while I pack them up. It's bedtime, and I'm fagged to death."

Cli did as he was bidden, and the two ascended the winding stone stairs and reached the upper-rooms. Here Melchior proceeded to count over the counterfeit coin, and, making a memorandum in a small book with the methodical regularity of a banker's clerk, said:

"One hundred pounds, Cli. Not bad for a night's work. Patience, lad, and we shall soon sit on the seat of the rich and scornful. Oh, money, money!" he added, rising and pacing the floor. "But there, no moralising. You are as white as a ghost, and as mournful; get to bed, lad, get to bed."

"But the lessons?" asked Cli, raising his head upon his hands and fixing his dark eyes upon his companion.

"They must wait. It is past midnight, and I must rise early. Run them over again to-morrow, and we'll go over them in the evening. Money and knowledge, Cli. There, good-night."

The lad lit a small lamp, and with a weary step passed behind the curtain, whence his footsteps died gradually away. The man Melchior sank into the chair and bent his eyes upon the ground.

"Poor lad! Bah! why should I pity him? He is well fed, clothed, and will share the wages if he shares the work. Yet, yet his life is hard—strange—joyless! Bah! Why should I play the pitiful? Who thought of me when I was his age, who cared if I lived in a very gutter or died, was fed or starved? Where did I learn mercy or pity? Not from the world, surely, not from the iron hearts of men. Mercy! pity! they are greater counterfeits than even these shams," and he struck the bag of coins with his strong yet shapely hand. "Let me remember rather the cruelty, the rapacity, of the human wolf, and work on, scheme still, that I may fight him on his own ground."

He rose here and took to pacing the old oak floor with restless yet tigerly silent tread, and with a heavier, more thoughtful frown mused on.

"Poor lad!" he said slow, in a tone less, impatient spirit. What is a hundred pounds when the labor, the hard, terrible labor, is considered? Some quicker way must be found. In these hundred pounds lie a hundred chances of detection; one base coin may be and all is lost! Now, if this magic morsel could be copied, eh?"

And he took from his pocketbook a crisp fifty-pound note, and gazed at it with a long breath and fiery, yet calculating eyes.

"As well hang for a sheep as a lamb. 'Tis your pitiful, paltry thousands that is doubling his cost, and raising his hand above his head impressively. "Had you learend nothing else from me, your master, during these years of solitude, you would be well repaid."

He seemed to have broken through some rule in the act-reading, for the lad's face lit up strangely and he made a gesture half of entreaty, half of defiance, while these words dropped from, rather than were spoken by, his suddenly quivering lips:

"Melchior, tell me ——"

The man turned to him with a cold and chilling glance.

"Tell you what, Cli—that I am hungry? Well, then, I confess it. To breakfast."

Sinking back in an instant into the old expression, Cli led the way into the lower room, which served as a living apartment for the strange pair. Here a plain but sufficient breakfast was laid; an old woman, who, if not dumb thoroughly, appeared so, waited to lift the coffee from the fire. After she had placed it on the table she glanced with small, dark eyes at her master and, receiving a dismissive nod, left the room. With a single appetite rendered sharp by exercise, Melchior partook of the broiled bacon and huge slices of bread with a relish that was just perceptible through the tone of good breeding which characterized even his insignificant actions. The youth ate as slowly, and with a mechanical air that showed how little the food had charms, and that he ate, as Cicero did, to live. Presently, after a long silence, he lifted his eyes and took in the dress of his companion at a glance.

"You wear no wig to-day," he said in his low, musical and slightly monotonous voice.

"No, lad, nature itself. With me that is the most perfect disguise, Cli. Other men—shall I say knaves, as a distinction?—find it necessary to call art to their aid when they apply themselves to fool-catching. I am so thoroughly art at all times that I need only to divest myself of it and appear clothed in my natural self to obtain my end. Mark that, Cli! Let a man be so thoroughly on guard that his own weapon may not slice him. Pour me another cup of coffee. To-day I finish the task commenced last night; perhaps I may begin unveiling another to-morrow. I know not, for we are the children of Chance, and must follow whither she leads us."

The youth nodded. He was too used to this form of explanation to be puzzled.

"And now I think of it, Cli, it strikes me that you are a trifle—only a trifle—paler this morning. Surely the work was not too much last night? We commenced later than usual and left off at the moment; perhaps you have not had a good rest."

"I am not tired," said the youth, without raising his eyes.

"Then you look it, which is worse," retorted the master, affably. "Don't get the credit for a weakness you do not possess, Cli. Drink up the coffee and get my cloak—the light one—and come with me this morning. Nature has two great restorers, sleep and air; if one fails, then, Cli, only idiots would refrain from trying the other."

The youth rose and attired himself as desired; he looked thin, but not ungraceful, and his companion's eye] passed over him with not unfavorable criticism.

"A little too thin, a trifle too pale," he murmured; then, taking up a richly-mounted cane, he led the way to the secret panel.

Through this they passed into the cellar, and thence by a subterranean passage into an old rickety house hidden away in one of the dark courts cut in the main thoroughfare. After looking carefully up and down through the slightly opened door to see that the coast was clear, the master, followed by his pupil, passed into the street. As they dropped into the living stream Melchior called the attention of the youth to some article displayed in a shop window, by the exclamation:

"Look there, Ralph!"

A lady passing at that moment half-stopped and shot a glance of meaning at the speaker, who with a polished air lifted his hat, and, as if apologizing for jostling against her, murmured humbly:

"A thousand pardons, madam; my brother was unfortunate enough to run against you."

The quick ears of the lad caught the subtle emphasis on the words "Ralph" and "brother," and with a reluctant nod, accompanied by a smothered sigh, indicated that he had caught the watchword "Ralph," and the relationship which he was to assume.

"LILY MELVILLE."—Nestling against his heart, the young girl led Sir Ralph to a chair, seating herself at his feet upon an embroidered stool, and looking up into his face with wistful, loving gaze.

CHAPTER II.

Virtuous and vicious every man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree.—POPE.

If the man Melchior's eyes looked sharp and piercing by the dim gleams of the lamp and the furnace fire, how much more keen and more dazzling in the bright light of the morning. As the city-clocks chimed the hour of six he started awake, and leaped from his small bed, which consisted of no luxurious spring mattress and unhealthy feathers, but a hard, unyielding cushion, stuffed with straw, and covered with a single sheet, and coarse, serviceable rug, soft in Summer, warm in Winter.

The room was furnished in a correspondingly plain style. One unpainted deal-table, a wooden settee in place of a chair, a large, old-fashioned and elaborately carved wardrobe—a remnant of the fashionable appurtenances of past days—to find a shelf upon which stood a caraffe of water, powder flasks, shot belts, and several bottles seemingly containing chemicals, for their stoppers were of peculiar formation, and could only be withdrawn by using a secret twist of the finger and thumb. Over the shelf hung a first-class rifle, a pair of glittering rapiers of Spanish make, and a poniard dating from the same country. On the table and within arm's reach of the bed lay a revolver—loaded possibly, could not certainly.

This strange being, in addition to a thousand and one accomplishments, possessed the power or knack of waking at any time he pleased. Six was his habitual rising time, and the clocks were not truer in their proclamation of the hour than he in springing from his hard, heath-giving bed. None looking at him as he awoke before his eyes, and noticing his well-cut features, bright, commanding eyes, and unfaltering lip, would guess or readily believe him to be the same man who stood, cased in iron and bathed in perspiration, before the smelting-pot but a few hours before. His hand, as he raised it to shave his well-moulded but massive chin, was as firm as the razor within it; his voice as he muttered, or rather murmured, for the half-spoken musing was free from ill-humor or dissatisfaction, was clear and freshly musical.

It is impossible to describe such a man; to say that he was fearless as a lion, keen of eye as a hawk, unscrupulous as a fiend, pitiless as an Oriental despot, and withal possessed of an infinite grace and witchery of speech, is to say much, yet little. Better to let the reader learn the man for himself.

His toilet completed—a simple yet careful one, carried out with the skill of the fashion, but finished with that master touch that implies carelessness and indifference yet pleasing completeness—he took up the revolver, unbolted and unbarred the thick oaken door of his room, and, humming a light and buoyant air, ran lightly down the broad stairs.

On his way he paused, and, pushing open a door, entered a room. It was spacious and lofty, with frescoed ceiling and characteristic carving, but empty. At the farther end, however, a pistol-target was fixed upon the wall, and opposite this, measuring a distance with careful exactness, Melchior placed himself. With seemingly indifferent and languid manner he fired several shots at the bull's-eye and succeeded in hitting it three times out of every four. With a nod of satisfaction he strolled across the room to a cupboard and dragged from it the strew effigy of a man. It was dressed, if not with the preciseness of a living figure, at least with all the proper outward garments, and looked grotesquely ridiculous or hideously appalling, stuck up against the wall, its fixed, staring eyes gazing into vacancy. With a smile and nod of recognition and a sardonic "Good-morning!" Melchior took up his position and aimed at the heart, over which there were already several bullet marks. Three consecutive times the morsel of lead cleared the mark, then he murmured:

"Change is pleasing, monsieur; suppose one tries your elegant nose!"

He took aim and split into a thousand fragments the wooden feature.

"Soh!" he cried softly, with a light laugh. "There goes your beauty, my friend. A man looks strange without a nose; something is wanted to complete the study. There goes an eye! Now the other! Two teeth! and—as a parting salute—the right ear! There, monsieur, enough is as good as a feast, and, although you are tempting, time's up."

The clock struck seven.

"There, go back into the hospital."

And with a mock politeness he placed the battered man-target in its hiding-place and proceeded to sweep up the sawdust with a small broom, murmuring pleasantly:

"What a pity it is men do not adopt this harmless ballast instead of the disagreeable liquid they patronize. Sawdust is as pretty, and so much more convenient."

At that instant a tap came at the door.

"Hem! Punctuality is not one of Cli's virtues. Two minutes late, lad, by my watch." And he tapped his breast with upraised eyebrows. "Two minutes are a life sometimes, Cli. A reprieve that comes two minutes behind is as good as an eternity too late."

The lad neither hung his head nor showed other sign of contrition, but, with his dark, questioning eyes fixed upon the speaker's face, waited for further precept and command.

"Go fetch the swords," said Melchior, throwing off his coat and baring his muscular, perfectly formed arms to the shoulder.

The youth took a pair of foils and face-guards from the cupboard, and, handing one set to Melchior, invested himself in the other with mask, and stood in an attitude of readiness with his foil in the first position.

"Garde!" cried Melchior musically.

And the mimic duel commenced. The man was as admirable a fencer as he was marksman. His glittering but harmless weapon glided, trembled, slid, and went through every possible movement with the speed and graceful ease of a snake. No mean opponent was the lad, either. At the first click of the long, lithe steel his eyes lost their dreamy look and brightened with a sudden fire that grew intense as the man pressed him close and extended to his late pale cheeks, which were tinged with a peach-like bloom, and gave to his face the only thing needed to render it beautiful and youthlike. After a long struggle, evidently prolonged by the master for the purpose of encouraging and stimulating the pupil, he made a sudden thrust, and in an instant lowered the point of his foil in token of surrender. The man stood looking at his flushed face and still sparkling eyes with an expression of profound satisfaction and mingled speculation.

"Splendid!" he exclaimed, as the youth came forward and took the foil and mask. "Splendid, Cli! By heavens! you will be a great wrist at the rapier—supple, strong, and quick. Lad, life cannot be anything but bright to a man who can ply his weapon as you shall do. Look at me, lad," he continued, stooping for a moment in donning his coat, and raising his hand above his head impressively. "Had you learend nothing else from me, your master, during these years of solitude, you would be well repaid."

"Melchior, tell me ——"

The man turned to him with a cold and chilling glance.

"Tell you what, Cli—that I am hungry? Well, then, I confess it. To breakfast."

Sinking back in an instant into the old expression, Cli led the way into the lower room, which served as a living apartment for the strange pair. Here a plain but sufficient breakfast was laid; an old woman, who, if not dumb thoroughly, appeared so, waited to lift the coffee from the fire. After she had placed it on the table she glanced with small, dark eyes at her master and, receiving a dismissive nod, left the room. With a single appetite rendered sharp by exercise, Melchior partook of the broiled bacon and huge slices of bread with a relish that was just perceptible through the tone of good breeding which characterized even his insignificant actions. The youth ate as slowly, and with a mechanical air that showed how little the food had charms, and that he ate, as Cicero did, to live. Presently, after a long silence, he lifted his eyes and took in the dress of his companion at a glance.

"You wear no wig to-day," he said in his low, musical and slightly monotonous voice.

"No, lad, nature itself. With me that is the most perfect disguise, Cli. Other men—shall I say knaves, as a distinction?—find it necessary to call art to their aid when they apply themselves to fool-catching. I am so thoroughly art at all times that I need only to divest myself of it and appear clothed in my natural self to obtain my end. Mark that, Cli! Let a man be so thoroughly on guard that his own weapon may not slice him. Pour me another cup of coffee. To-day I finish the task commenced last night; perhaps I may begin unveiling another to-morrow. I know not, for we are the children of Chance, and must follow whither she leads us."

The youth nodded. He was too used to this form of explanation to be puzzled.

"And now I think of it, Cli, it strikes me that you are a trifle—only a trifle—paler this morning. Surely the work was not too much last night? We commenced later than usual and left off at the moment; perhaps you have not had a good rest."

"I am not tired," said the youth, without raising his eyes.

"Then you look it, which is worse," retorted the master, affably. "Don't get the credit for a weakness you do not possess, Cli. Drink up the coffee and get my cloak—the light one—and come with me this morning. Nature has two great restorers, sleep and air; if one fails, then, Cli, only idiots would refrain from trying the other."

The youth rose and attired himself as desired; he looked thin, but not ungraceful, and his companion's eye] passed over him with not unfavorable criticism.

"A little too thin, a trifle too pale," he murmured; then, taking up a richly-mounted cane, he led the way to the secret panel.

Through this they passed into the cellar, and thence by a subterranean passage into an old rickety house hidden away in one of the dark courts cut in the main thoroughfare. After looking carefully up and down through the slightly opened door to see that the coast was clear, the master, followed by his pupil, passed into the street. As they dropped into the living stream Melchior called the attention of the youth to some article displayed in a shop window, by the exclamation:

"Look there, Ralph!"

A lady passing at that moment half-stopped and shot a glance of meaning at the speaker, who with a polished air lifted his hat, and, as if apologizing for jostling against her, murmured humbly:

"A thousand pardons, madam; my brother was unfortunate enough to run against you."

The quick ears of the lad caught the subtle emphasis on the words "Ralph" and "brother," and with a reluctant nod, accompanied by a smothered sigh, indicated that he had caught the watchword "Ralph," and the relationship which he was to assume.

CHAPTER III.

Early, light, transient, chaste as early dew,
She sparkled.—YOUNG.

"One half the world," says a famous epigrammaker, "does not know how the other half lives." And he is right; for what should noisy, crowded, overbustling Spitalfields know of stately, majestic and beautiful Rivershall, a noble old pile, dusky with Elizabethan bricks, moss-grown with aristocratic traditions? Rivershall, standing proudly in the midst of its parks and meadows, and smiling from its latticed windows at sweet Thames gliding beyond its oaks. Rivershall, touched by the wand of the Queen Fair Nature, and rendered beautiful without, and, helped by her foster-sister Art, made magnificent within. From cellar to garret, saloon to dining-room, resplendent with the luxury of wealth and prosperity.

In the last-mentioned apartment, a few days prior to the opening of our story, sat the master of the house—a white-haired old man, with the characteristics of a gentleman speaking plainly from figure, features and bearing. The large and lofty room was lit with a dozen wax candles upheld by bronze statuettes, a good fire flared in the glittering-steel grate, and the massive plate that adorned the dinner-table was reflected fourfold in the tall pier-glasses with which each wall was decorated. Sir Ralph Melville was dining alone, as was his wont, but the same state and formality were observed as when the huge table was surrounded by distinguished guests. The last course had been removed untouched, and Turner, the butler, white of hair, and almost as aristocratic as his master, stood with the cool bottle of old port ready to hand.

Sir Ralph was of the old school in dress and habits. He held with quiet but unyielding tenacity to the mannerisms of his father. Ruffles to his shirt-front and at his white, slender wrists; a well-fitting dress-coat, with its plain brass buttons and loose, open sleeves; no jewelry save the priceless black pearls at his wrists and the heavy bunch of seals depending from his fob. Such was his attire; and, though old-fashioned, it well suited the rather stern but thoroughly aristocratic face which, lit up by the dark eyes that would have been almost too darkly piercing but for the heavy, overshadowing brows, proclaimed to the most careless glance the blue blood flowing within his veins.

Sir Ralph was called a reserved man. His enemies—and no man is without them—went farther, and styled him proud. But his tenants and the poor around Rivershall mingled no little love with their respect and fear, and no honest voice could be found to call him a tyrannical master or hard landlord. The fact was, his face was against him. It was too handsomely well bred and haughty to find favor with the critical, who saw only the outward man in his commerce with the world, and judged him only by such half-knowledge. Few had known the dark eyes to grow loving and tender, the thin, perfectly-cut lips to unbend and smile. To the world Sir Ralph Riversahall was a stern, taciturn and reserved man; to the one beloved creature who bore his name he was all that was tender, loving and gentle. So much for an introduction.

"Turner, this wine is going off; surely the cellar is not damp?"

"Oh, indeed, no, Sir Ralph," replied the old man, horrified at the bare suggestion. "As dry as a bone. This is the old wine, sir, from the right-hand corner, and, when I last tasted it, was perfectly fit."

"It is off now," said the Baronet quietly. "Have the goodness to lay it aside."

The old man murmured an acquiescence, and, with a troubled air, was about to leave the room for some of another vintage. But Sir Ralph called him back.

"No more to-night, Turner. Please wheel the chair to the fire."

The butler noiselessly pushed a comfortable chair in front of the fire, placed a screen beside it, and, leaving the bottle at the master's left hand, left the room. Sir Ralph, with one arm leaning on the velvet of the chair, sat for a few minutes regarding the fire, and seemingly lost in a reverie, from which he was aroused by a gentle tap at the door and the announcement by a footman that Mr. Packer had arrived.

"Tell Mr. Packer that if he is not too tired I should like to see him to-night," said Sir Ralph.

And the footman, stepping aside, made room for the entrance of a thin, middle-aged gentleman, dressed in sober black.

"Good-evening, sir," he said in a soft, deferential voice. "I have ventured to disturb you, but I hope not before you have finished dining."

"Good-evening, Mr. Packer," said Sir Ralph, rising and holding out his white right hand. "No, I have finished some minutes since. James, a chair."

The chair was placed, the lawyer dropped into it, and the footman noiselessly retired.

"Have you dined?" asked the Baronet kindly.

"Yes, thank you, Sir Ralph, and excellently. I broke the journey at the Cross Hills and partook of a capital dinner at the inn."

Sir Ralph rang the bell.

"Turner, some port for Mr. Packer. You know the bin. I think you like the '28,' Packer?"

"I thank you, Sir Ralph; the '28' is my favorite, I confess."

This question and the reply, which were the stereotyped ones and always used, being disposed of, the lawyer, with his self-composed and delicately respectful air, commenced his business.

"You sent for me, Sir Ralph, I presume, on the matter of the timber."

Sir Ralph nodded.

"I did," he said; "my note said so, I think. Have you decided the point I put to you?"

"Yes," said Mr. Packer, "yes, I have; I have given it much consideration, and I think I may say that I have. Thank you, this is beautiful wine, and I drink to your good health, Sir Ralph."

The Baronet bowed in response to the courtesy.

"And what is your conclusion?" he asked.

"That you are in the right," said the lawyer.

The Baronet's forehead wrinkled and darkened, and his small foot tapped the floor impatiently.

"Not the right," he repeated. "Surely—but there, you must know. What are the terms of the will?"

The lawyer, with unmoved face, drew a long parchment from his pocket.

"No, no," interrupted the Baronet. "For Heaven's sake, don't read me the entire clauses! Tell me in your own words, and as simply as you can."

"The will of your deceased brother, the late Sir William, bequeathed Riversahall to you in default of male issue to himself. He had male issue, as we know, but ——"

Sir Ralph stopped him.

"Enough, enough," he said. "Pray don't touch upon that question."

The lawyer bowed submissively.

"Riversahall descended to you and your male issue, but in default of issue it reverts, after the holder's death, to Lady Melville."

Again the brow darkened.

"Pray put it plainer, or I shall fail to understand you," he said sternly.

The lawyer, quiet as ever, but desperate, explained:

"As it stands, Sir Ralph, your brother's widow receives ten thousand a year from the estate, and if anything should happen to you or Miss Lily she would take the estate itself."

"I know that," said the Baronet, tapping the floor more quickly and raising his glass to hide the tremor upon his lips. "But what of the timber?"

"I am coming to it, Sir Ralph. Owing to Lady Melville's claim, you are debarred from touching the timber, the house, or the land, and are really but a life tenant in effect and purpose."

Sir Ralph set down his glass with a sharp exclamation.

"Shameful!" he said sternly. "It is a disgrace to our very name."

"But," continued the lawyer smoothly, apparently not noticing his client's emotion, "terms might be come to with her ladyship, who is now in town."

The rolling-back of the easy-chair, and the proud refusal of its late occupant, stopped him.

"Mr. Packer," was the low muttered answer dropped sternly from the thin, hard lips, "surely I misunderstand you! Make terms with Lady Melville! You wrong yourself by the suggestion. Make terms with the woman who wrought my poor brother and my child such injury! Sir, I would rather see Riversahall in flames and the timber floating down a floodway than speak—nay, think, of such dishonor."

Before the lawyer could attempt to stem the slow and fearfully quiet flow of haughty indignation, the door was opened by a hasty hand, and a beautiful girl of fourteen ran towards Sir Ralph, crying with the tremulous accents of child-love:

"Oh, papa, how long you have been! I have waited till

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1876.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ Letters seeking information replied to only through this department; no answers by mail.

INQUIRER.—Having at length found time to search our files, we can now answer you that Miss Fanny Davenport acted the character of William in the burlesque of "Black-eyed Susan" in Brooklyn's Opera-house, Brooklyn, L. I., July 3, 1868, Stuart Robson being the Captain Crosstree; T. L. Donnelly, Dame Hatley; and Miss Lina Edwin, Susan. Your other questions we answered in our issue subsequent to receiving your letter, and now repeat them. Miss Fanny Davenport made her first appearance on the stage at Burton's Old Theatre, in Chambers street, in this city, Feb. 23, 1857, then under the management of E. L. Davenport and Harry Watkins. She was then a child, and took part in "The Star-spangled Banner," which was sung on that (the opening) night by the entire company. She played in many theatres in various parts of the country before she was under Mr. Daly's management.

S. W.—It is three blocks from Broadway to Centre street, on the right-hand side of Grand street. Cortlandt alley, which comes in between Broadway and Elm street, is a public thoroughfare, and "blocks" in New York have no fixed dimensions. If Mallon lane is a street, of desirous the owner might be to sell it. 2. The salary of an Irish comedian and a lady to travel would depend upon their reputation and ability; from $15 and board expenses per week, upwards. 3. The bill is of too recent date.

C. T., Chicago.—One bet has nothing to do with the other, and A must pay the one he lost. The stakeholder may have been right as to the other bet, or he may have been wrong. But two wrongs do not make a right. If he declared it no bet for no better reason than that President of the United States has not heretofore been inaugurated on a Sunday, he was wrong.

D. C., Holyoke.—As you have kept a copy of "the point," you can easily examine it closely. After D with his second tray has made the count 30, you make A play a deuce, when he can come in with his ace, which latter would spoil his sequence, and at the same time spoil the "point." We shall file your letter until we hear from you again.

SUBSCRIBER, Baltimore.—If B had but one to go, and A offered him odds on the throw, that amounted to a bet, if B went out on the gift. There was no need of playing cards. But let us suppose that, after receiving the gift of two, B had still one to go, while A needed two. B's deuce would then win out, even though A should make high, jack and game.

AMATEUR.—1. A person may assume a name for professional purposes, and Speaker of the House of Assembly may make contracts under that assumed name which would be binding. In all legal proceedings before courts his real name would have to be used. 2. Ed. James, who advertises in this issue, can send you copies of "Beautiful Snow" and "Shamus O'Brien," if you send him 50 cents.

M. B.—Edwin Booth made his debut in London, Eng., Sept. 30, 1861, at the Haymarket Theatre, acting Shylock in "The Merchant of Venice." During that engagement he acted Richard III and Richelieu. We have not a complete record of all the characters he played while in England.

"BUCK GUZZLE," Harrisburg.—The onus of proof rests upon both parties, and not wholly upon A. B cannot, of course, do it alone; but A cannot in every place, but he may be able to show, if he was not there, that he was somewhere else. At all events, he must endeavor to so show.

WILD BILL JR., Jefferson City.—1. Lydia Thompson was born in London, Eng., and made her debut Dec. 26, 1853, in the Haymarket Theatre, there, in the pantomime of "Harpenia and the Three Bears," playing Harpenia Silver Hair. 2. Gen. Custer was born in Ohio, and Custer was his name.

J. P., Pittsburg.—Let the majority of the players decide as to this case, and at the same time make provision for a like case in the future. There are no well-defined rules as to jack-pots, which are played in many ways. They are an innovation upon the regular game, and people who make innovations should make their own rules.

S. K. M., Manayunk.—The published record of James Sanderson's performances makes no mention of his having paid forfeit to Pat Stapleton. The latter, however, forfeited £15 to Sanderson in a one-mile match, £25 a side, May 20, 1861. On Dec. 6, 1862, Stapleton and A. Day beat Sanderson in a race of 10 miles, Sanderson champion.

J. B. S., Fordham.—1. There can be no stroke for safety, at any game of billiards, after a foul shot has been made. What many persons regard as a foul stroke may be something else. 2. There is no penalty for a miss at the three-ball game, except when it is played under special rules that impose such penalty.

MIMIC, Sharon.—1. You will find it exceedingly difficult to get an engagement with a minstrel band unless you have a phenomenal voice or have had previous experience. Apply to the manager of some troupe in person for an engagement.

T. H. E., Yonkers.—The fastest time made by the Inman steamer City of Berlin between New York and Queenstown, Ireland, has been beaten during the present shooting by both the Germanic and the Britannic of the White Star line.

W. C. J., Sharon.—1. It would be almost impossible to find a book on such a subject, as its sale would not pay for the glue used in binding it. Occasionally, what you want is to be met with in a magazine article or in census returns. 2. No answers by mail.

H. M. S., Paxton.—1. Having been assisted (or ordered up) by your partner, you cannot go alone. 2. After you have declared a bet on the hand, you have no right to call the trump or not, can go alone against you. This applies to regular euchre.

C. D., Albany.—A man who bets on a "certainty" will win, provided he has not resorted to fraud or misrepresentation to make the bet. He cannot possibly lose. Fraud or misrepresentation on his part would simply vitiate the bet.

CANAL, S. Orange.—1. There is no canal in Savannah, Ga. The Savannah River is canal enough. 2. The ballplayers will probably be in new rig in our baseball columns. 3. Census of 1870: Atlanta, 16,986; Savannah, 28,235.

F. S.—It would be a tedious task for us to trace the regiment. It was only nominally the Ninth Militia, being mainly made up of new recruits, and in the field it was not known by that number. Address the adjutant, who doubtless has the records.

ANDEE, Jersey City.—1. "Phelan's Game of Billiards." 2. Col. T. H. Monstery, Sixth avenue and Thirty-sixth street. 3. A person having the qualifications you name should succeed on the stage, but he would have difficulty in getting an opening.

HORACE M. FAULKE, Philadelphia.—1. The desired numbers are not in print, but if you will favor us with forms you ask for would occupy far more space than we can spare in this department. Their names are Henry, Charles, Joshua, Gilbert and Ellis Ward.

SULLY.—Charles O'Conor was the leading lawyer in the Walworth case. There was no serious attempt at defense, the purpose of that lawyer being to have the accused sentenced, the case dismissed from the public mind, as speedily as possible.

FLUSH VS. FOUR ACES.—1. Neither a full hand nor a simple flush will beat four aces. 2 Straights do not count unless by mutual consent, either expressed or implied. A straight flush, when played at all, will beat four aces.

J. B., Evansville.—It would depend entirely upon the character of the song whether the audience in the gallaries or those in the lower part of the house would be the first to appreciate the acting of a low comedian.

J. S. B. D., Niles.—No time having been specified, to stop chewing mice, or the time of the loser of that bet, not to stop for ten seconds or a month, but for all time. It is a queer bet.

JAMES WILLIAMS, Chicago.—The late George Brown of Halifax, N. S., defeated Sally Schard of Pittsburg, Pa., at Springfield, Mass., July 8, 1874. The match was for $4,000 in gold.

G. B., Brooklyn.—"Leah the Forsaken" was first produced Dec. 8, 1862, on the stage of the Howard Athenæum, Boston. It was first acted in New York in Niblo's Garden Jan. 19, 1863, and was withdrawn Feb. 21.

HENRY SCHROTEL, Camp Verde.—When Joe Coburn entered the ring with Jim Mace, near Bay St. Louis, Miss., in November, 1871, he is stated to have weighed 163¼ lb. He scaled 152½ lb when he defeated Mike McCoole in 1863.

W. D., Long Island City.—Although announced as for "the championship," the shoot for prizes offered by the Montgomery (Ala.) Shooting Club had nothing to do with it. Capt. A. H. Bogardus is the champion.

RICE, Niss, Quebec.—1. It is purely a matter of opinion whether John Williams or John T. Kelly is the better dancer. 2. Jig-dancers use Oxford ties, which you can get in any shoe store.

FIRELAND, Norwalk.—New York State: Republican, 489,529; Democratic, 321,518. New York City: Republican, 50,661; Democratic, 112,330. Kings County: Republican, 39,068; Democratic, 57,356.

C. H. H., Frankfort.—1. A lesea. Tilden had nothing like a majority of 300,000 on the popular vote. 2. A wins. Hayes had a majority in Ohio, and Tilden had only a plurality in Indiana.

SAM, East New York.—1. He never received the salary you name, but more than $100; never more possibly $25 per week for very short engagements. 2. He can cash out on the sweep.

NAVY VS. ARTFUL, Reading.—When the players are but two, there can practically be but one bid. Thus, A bids five; B, who sees, either refuses or accepts it, and that ends it.

S. J. T., Milford.—1. The making of such a board that is patented would be an infringement of the rights of the patentee. 2. The late Harry S. Murdoch was not married. 3. Miss Kate Claxton in private life is Mrs. Dore Lyon.

SUBSCRIBER.—We have not had time to search our files for the information you seek. Such matters often require hours of labor. We will try and answer in our next issue.

CARD, Boston.—When George Honey acted at Wallack's Theatre, in this city, the late Owen Marlowe did not appear there. We have not a full cast of "Caste."

E. F. D., Brooklyn.—We cannot say whether Morrissey Lisle ever performed with Allen & Pettingill's Minstrels in the Odeon, Williamsburg, or not.

MAX, Lafayette.—1. Charles Reynolds of the Reynolds Brothers is still living. 2. A player at casino can call another into play.

B. F. M., Boston.—For a tumbleronicon, use cut-glass goblets. The quantity of water placed in each will regulate the tone.

H. M. S. & Co., Detroit.—That space costs $2 per week, $3 for four times, and $20.40 for thirteen insertions, cash in advance.

NAIL CITY, Wheeling.—"Around the World in Eighty Days" was acted in Music last year.

A NUMBER OF READERS.—Lena Edwin's Theatre subsequently became Kelly & Leon's minstrel hall, and was destroyed by fire Nov. 28, 1872.

CONSTANT READER.—There are two minstrel troupes now traveling known as Duprez & Benedict's and Lew Benedict's.

ATHLETIC SPORTS, Bridgeport.—The same person doing two turns in a circus probably would not receive any more salary than for doing one turn in a theatre.

W. R., Baltimore.—If No. 2 had two to go, and No. 1 had one to go after having been given two, the latter went out on his low, which counts before No. 2's high-game.

KIERNEY & CO., Virginia City.—Tom Sayers' ordinary fighting-weight was 152lb. He is said to have scaled 161lb when he fought Heenan.

CROW CLUB, Reading.—Wm. Perkins, the English champion, walked a mile in the fastest time on record—6min. 25sec.

STATION A.—Lotta has fulfilled an engagement at the old Broadway Theatre (formerly Wallack's), on Broadway near Broome street.

J. G. A.—We do not know the present whereabouts of Mrs. John C. Ferris. A letter addressed to her in care of this office should reach her.

C. B. E., Pleasant Plain.—No answers by mail. We cannot spare the time to prepare a list of the towns where all the circuses in the United States are wintering.

H. J. P.—We know of no public place having such. Inquire at J. F. Trow's, northeast corner of Eighth street and University place. They will be likely to know.

R. E., Sioux City.—As we do not know what your object may be in seeking the information, we must respectfully decline to give it.

FORBE CLUB, Pittsburg.—"Moves of any kind" cover too much. As there are but few rules that do not have an exception, it will be necessary to make out a specific case.

CIGARS, Boston Highlands.—The cards being played 9, 3, 5, 4, 1, 2, the 4 and the 2 respectively entitle their holder to runs of three and five.

NICK AND MAC.—Nick loses. New York State did not give Tilden a majority of 30,000, and consequently the Democrats did not have that majority.

WISECKER, Albany.—N. Y. City, about 26,000 acres; London, Eng., about 75,000 acres; Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, 2,991 acres.

T. R., Santa Fe.—At forty-fives the holder of the ace of hearts can hold it back except when the five or jack of trumps has been led.

HYDE, Chicago.—A touch is a shot. If the cue-ball hit an object-ball, there is no penalty; if it did not so hit, the player is marked three for a miss.

F. H. W., West Sheffield.—The "passing of the buck" has its beginning in the new deal. A straight poker the winner of the pot always deals.

L. G. C.—The phrase "Happy thought! Book it!" is spoken by Mount Gosling throughout the play, and by Hector only once, at the end of the piece.

G. W., Boston.—At poker-dice, three threes and a pair of fives will beat three deuces and a pair, whether the pair be seen or not.

ARK KEYSTONE, Petrolia.—In the Presidential election of 1856, Buchanan's poll was 1,838,232, and Fremont's 1,341,514. Fillmore polled 874,707.

J. S., Providence.—J wins the game on his high and low. M's jack is of no service to him, as it cannot be counted until high and low have been reckoned.

WM. BOSTON, Cleveland.—F. P. Weston and D. O'Leary never walked against each other anywhere outside of Chicago, Ill. A loses.

C. A. W. L., Cleveland.—Only the player who made the trump could play it alone.

C. H. D., Youngstown.—Peter Cooper did not poll 100,000 votes.

T. H. W., Erie.—The Republican majority in the Presidential election was 9,339 in Pennsylvania.

DECLINED.—"The Rising Dutchman," "I Know He's Drunk," "Don't Be So Shy, Fritz."

SADDEN.—It means that it will not be published at all.

W. B. C.—La Belle Adams acted in this city some years ago. We cannot say whether she is living or dead.

TANNIN.—James E. Murdoch is residing in one of the suburbs of Cincinnati, O., having removed there recently.

M. LOTA, Boston.—We have not been able to find the sketch in our files, but will make further search.

C. T. HOFFMAN.—CLIPPER ALMANACS for 1874 and '5are out of print.

JOSEPH BAILEY, Sing Sing.—He is engaged this week at the Providence Varieties, Philadelphia.

E. R. M., Boston.—In Scotland hares are included in the game-laws; rabbits are not.

W. H. Ellis, Chicago.—We do not insert challenges that come unaccompanied by a money deposit.

I. S. C., Chicago.—Having given three and made high, jack and game, A was out on his high.

BIG BILL, Chicago.—A citizen of Washington, D. C., cannot vote anywhere.

WABASH ROWING CLUB, Terre Haute.—Write to Charles E Elliott, Greenpoint, L. I.

READER, Milwaukee.—We have no personal knowledge of the firm.

GLOBE CORP., Boston.—Owen Marlowe did not act in Wallack's Theatre when George Honey played there.

T. F. N., Delaware.—To use a professional phrase, they were probably "guying you."

CLIPPER READER, Elizabeth.—Liverpool, Eng., is not a city.

A. D. H., Port Jervis.—The average length of Manhattan Island is about ten miles.

SEA, T., Princeton.—No answers by mail. We have advertised your letter for him.

TOM, Boston.—The American Literary Bureau, Cooper Institute, is the place to procure books to recite from.

WILLIE SHAKESPEARE.—It is a poem, written by Edmund Falconer, entitled "Anne Hathaway."

CONSTANT READER, Buffalo.—See answer to "H. W. W., Hudson," in our issue of Nov. 11 last.

CONSTANT READER, Wilmington.—A letter addressed *Atlantic Monthly*, Boston, will probably reach him.

F. D., Norwich.—Your hand is good with an ace and a five in it is the lowest that can be held.

F. R. T., Chicago.—1. At cassino, a player can call out on sweeps. 2. No answers by mail

RUDOLPHE vs. JOSEPH DION.—At Tammany Hall, on the night of Dec. 19, these two played a game of 600 points, ostensibly to determine the seeming tie between them with reference to the first, second and third prizes in the recent "tournament" at the same hall, George F. Slosson being also interested in said prizes. As Slosson is in New Orleans, he was not at Tammany Hall that night, and consequently must take third prize or nothing. The betting was 20 to 9 in favor of Rudolphe, of whom the betting was even that he would win by 100 in 600. Dion won by 600 to 371, his best run being 125, and his average 11.24-52. Rudolphe, who has averaged much more than twice 11 in a 600-point game of record, averaged a half-dozen on this occasion. There were about two hundred and fifty people in the hall, inclusive of invited guests. Our first-class artists have played billiards out completely in New York and Philadelphia, and it will be a long time, unless some unfamiliar experts come to the front, before a match in either city will draw a paying house once more. William Sexton exhibited sound judgment in not taking part in the recent "tournament."

THE SENIOR TOURNAMENT IN HAMILTON, CANADA.—The games begun on Nov. 27 resulted as follows: Chas. Egener beat A. Egener by 209 to 196; S. Davis vs. T. Sexton, 200 to 196; A. Egener vs. J. Phelan, 200 to 193; C. Egener vs. J. Hill, 200 to 180; S. Davis vs. A. Egener, 200 to 180; J. Phelan vs. T. Sexton, 200 to 124; S. Davis vs. C. Egener, 200 to 156; J. Phelan vs. S. Davis, 200 to 183. The highest run of the tourney was 37, by J. Phelan, who also made the best average, 3.17:61. Davis and Phelan tied for first prize, and the latter won the play-off by 200 to 156, his average being 2.12,94, the chief run of each being 18. A blight early fell upon the tourney, and it can best be explained by *The Canadian Gentleman*: "The affair was a great success, barring the scandalous conduct of Messrs J. Hill and Adolphe Egener, who conspired in their game to have the best of it by playing the pool-box. They were promptly ruled out by the energetic manager, J. J. Phelan." This left the summary as appended:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.		Played.	Won.	Lost.
J. P. Phelan	6	5	1	C. Egener	4	2	2
S. Davis	6	4	2	T. Sexton	2	0	2

UNEXAMPLED PLAYING IN THE CRESCENT CITY.—At Crescent Hall, on Dec. 18, in playing John Miller, Sexton, with runs of 113, 114, and 147, and an average of 25, scored 500 to 106. On the following day Sexton undertook to make 500 to Charles Quaid's 300. The latter averaged *nine* points to the run, and still fell 204 short of his 300. Sexton's average was EIGHTY-EIGHT AND ONE-THIRD (88⅓)!!! as is reported, though it could not have been much more than half of that, if Quaid's was only about nine in a total of 96. His best runs were 76, 124, and 198. Slosson is doing well, but not so well as Sexton. At Lacoume's, on the 18th, he failed in an attempt to make 300 to Oberlander's 150, his best runs being but 56 and 42, his average a trifle over 11, and his full score 253. At the same hall, on the same date, in playing 500 to Arthur Coste's 300, Slosson won by 144, his best runs being 107 and 65, and his average 14.26-34.

THE OHIO TOURNAMENT.—In Cleveland the busy note of preparation is heard with regard to the handicap tournament about to be held there, and which promises to be more than ordinarily eventful. H. W. Collender last week shipped the 5x10 carom table upon which the games are to be played. The initial contest will take place on Dec. 27, 1877. It is expected that the final game will be played on Dec. 30, T. J. Gallagher will be required to make 350 points in every game he plays: Eugene Carter, 300; Rudolph Heiser, 275; Antony Houing, 275; and John Thatcher, 200. Cincinnati will not be represented. The three-ball game, with 2⅜ balls, in accordance with the Ohio championship rules, will be played. There are to be two games every night, and two on Saturday afternoon, Dec. 30. Season tickets have been placed at two dollars each.

TOURNAMENT IN NORWALK, CT.—On Dec. 19, at the Opera-house Billiard-room, South Norwalk, Ct., a tournament began, every night's play in which is supplemented by "music by the band," an admission-fee of twenty-five cents being charged. The players are contending for several prizes: First, a diamond ring valued at $70, to the winner of the greatest number of games; second, a silver ice-pitcher, valued at $22, to the next highest winner; third, gold locket valued at $14, to the next highest winner; fourth, set of gold shirt-studs valued at $8, to next player; and for the next highest average a silver-mounted cue valued at $4, no player to take more than one prize; game, four-ball American, on a 4½x9 Collender carom table.

LIVELY BUSINESS.—George E. Phelan, the well-known manufacturer, and whose card can always be found in our business columns, has recently filled the following orders, which show that trade with him is extremely lively for these days of general depression: Four tables to China; one to A. Goodrich, Jersey City; one to T. Allen, Charlton street, N. Y.; four to S. Wolfe, 267 West Thirty-fourth street; four to Wm. Mohlman, 244 Sixth avenue; one to C. Loeb, West Thirty-ninth street; one to T. Reid, West Fifty-seventh; one to L. Page, corner Thirtieth street and Ninth avenue; one to H. Biddle, Congress Hall, Chatham square; and one to A. Gaff, Montreal, Canada.

TOURNAMENT IN GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.—At Brown's Hotel Billiard-hall, Thursday evening, Dec. 14, a tournament took place in which twenty-eight of the leading players of the city—fourteen on a side—participated. Out of this number two were chosen who played a string of 100 points; after which two more played, and so on until all had taken part. The first prize—an elegant silver cup, gold-lined—was awarded to Doc Foster, who made an average of 15. The second prize—a handsome rosewood, inlaid cue—was awarded to Harry Childs on a run of 35—the largest of the evening. Foster and Childs are both amateurs.

VIGNAUX HEARD FROM.—A Paris paper contains a challenge from Maurice Vignaux to "any player in the world" to compete with him for from £200 to £500 a side, at the three-ball game, 600 or 1,000 points up, contest to take place in London, Paris, or New York. To any American player who will go to London or Paris he will allow an unnamed sum for traveling expenses, or he will pay his own way over here. There is no danger that anyone will go from here to Paris or London to play Vignaux, and so the latter will have to come here. As soon as he comes back, with or without the Challenge Cup, he will get a match.

HOLIDAY TABLES.—H. W. Collender, at his warerooms, 738 Broadway, this city, has been making a special feature of billiard tables for holiday gifts this season, and his sales in that line have been most gratifying. One of the tables he had on exhibition at the Centennial, Philadelphia, is illustrated in Appleton & Co.'s *Art Journal* for December, and is thus described verbally: "The body is of ebonized wood, with ornamental panels of amaranth, relieved with gilding. The legs, corners and central brackets are elaborately carved in relief." This table has been purchased for Lowther Castle, Eng.

THE BINGHAMTON TOURNAMENT.—This affair, first announced in these columns last week, and which is to begin on Jan. 25 next, will represent the three-ball game, 200 points up, on a 5x10 Decker table. Entries will close on Thursday, Jan. 18. The prizes are $200, $100, $60 and $40; and it has been decided to exact an entrance-fee of ten per cent., so that the winner of the fourth prize will "save his stake." The games will be played in Cafferty's Hall, Binghamton, N. Y.

A QUESTION OF FIRE-ESCAPES.—It is news to John O'Connor, proprietor of the Union-square Rooms, this city, that the Union-square Theatre, to the westward of him, and Wallack's Theatre, to the southward of him, are each to add another means of exit, opening into his billiard-room. Mr. O'Conner thinks that, were this so, it is just possible he would have been consulted.

SEXTON'S PLUME.—*The New Orleans Times*, after recounting that that city has been visited professionally by Pierre Carme, Albert Garnier, George Slosson, Maurice Daly, A. P. Rudolphe, Francois Ubassy, Drew (Jacob Schafer), John Deery, Joseph Dion and William Sexton, says that none of the others has shown play so effective as Sexton's.

RUDOLPHE DISMISSED.—The criminal prosecution against Rudolphe, who about two months ago was arrested upon a charge of having violated the gambling act in introducing a new game of billiards or pool, has been set aside, the Judge having dismissed the case.

THE JUNIOR TOURNAMENT.—The following are the names of the competitors in the junior tournament in progress at the St. Nicholas Hotel, Hamilton, Canada: C. Hand, J. Jarvis, Chas. Tilley, Ed. Bond, W. Casey, F. Lawrence, and — Fieldhouse.

THOMAS NICHOLS.—This Philadelphian, well known as a proprietor of hand-ball courts, has opened a billiard-room at the corner of Eleventh and Catherine streets, Philadelphia.

THE RING.

JIM MACE AND BILL DAVIS.—"The cleverest man in the world," scientifically speaking, has, it appears, deferred his departure from Frisco for the Antipodes for some weeks. We learn this through a letter from his agent, W. H. Harrison, who, writing from Virginia City, Nevada, on the 12th, informs us that Mace had been performing at the variety theatre there all the preceding week; also that on the 7th an agreement was entered into between Jim and "Old Bill" Davis to spar with blacked gloves "for $500 a side," head-blows alone to count, no scrambling or wrestling allowed, each round to last four minutes, one minute time between rounds, each knock down to count three hits, or points, and the man delivering the greatest number of hits to be declared the winner. As regards the result of this encounter, there can be but one opinion among those who know how superior a boxer Mace is to ex-Recorder Davis. It would be absurd to suppose that either had put up any money on it.

PATSY HOGAN, who is about to take his departure for San Francisco, Cal., there to tarry for some months, perhaps years, according as Dame Fortune treats him, will be the recipient of a testimonial benefit at Harry Hill's on Thursday afternoon, Dec. 28. Those who have a liking for arenic sports and so forth are promised a treat on the occasion, while those whose "best hold" is wrestling will have their wants attended to by men of known ability in this line, and the admirers of the festive song-and-dance won't be left out in the cold. The wind-up will be given by Hogan and Pete Croker, who will then fight their battle of '72 o'er again.

A GATHERING OF THE LAMBS was in order on Dec. 20 in a lumber-shed at East Cambridge, Mass., the object of the rally being a proposed ring-fight between a brace of Hubbites, who had had a growl, and determined to settle it in old-time style. Just as they were about to pile in, however, the pickets in the neighborhood reported the enemy, in the shape of a strong detachment of blue-coats, advancing, and a retreat was sounded instanter. All got off scot-free.

TOM KING, the ex-pugilist, having turned his attention to botany, became a competitor in the chrysanthemum exhibit which has recently been held at Brixton (London, Eng). Tom showed up well, and came out with two of the most important prizes for cut blooms.

JOE GOSS AND STEVE TAYLOR are engaged to perform with their dukes at Harry Martin's Parisian Varieties, Philadelphia, nightly this week. During the day they can be found at Sam Turner's Boston House, 908 Spring Grrden street.

FRED SMITH is to take a benefit at the William Tell Varieties (now managed by Mons. and Mme. D'Omer), Philadelphia, on the evening of the 30th inst. He will wind up with Billy McLean.

MIKE GILLESPIE AND KEARNEY have purchased Johnny Clark's old place, No. 1,028 Filbert street, Philadelphia, which they intend to carry on the same as Johnny.

WE HAVE LETTERS for Mrs. J. Goss (2), "Steve" Taylor, John Goulding, and "Tom" Allen.

BASEBALL.

THE PLAYERS OF 1876.
THIRD ARTICLE.
The Catchers.

When we contrast the play behind the bat of the present day with that in the days when the best playing known to the game was that exhibited on the old ball-fields at Hoboken, the vast improvement made becomes at once perceptible. In the old days, Charley De Bost of the Knickerbockers had a comparatively easy task to catch from Stevens' pitching, as had Gelston of the Eagles from that of Bixby; Ed. Brown of the Eckfords from Frank Pidgeon's pitching: the graceful Masten of the Putnams from that of Tom Dakin; and Boerum of the Atlantics from poor Matt O'Brien. It was not until Creighton introduced the swift underhand delivery that catching began to be anything of an arduous undertaking; and then Joe Leggatt was found equal to the task of pluckily facing and holding the hot balls sent him, his plan of standing up close behind the bat to take sharp "fly-tips" being then regarded as quite a feat. But all the work behind the bat of even a dozen years ago, leaving out that of twenty years past, "pales its ineffectual fire" beside the marvelous catching of the present day. In 1869 Douglas Allison's fine display, in taking the comparatively easy balls of Brainard's delivery, was considered about as near perfection as could well be reached; but even that exhibition did not reach the high standard of the play of 1876. When the great pace is taken into consideration, as well as the wide circle of the average delivery, the limited number of passed balls recorded against the leading catchers is surprising. A feature of the past season's catching was the ability displayed in stopping low side-balls, the most difficult to capture a swift pace yields. To stand up before a pacer and hold straight balls, which come in within easy reach and nearly all over the base, is no easy duty by any means; but to do this, and also be keen-sighted and active enough to catch the stray wide balls which come almost between the legs of the batsman, as it were, requires the most skillful play known to the position. When it is considered what the duties of a first-class catcher are under the present high standard of play, it is not to be wondered at that really "A No. 1" catchers are at a premium. Some are noted for their pluck, nerve and skill in playing up close to the bat, and in taking those dangerous-looking fly-tips; others for their agility and judgment in securing difficult foul-bound balls; others, again, for their swift and accurate throwing to the bases; and still others for their plucky endurance of punishment in supporting a wild delivery. But where is the catcher who combines in himself all these essentials of first-class play behind the bat? Echo answers: "Where?" In our article on the pitchers, we pointed out the absolute necessity of possessing control of temper in order to excel in the position. This essential is equally requisite in a catcher as in a pitcher. It is, we know, pretty trying for a catcher, while he is striving his best behind the bat, to find a pitcher venting his ill-humor on him because the pitching happens to be punished, or a chance for a difficult fly-tip happens to be missed; but to get vexed at this kind of thing only results in a catcher's weakening his play. Anger clouds the judgment, unstrings the nerves, and mars the sight; and, the moment a player loses control of his temper, away goes with it that presence of mind so necessary in playing baseball up to its highest standard.

Hicks of the Mutuals probably presented a more striking illustration of the disadvantage the lack of control of temper is to a catcher than any other player in the position in 1876. When cool and collected, and in a good humor, and when things are progressing favorably for a creditable victory over a strong rival club, few can play the catcher's position as well as Hicks, and certainly none better; but the moment he gets his "mad up"—and it is very easily roused—then come hurried fly-tips, passed balls and wild throwing to bases—not to any unusual extent except for a catcher of his marked skill, but sufficient to present quite a contrast to his play when his temper is all right. Hicks labored under one or two disadvantages aside from his peculiar weakness last season, one thing being his lame knee, which prevented his having a firm footing for accurate throwing, and another thing was the undisciplined character of the nine he was in, not to mention its suspected unreliability. It is hard work at best to catch from the general class of pitchers; but to have to play in the position in the face of such obstacles as the want of proper training and a lack of integrity in play present, is a pretty tough job, and this work Hicks had to attend to very frequently in 1876.

In direct contrast, in regard to a quick temper and a wagging tongue, is White, who caught so finely last season for the Chicago nine. White's forte is remarkable reticence and wonderful activity. He presents quite a model for catchers in his style of handling the ball—that is, in his method of making his hands a sort of spring-box, by which he destroys half the force of the blow in holding it from a pacing delivery. His agility is especially noteworthy. But what we admire about his play is his quiet, effective way of doing his work. "Kicking" is something unknown to him. There is one thing in which White stands pre-eminent, and that is that, in integrity of character, he is a second Joe Start. Not even the whisper of suspicion has ever been heard against "Jim White." Herein lies as much of his value in a team as in his great skill as a catcher. This is a fact that club-managers, apparently, have yet to learn, judging from many of the selections made by the League managers in 1876. It may read very well for these gentlemen to insert in their circular trite remarks about "reputation being dear to players," etc., but it is not so dear as it should be. Dollars, no matter how obtained, are too frequently dearer to them than reputation; and when this is apparent, all the skill a player possesses should count as nothing in the scale.

We can almost safely say that the finest display of catching we have ever seen in a single game was that exhibited by Clapp of the St. Louis nine during the June contests in Brooklyn in 1876. His play close behind the bat on these occasions was excellent. A peculiarity of Clapp's catching the past season was his adoption of the rule of play behind the bat—mentioned in an article on catching, pub'ished in 1866—of a rapid return of the ball to the pitcher. This is as important for effective play as is a rapid delivery by the pitcher; we don't mean as regards pace, but in sending in balls in rapid succession, by which the batsman is obliged to be on the alert all the time, with but little opportunity afforded for leisurely judging the balls. Some catchers hold the ball, after receiving it from the pitcher, for some time, with a view of throwing it to a base, or being ready for that play. But the best plan is to promptly return it to the pitcher, unless a base-runner has started to run on the actual delivery of the ball. We have seen many a base stolen while the catcher has thus held the ball, apparently in readiness for a throw. A prompt return bothers a base-runner, especially if the return throw is swift and accurate to the pitcher. But the main value of it is that it enables the pitcher to play his strong point of catching the batsman napping by a rapid return of straight balls when the batsman is not ready to strike. This point was played by Bradley last season almost as frequently as by Spalding, and its success was mainly due to Clapp's quick returns. Clapp is another of those quiet players who are seldom heard of except in the way of fine play in their position. The Athletics never committed a greater mistake than when they allowed Clapp and McBride to leave their service. They fully realized this fact last season.

The Hartfords had three excellent catchers at command last season, but never did three men have a more arduous task to perform than these three did in supporting Bond's fearfully swift and dangerous delivery. It is bad enough to have to face the music of a wild delivery, the result of inability to command the ball; but, when the work to be done involves punishment which is in a measure the result of a reckless disregard of consequences, it becomes doubly arduous. It is stated on good authority that Bond at times sent in the ball utterly regardless of the effect the pace might have on the catching. The fact that catcher after catcher had to withdraw from the position, with hands so injured from catching from Bond's delivery as to render them useless for play, would apparently prove the correctness of the statement. There is something outside the line of duty a catcher is called upon to perform. He may be required to support wild pitching, while he is removed from the responsibility of the errors immediately resulting from it, but he cannot be bound to support the reckless delivery of a bad-tempered pitcher. Probably Bond has been taught a lesson from the experience of the past season, and under Harry Wright's teaching will not be likely to put his catchers through such an ordeal as he frequently did Allison, Higham and Harbidge; but if he has not, he assuredly will not find White, standing in the catcher's position, willing to submit to any such unnecessary punishment. It is very easy to say that a catcher ought to be able to do this, that and the other in his play behind the bat; but there is a limit to the work a first-class catcher should be held responsible for, and that limit does not include the errors plainly traceable to a reckless delivery. Some of Allison's catching last season was fully up to his old 1869 standard—in fact, considering the pace of the pitching he had to support, it far excelled all his previous efforts. At any rate, he stands at the head of the list of the League catchers in having the smallest percentage of errors in his position. We did not see either Higham or Harbidge play in a single game last season, and therefore cannot speak of the work they did. Higham can play a fine game behind the bat when he does not lose his temper, and goes in to win. Harbidge, it is said, improved in his play behind the bat materially last season.

The Bostons introduced several new catchers in the League arena in 1876. In fact, it was an experimental season throughout with Harry Wright, especially in regard to pitchers and catchers. He began with McGinley, and a pretty hard time of it that player had in supporting the arratic delivery of Borden. It may be said that the Scripture story of "Joseph and his brethren" was reversed in this case, inasmuch as the Boston brethren were decidedly sold by Joseph when they engaged that sky-rocket pitcher as the coming champion. What he might be trained to accomplish, with the natural powers he possesses for a swift delivery, is one thing; what he accomplished last season is another. As far as McGinley was concerned, it was certainly a pretty trying ordeal for him to be subjected to on the occasion of his advent as the Boston Club's catcher for 1876. Afterwards Morrill was tried, and he did good work for the League "pony;" but Brown proved to be the best of Harry's selections in the catcher's line during 1876, and he has wisely been retained. All three were reliable players. Harry Wright may be mistaken in his estimate of a player's skill—that is, he may overrate him on his promise as a player—but as yet he has escaped engaging any unworthy men, and hence the Boston Club still retains its valuable prestige of being the most reliable playing club in the professional arena—a reputation which is a paying one in every sense of the word. But here we are again, with considerable space occupied and only half of our story about catchers related; so our readers will excuse us for adopting the stereotyped phrase "to be continued in our next."

THE INTERNATIONAL BASEBALL ASSOCIATION.

We refrained from taking any part in the movement inaugurated last November by Mr. Waite of the St. Louis Reds until we saw what action the League Association would take in making that organization one which would really take the place of the old Professional Association. Now that the League has practically closed its doors to all but the wealthy stockholding class of the professional organizations, it becomes necessary for the majority-class—the co-operative, semi-professional, and gate-money amateur clubs—to combine together for their own protection and their own special interests, and present to the League clubs a lively, active and rival institution—one ready to enter the lists against the League for the patronage of the baseball public. All that legitimate amateur clubs need in a national association is simply an institution which will give them an official code of playing-rules; and this they now have in the form of the League code; but with the class of co-operative professional clubs something else is required, and that is an association which will govern every club of their class, and by its laws not only oblige players to abide by their contracts, but so regulate other matters of special interest to their class as to give them the needed protection to make it safe for subscribers to invest in their clubs. It is very plain to see that, if Messrs. Jones, Brown and Robinson stand ready to subscribe $50 to a fund to organize a representative co-operative nine for their town or city, it is only on the condition that they shall be insured against the risk of a loss of their capital by the breaking-up of their club team through "revolving" or the violation of agreements by players. But how can this be done except through the medium of an established association possessing the power to inflict proper penalties for such violations of contracts? A club belonging to no influential association raises $5,000, wherewith to get together a good playing nine. They engage players under written-contracts. The nine soon distinguishes itself; and, not long after, some rival club of its class breaks in upon its team with tempting offers to its leading player or players, and away goes its strength, with the consequence of a sacrifice of the capital of the club. The only binding power of the written contract is the player's sense of honor, and experience has shown in many instances that this is not always to be relied upon. But when the club is attached to a strong association, and has it in its power to expel a player for violation of his agreement, and thereby throw him out of all field-work for the season, then the club has a guarantee for the good conduct of its players. It is plain, therefore, that it is to the interest of every professional club—co-operative or gate-money amateur—to belong to an established and responsible association, and such an institution cannot well exist without the active assistance of nearly every regular professional club in the country. Let a convention of delegates from every co-operative, semi-professional and gate-money amateur club of the country be called, to be held in some central city—say Philadelphia—in January, and let these delegates be fully prepared to establish an International Association of Professional Baseball Clubs, the international title being given to admit Canadian clubs. Then go to work and adopt a constitution, by-laws and rules for club intercourse, which will undoubtedly place the Association in full accord with the needed reformation of existing abuses. In regard to the playing rules, it would be well to take such action as would insure the existence of but one code throughout the land. Adopt the twenty-five-cent tariff of admission, with leave to charge that sum additional for reserved seats. Then, with a power to check crooked play and to stop revolving, it would be an easy task to organize nines fully up to the League-club standard in playing strength.

THE LEAGUE CONVENTION WORK.
THE SCORING-RULES.

We now proceed to refer to the new scoring-rules the convention adopted, which are as follows:

RULE VIII.—SCORING.

In order to promote uniformity in scoring championship games, the following instructions, suggestions and definitions are made for the benefit of scorers of League clubs, and they are required to make the scores mentioned in Sec. 5 of Article XII of the League Constitution in accordance therewith.

BATTING.

SECTION 1. The first item in the tabulated score, after the player's name and position, shall be the number of times he has been at bat during the game. Any time or times where the player has been sent to base on called balls shall not be included in this column.

SEC. 2. In the second column should be set down the runs made by each player.

SEC. 3. In the third column should be placed the first-base hits made by each player. A base-hit should be scored in the following cases:

When the ball from the bat strikes the ground between the foul-lines and out of the reach of the fielders.

When a hit is partially or wholly stopped by a fielder in motion, but such player cannot recover himself in time to handle the ball before the striker reaches first base.

When the ball is hit so sharply to an infielder that he cannot handle it in time to put out a man. In case of doubt over this class of hits, give the fielder the benefit and score a base-hit.

When a ball is hit so slowly towards a fielder that he cannot reach it before the batsman is safe.

SEC. 4. In the fourth column should be placed to the credit of each player the total bases made off his hits. The unit, or base, consists in getting from any one base to any other base without being put out, and the striker is to be credited, not only with the number of bases which he himself makes after a hit, but in addition with those safely made by every other player who is on base at the time he runs towards first. It should be understood that a base or bases made off an error of a fielder count towards the score of the player who ran from home-base towards first base when the error was made. All the bases made off such error, whether by the striker or by some other player then on base, shall go to the credit of the striker. The striker shall be credited with a base when he is sent to base on called balls, and, in addition, with all the bases made by other players who may be advanced on the play under the rules.

A base or bases shall be given to the runner for a successful steal, whether made on an error of his opponents or without error.

Bases shall not be given to a striker when any player other than himself shall be put out on his strike.

FIELDING.

SEC. 5. The number of opponents put out by each player shall be set down in the fifth column. Where a striker is given out by the umpire for a foul strike or because he struck out of his turn, the putout shall be scored to the catcher.

SEC. 6. The number of times a player assists shall be set down in the sixth column. An assist should be given to each player who handles the ball in a runout or other play of the kind.

An assist should be given the pitcher when a batsman fails to hit the ball on a third strike.

An assist should be given the pitcher in each case where a batsman is declared out for making a foul strike or striking out of turn.

An assist should be given to a player who makes a play in time to put a runner out, even if the player who should complete the play fails through no fault of the player assisting.

An assist should not be given to a player who muffs the ball, or allows it to bound off his body towards a player who then assists or puts out a player.

And, generally, an assist should be given to each player who handles the ball from the time it leaves the bat until it reaches the player who makes the putout, or, in case of a thrown ball, to each player who throws or handles it cleanly and in such way that a putout results, or would result if no error were made by the receiver.

SEC. 7. An error should be given for each misplay which allows the striker or baserunner to make one or more bases when perfect play would have insured his being put out. In scoring errors off batted balls see Sec. 3 of this article.

We beg to differ in regard to the utility of the rules devoted to a record of total bases. We cannot see that it gives due credit to the right man. The idea of giving the credit of a base to a batsman which is obtained by an error is new. The score of a professional game should indicate as concisely as possible what each player of each of the contesting nines did or did not do towards achieving a victory. To do this in its full extent requires the space of a club score-book. But to present a table for newspaper publication, all that is requisite is to show the number of times each player went to the bat, the number of clean base-hits he made, the number of bases he earned by good running, the total runs he scored, the number of times he put out players or assisted to put them out—achievements of equal merit—and the total fielding errors he committed. As a sample of a newspaper score for 1877, we present below a score in advance of a game between Chicago and Boston, supposed to be played in 1877.

CHICAGO.	T.	1B.	BE.	R.	PA.	E.	BOSTON.	T.	1B.	BE.	R.	PA.	E.
McVey, c.	5	5	2	4	7	3	White, c.	4	4	2	3	6	6
Spalding, p.	5	4	1	2	4	2	Bond, p.	4	2	1	2	3	3
Glenn, 1st b.	4	3	1	2	10	1	Murnan, 1b.	5	3	3	2	9	1
Barnes, 2d b	6	5	3	4	6	2	Wert, 2d b.	3	1	1	1	2	3
Anson, 3d b.	4	4	1	3	4	3	Sutton, 3d b.	3	1	0	2	2	2
Peters, s. s.	4	4	2	3	4	2	G. W'ght, s.s.	3	4	2	4	4	1
Blank, l. f.	4	2	1	2	2	0	Leonard, l. f	4	3	2	3	3	0
Hines, c. f.	3	2	1	2	3	0	O'R'rke, c. f.	3	3	1	2	2	0
Bradley, r. f.	3	2	1	1	1	0	Brown, r. f.	3	1	0	2	2	0
Totals	38	32	13	23	41	13	Totals	32	22	12	21	33	16

Chicago	4	3	0	1	2	5	2	2	4	—23
Boston	1	1	2	4	2	0	2	3	6	—21

First-base by errors—Chicago, 9; Boston, 7. Runs earned from pitching—Chicago, 5; Boston, 3. Umpire, Mr. Sumner. Time, 2:30.

Only six columns are presented, as during last season, but an additional column has been made for bases earned—BE.—and the columns of putouts and assisted have been counted together.

CONTEST CLUB OF BROOKLYN.

A member of this Long Island club sends us their record for the past season, prefaced by the following remarks: "In looking over the record of the Witoka B. B. C. in your paper of the 15th inst., I see that they claim two regular games with the Contest B. B. C. Now, sir, we played a game with the Alpha B. B. C. on Sept. 15, and the Witoka B. B. C. were advertised to play the New York Club on Sept. 16, but received word, while we were playing the Alphas, that the New York Club would not be able to play on the 16th. The manager of the grounds then requested the Contests to come to the Capitoline and play the Witoka Club in place of the New York Club; but we informed him that we could not play them, not being able to get our nine out. He then asked us to get a nine together and play them an exhibition game, which would not go on record. As we had previously beaten the Witokas two games, we agreed to play on the 16th, when we had but five of our regular nine out. We also see that Our Boys Club claim a game from us. Now, we have played but one game with this club, which we won by a score of 10 to 9. Where they get their victory from we do not know." The Contests' record follows:

May 6, Contest vs. Eureka	6 to	7
May 11, Contest vs. Mutual	3	8
May 27, Contest vs. Union	22	21
May 30, Contest vs. Bode	39	8
May 30, Contest vs. Eureka	24	22
June 7, Contest vs. United	5	3
June 10, Contest vs. Atlanta	19	5
June 20, Contest vs. Resolute	9	13
July 4, Contest vs. Prospect	11	8
July 6, Contest vs. Pacific	15	19
July 9, Contest vs. Clinton	22	8
July 13, Contest vs. Witoka	5	14
July 15, Contest vs. Alaska	7	17
July 19, Contest vs. Resolute	8	16
July 22, Contest vs. Union	15	6
July 26, Contest vs. Alaska	7	9
July 29, Contest vs. Putnam	9	2
Aug. 3, Contest vs. Putnam	24	17
Aug. 10, Contest vs. Witoka	16	13
Aug. 17, Contest vs. United	9	1
Aug. 19, Contest vs. Witoka	17	6
Aug. 25, Contest vs. Prospect	12	9
Aug. 28, Contest vs. Montgomery	10	9
Sept. 1, Contest vs. Alert	15	6
Sept. 2, Contest vs. Orchard	4	5
Sept. 9, Contest vs. Athletic (forfeited)	9	0
Sept. 13, Contest vs. Our Boys	10	9
Sept. 15, Contest vs. Alpha	7	9
Sept. 19, Contest vs. United	13	12
Sept. 23, Contest vs. Alaska	9	10
Sept. 30, Contest vs. Charter Oak	8	20

THE CHAMPIONS OF CHICAGO.

The Chicago Amateur Baseball Association held its annual meeting in Chicago, Ill., last week. The Association consists of fourteen good amateur clubs, and the contests for the championship ran close and exciting. The question of awarding the championship of the city occupied the greater portion of the meeting; and, after considerable discussion on the method of deciding who were champions, it was resolved that the Franklins, having won the greatest number of games, be declared champions. The following is their record, the nine being composed of Duffy, s. s.; Quinn, c.; Reid, 2d b.; Manning, 3d b.; O'Rourke, p.; O'Loughlin, l. f.; Turner, c. f.; Hanley, 1st b.; Woodlock, r. f.; Ward and Gillen, substitutes:

April 22, Franklin vs. Chicago	3 to	28
May 2, Franklin vs. Chicago University	14	11
May 8, Franklin vs. Lake Shore Reds	5	2
May 23, Franklin vs. N. W. University	37	7
May 24, Franklin vs. Chicago University	23	3
May 30, Franklin vs. Chicago University	23	14
May 31, Franklin vs. Brady	11	18
June 3, Franklin vs. Acme	8	13
June 30, Franklin vs. Acme	9	15
July 7, Franklin vs. Centennial	5	4
July 12, Franklin vs. Brady	10	1
July 14, Franklin vs. West-ends	7	1
July 20, Franklin vs. Fairbank	10	9
July 23, Franklin vs. Lake View Browns	9	5
July 25, Franklin vs. Liberty	13	6
July 27, Franklin vs. Pioneer	21	5
July 28, Franklin vs. Singer	9	6
Aug. 1, Franklin vs. Pioneer	30	5
Aug. 14, Franklin vs. Lakeside	20	6
Aug. 16, Franklin vs. Blue Sox	14	9
Aug. 17, Franklin vs. Fairbank	12	3
Aug. 18, Franklin vs. Dreadnaught	18	12
Aug. 21, Franklin vs. Unity	18	8
Aug. 23, Franklin vs. West-end	24	1
Sept. 2, Franklin vs. Lake View Blues	18	5
Sept. 18, Franklin vs. Dreadnaught	10	2
Sept. 25, Franklin vs. Lake View Browns	19	6
Sept. 26, Franklin vs. Liberty	16	12
Oct. 21, Franklin vs. Fairbank	10	6
Oct. 25, Franklin vs. Pioneer	18	4
Totals	439	225

THE CENTENNIALS OF 'FRISCO.

At a meeting of the above San Francisco (Cal.) club it was resolved that their thanks be tendered to Messrs. Hulbert, Spalding, and McVey of the Chicago B. B. C.; Queen and Woodstock of the Franklin Club; the Troublesome Club of Atlantic, Ia.; the Cass Club of Detroit, Mich.; the Ithacas of Ithaca, N. Y.; the president of the Driving Park at Elmira, N. Y.; Mr. Rambo of Reading, Pa.; the proprietor of the grounds corner Twenty-fourth street and Ridge avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.; and Messrs. Altridge and John Cahill, for kindness and hospitality. The Centennials played in all forty-five games during the season of '76, winning thirty-one. They played with some of the strongest clubs in the East, and would probably have been more successful had more time been devoted to rest between games. They also suffered greatly from the heat. Below is their record.

VICTORIES.

April 20, Centennial vs. Enterprise, at San Fran.	18 to	6
April 26, Centennial vs. Alert, at San Francisco	15	11
April 30, Centennial vs. Empire, at San Francisco	13	11
May 5, Centennial vs. Excelsior, at San Fran.	17	7
May 11, Centennial vs. Picked Nine, at San Fran.	10	9
May 16, Centennial vs. Alert, at San Francisco	7	5
May 21, Centennial vs. Empire, at San Francisco	23	9
May 26, Centennial vs. Empire, at San Fran.	41	6
May 31, Centennial vs. Excelsior, at San Fran.	35	9
June 7, Centennial vs. Picked Nine, at San Fran.	25	9
June 14, Centennial vs. Picked Nine, at San Fran.	8	1
June 20, Centennial vs. Excelsior, at San Fran.	10	6
June 25, Centennial vs. Amity, at Sacramento	34	9
July 6, Centennial vs. Red Cap, at Davenport, Ia.	23	9
July 10, Centennial vs. West-end, at Milwaukee, Wis.	8	4
July 11, Centennial vs. West-end, at Milwaukee	12	3
July 17, Centennial vs. Cass, at Detroit, Mich	14	5
July 27, Centennial vs. Cricket, at Bingh'ton, N.Y.	6	5
July 29, Centennial vs. Easton, at Easton, Pa	19	14
Aug. 2, Centennial vs. Kliuz, at Philadelphia	7	4
Aug. 3, Centennial vs. Frank Brower, at Phila	13	8
Aug. 5, Centennial vs. Campbell, at Philadelphia	10	6
Aug. 8, Centennial vs. Defiance, at Philadelphia	16	6
Aug. 9, Centennial vs. Campbell, at Philadelphia	8	6
Aug. 10, Centennial vs. Eureka, at Camden, N.J.	20	0
Aug. 11, Centennial vs. Brandywine, at West Chester, Pa	14	8
Aug. 12, Centennial vs. Frank Brower, at Phila	27	6
Aug. 14, Centennial vs. Centennial, at Phila	10	4
Aug. 16, Centennial vs. Americus, at Philadelphia	8	7

DEFEATS.

July 4, Troublesome vs. Centennial, at Atlantic, Ia.	9	01
July 7, Franklin vs. Centennial, at Chicago, Ill.	4	5
July 15, Ætna vs. Centennial, at Detroit, Mich	1	12
July 18, Keystone vs. Centennial, at Erie, Pa	8	11
July 19, Quickstep vs. Centennial, at Erie, Pa	1	17
July 20, Rochester vs. Centennial, at Roch'r, N. Y.	4	13
July 21, Rochester vs. Centennial, at Roch'r, N. Y.	6	9
July 24, Star vs. Centennial, at Syracuse, N. Y.	3	8
July 25, Auburn vs. Centennial, at Auburn, N. Y.	2	13
July 26, Ithaca vs. Centennial, at Elmira, N. Y.	3	4
July 28, Wilk'sbarre vs. Centennial, at W'barre, Pa	5	14
July 31, Active vs. Centennial, at Reading, Pa	0	17
Aug. 1, Campbell vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia	5	10
Aug. 7, Quickstep vs. Centennial, at Wilm't'n, Del.	10	19
Aug. 15, Athletic vs. Centennial, at Philadelphia	6	17
Total runs	553	373

RED CAP OF ST. PAUL, MINN.

The record of this strong Western nine for the past season is appended. The secretary, Samuel Gordon, says: "We commenced the season as amateurs, but were soon forced to hire players, and closed with a strong paid nine. We shall enter the field in 1877 fully prepared to maintain our title of champions of Minnesota. During the latter part of the season Dean of the Cincinnatis pitched for us."

June 14, Red Cap vs. Clipper of Castle Rock, Minn.	37 to	1
June 21, Red Cap vs. St. Croix of Stillwater	16	15
June 28, Red Cap vs. Clipper of Winona	4	6
July 4, Red Cap vs. St. Croix of Stillwater	15	9
July 11, Red Cap vs. Silver Star of Northfield	7	9
July 17, Red Cap vs. West End of Milwaukee, Wis.	0	7
July 22, Red Cap vs. Mutual of Janesville, Wis.	34	11
July 24, Red Cap vs. Mutual of Janesville, Wis.	8	15
Aug. 1, Red Cap vs. Silver Star of Northfield	20	3
Aug. 3, Red Cap vs. Crescent of Hastings	17	2
Aug. 9, Red Cap vs. Amateur of Oshkosh, Wis.	30	3
Aug. 12, Red Cap vs. Amateur of Oshkosh, Wis.	10	1
Aug. 17, Red Cap vs. Crescent of Hastings, Minn.	19	4
Aug. 24, Red Cap vs. Clipper of Winona	7	17
Aug. 25, Red Cap vs. Amateur of Oshkosh	22	13
Aug. 26, Red Cap vs. West End of Milwaukee	5	9
Aug. 29, Red Cap vs. West End of Milwaukee	3	18
Aug. 30, Red Cap vs. Mutual of Janesville	10	12
Aug. 31, Red Cap vs. Oakwood of Lacrosse, Wis.	5	3
Sept. 6, Red Cap vs. St. Croix of Stillwater	19	2
Sept. 11, Red Cap vs. Ætna of Detroit, Mich	5	8
Sept. 16, Red Cap vs. Marshall of Marshalltown, Ia.	19	10
Sept. 21, Red Cap vs. St. Croix of Stillwater	9	3
Sept. 22, Red Cap vs. Clipper of Winona (11 inn.)	6	5
Sept. 27, Red Cap vs. Clipper of Winona	10	5
Sept. 29, Red Cap vs. Gopher of Rochester, Minn.	23	2
Oct. 4, Red Cap vs. Blue Stockings of Minneapolis	3	10
Oct. 6, Red Cap vs. St. Croix of Stillwater	21	3
Oct. 13, Red Cap vs. Blue Stockings of Minneapolis	6	9
Oct. 14, Red Cap vs. White Stockings of Chicago, Ill.	1	19
Oct. 17, Red Cap vs. White Stockings of Chicago, Ill.	4	11
Oct. 19, Red Cap vs. Blue Stockings of Minneapolis	9	6
Oct. 23, Red Cap vs. Blue Stockings of Minneapolis	9	11
Oct. 26, Red Cap vs. Blue Stockings of Minneapolis	4	2
Oct. 27, Red Cap vs. Blue Stockings of Minneapolis	10	2
Oct. 28, Red Cap vs. Blue Stockings of Minneapolis. (10 innings)	6	6
Totals	433	272

Victories, 21; defeats, 14; tie, 1—total, 36. Model games, 12.

THE BOSTON CLUB.

The following are the averages of the Boston Club team for 1876, as sent us by Harry Wright:

	Games.	Pr ct. to times at bat of 1st B.	P. O.	Asst.	Pr ct. of E. to chances offered. E.
Geo. Wright, s. s., 2d b.	70	99.28	99	253	42.11
Leonard, 2d b., l. f.	64	90.29	156	88	41.16
O'Rourke, l. f., c. f.	70	100.30	167	8	37.21
Murnan, 1st b.	69	89.28	702	10	60.08
Morrill, c., 2d b.	66	74.26	242	160	100.24
Manning, r. f., p.	70	77.26	84	61	52.35
Schafer, 3d b.	70	72.24	123	147	66.24
Brown, c.	45	43.22	186	44	82.28
Whitney, l. f., c. f.	35	33.23	75	10	19.22
Bradley, p., r. f.	22	20.22	10	19	15.51
"Josephs," p., r. f.	32	27.21	21	37	53.91
McGinley, c., c. f.	9	6.15	26	1	18.66
Club—McBride, Parks, Nichols, S. and H. Wright	9	4.11	4	11	5.33
Total	70	734.00	1895	849	590.00

	Won.	Lost.	Total Games.	At Bat.	Runs.	1st B.	Times to 1st B.	P. O.	Asst.	Errors.
April	2	2	4	154	18	31	49	111	42	51
May	8	4	12	476	83	126	168	326	139	108
June	6	7	13	495	76	122	173	354	146	128
July	8	4	12	577	97	156	209	333	174	89
Aug.	8	3	11	457	96	126	178	297	149	87
Sept.	9	5	14	542	95	141	209	366	149	88
Oct.	0	4	4	140	6	32	46	108	50	39
			70	2781	471	734	1032	1895	849	590

THE TURF.

POLO AND ITS SIDE-PARTNER.

The sports at Gilmore's Garden were resumed on Monday evening, Dec. 18. A game at polo was the first feature of the entertainment, the contesting sides being the reds and the blues, the former comprising Messrs. Mowry and Carillo of the California Polo Club, and Messrs. Hoyt, Colby and Phillips of the Boston Club, while the latter included Messrs. Morgan and Faber of the Californias, and Messrs. Fuller, Prue and Ryan of the Bostons. The great superiority the reds possessed in having two such accomplished players as Mowry and Carillo on their side enabled them to score an easy victory, winning eight straight goals to none for their opponents.

The trotting came up next, and was for a purse of $100, for horses that had never beaten 2:50, mile heats, best three in five, under saddle, weight and distance waived. The winner took $60, the second horse $25, and the third $15. Six horses came to the post, viz., J. Rogers' b. g. Fitzgerald, E. H. Doty's bk. g. Old Bob, T. Walker's bk. g. Yorkville, A. Carson's c. g. Abe, W. E. Weeks' w. g. Wee, and P. McGuire's b. c. G. Flynn. Old Bob won the first heat in 2:51¼, Fitzgerald the second in 2:51½, Yorkville Boy the third in 2:48¼, and Fitzgerald the fourth, fifth and race in 2:50¼, 2:51. Old Bob took second and Yorkville Boy third money. G. Flynn was ruled out for foul riding. A running-race for all ages, for a purse of $25, half-mile heats, three and a half laps to a heat, followed, the contesting horses being J. Murphy's b. g. Jack Horner and J. Golding's b. g. Abe C. The latter won the first heat in 1:11¾, and Jack Horner the second and third heats and the race in 1:17, 1:14¼.

On Thursday, Dec. 21, an afternoon and evening's entertainment was given. The polo match in the afternoon was between the California and the Boston Clubs, and was well contested, the latter exhibiting great improvement in their play. The California players scored nine goals to their opponents' three, the splendid playing of the Mexican Carillo being the feature of the game. The trotting was for a purse of $100, mile heats, three in five, under saddle; weight and distance barred. The entries were J. Murphy's b. g. Frank, Thos. Walker's br. g. Yorkville Boy, E. H. Doty's b. g. Old Bob, and H. Hamilton's b. g. Harry. Frank won in three straight heats, Yorkville Boy taking second money and Old Bob third; time, 2:44¼, 2:45¼, 2:48. Between the heats Capt. Mowry gave illustrations of the lightning changes he is accustomed to make in long-distance racing.

In the evening, after the polo-playing, which was between the same players as in the afternoon, and attended with a similar result, the trotting commenced. It was for a purse of $100, for horses that had never beaten 2:30; heats, three in five, under saddle; $60 to the first, $25 to the second, and $15 to the third. There were four entries: Isaac Copp's w. m. Snowflake, T. B. Johnson's r. g. Fred Tyler, W. Taggert's r. g. St. George, and owner's b. m. Kitty Hughes. The first heat was dead between Fred Tyler and St. George in 2:47¼. Fred Tyler won the third heat in 2:45, and Snowflake the second, fourth and fifth heats and the race in 2:44, 2:46. Fred Tyler took second money and St. George third. The hurdle race, over seven hurdles, half-mile heats, for a purse of $50, was won in two heats by c. g. Widewake, beating Jack Horner and Modoc in 1:15, 1:11.

On Friday evening, Dec. 22, the California players were again successful in the polo game, beating their Boston opponents by a score of six goals to three. The trotting race, for a purse of $100, mile heats, three in five, under saddle, had six contestants—Yorkville, Frank, Katie Hughes, Fitzgerald, Flirtation, and Flora B. It was a most exciting contest, six heats being trotted before the race was decided. Katie Hughes won the first heat in 2:47; Frank the second and third in 2:44¼, 2:45¼; Yorkville the fourth and fifth in 2:44, 2:43¾. In the sixth heat the rider of Frank was changed, John Murphy becoming his pilot. He won the sixth heat and the race in 2:40, which is the fastest heat made at the Hippodrome this season. The running race, half-mile heats, was won by J. O'Connor's b. g. Morgan, beating B. Metcalf's bk. g. Village Blacksmith. Time, 1:06¼, 1:06.

On Saturday evening, Dec. 23, the polo game was a very one-sided affair; for the California players, although there were only three of them to six of their Bostonian opponents, scored ten games in rapid succession without allowing the latter to win a single goal. The splendid science and horsemanship of the California players were never before so conspicuously displayed as on this occasion. The feats of lassoing horses while galloping around the ring by Capt. Mowry and the Mexican Carillo, which were subsequently shown, excited great applause and admiration from the spectators.

The trotting contest for a purse of $100, mile heats, best three in five, under saddle, brought out Weeks' w. m. Snowflake, Johnson's b. g. Fred Tyler, and Lane's r. g. St. George. The first heat was won by Snowflake in 2:53¼, Fred Tyler second. The same mare also won the second heat in 2:43. The third and fourth heats were taken by St. George in 2:45, 2:46¼, he also scoring the fifth and deciding heat of the race in 2:46, after a most exciting struggle with Snowflake. The running race for a purse of $25 had four entries—Pastor, Count, Lorena and Village Blacksmith. Lorena in the first heat took the lead at the start, and, maintaining it throughout, won it in 2:16¾, Village Blacksmith second and Pastor third. Lorena also won the second heat and the race in 2:14.

WINNING OWNERS ON THE ENGLISH TURF.—At the head of winning owners on the English turf during the past racing season stands the French turfman Count F. La Grange, whose aggregate winnings amount to $88,250. For this enviable position he is indebted principally to Camelia (who won the One Thousand Guineas, and subsequently divided the Oaks) and to Claimant, winner of the Middle Park and Dewhurst Stakes. In 1865 Count La Grange occupied the pride of place among the winners of the year, when the mighty Gladiateur swept everything before him on the English turf. Lord Dupplin & Co. rank second on the list, with $71,860, for which he is mainly indebted to the Two Thousand Guineas and St. Leger winner, Petrarch, from whom he gave $50,000 early in the Spring. Mr. Stockwell of this city, formerly well known in connection with the Pacific Mail Company, is one of Lord Dupplin's turf confederates. Next is Lord Roseberry, with $65,950, won by Controversy, Snail, Rosbach and Levant. Lord Falmouth ranks fourth, with the handsome sum of $50,300 attached to his credit, his name having for two previous years stood at the head of the list. The Brothers Bultazzi are next, netting $70,000 between them, with the Derby winner Kisber and Plunger. Mr. Houldsworth is indebted to Collness and Springfield for the sixth place, and $48,660 attached to his name.

DEATH OF FREEMAN.—This celebrated English race-horse died recently of inflammation of the lungs, quite unexpectedly, as he had run at Warwick only a few days before. He was one of the best-bred horses in England, being by Kettledrum, the Derby winner of 1861, out of Haricot, a daughter of the famous Queen Mary. He was purchased when a yearling for the small sum of $200; and at three and four years old won the Great Northern Handicap at York twice in succession. He was then put to the hurdle-racing business, but, showing no aptitude for learning it, he was again put in training for flat racing. Two years ago he won both the Chester Cup and the Goodwood Stakes, and was only beaten by a neck for the City and Suburban Handicap, won by Dalham. Last week he nearly repeated his Chester Cup victory, for he ran a close second to Tam O'Shanter. At Ascot he won the Alexandra Plate from New Holland, the Greenwood Cup winner. He was a valuable trial horse at home, leading Doncaster, the Derby winner, in his gallops, and told the stable their chance this year with Forerunner and Julius Cæsar for the "Blue Ribband of the Turf."

MEETING OF BREEDERS OF TROTTING STOCK.—A meeting of the prominent breeders of trotting stock of the United States was held at the Everett House in this city on Wednesday, Dec. 20. There was a large attendance present, among them Dr. Herr and Major H. C. McDowell, Charles Backman, L. D. Packer, etc. The object of the meeting was to discuss the propriety of breeders themselves taking control of meetings in which their young stock competed for premiums. The Breeders' Centennial Trotting Meeting, held at Philadelphia the past Summer, netted several thousand dollars for the managers, who ran no risk from their speculation; the entrance money received in the purses leaving a heavy surplus in their favor. Measures were adopted looking to the accomplishment of the objects of the meeting.

THE EVENTFUL HISTORY OF A CHARGER.—Col. Kent of the British army has just lost a fine old chestnut Arab. It was probably the oldest charger in the service, having gone through the Crimean War. After leaving the Crimea, the horse went round the Cape to Australia, and has since been twice to India, twice to Ireland, and through every station of Bengal, from Calcutta to Peshawur, and Peshawur to Bombay, finally closing his travels by passing through the Suez Canal. It was present at the Balaklava fete last year, and at the presentation of colors to the regiment at Woolwich, making its last appearance on parade in July last, when it carried the Colonel as well as ever. The horse was a great favorite with the officers and men of the corps, and closed its remarkable career after a long and painful disease.

SEIZURE OF A RACEMARE.—The well-known racemare Caroline, by Kentucky out of Cornelia, owned by Mr. Belmont of this city, was attached by the Sheriff of Norfolk County, Va., and forwarded to New York to her owner. It appears that Mr. Belmont, during the last Summer, had leased her racing qualities up to Nov. 1 to John Boughram, when she was to be returned to be used as a broodmare. Boughram has run her very successfully, winning at Norfolk three races with her; but, as he had broken his engagement to return her at the time specified, she was attached at the instance of Mr. Belmont.

THE METROPOLITAN RIDING ACADEMY is the title given by Fred J. Engelhardt of the Central Park Riding-school to his new venture at the American Institute Building, Third avenue and Sixty-third street. He has taken a lease of the premises, which will be opened on Friday evening, Dec. 29, when an entertainment consisting of trotting, flat-races, steeplechases, Græco-Roman wrestling, equestrianism, and athletic and gymnastic feats will be given, the proceeds to be handed to St. John's Guild for distribution among the deserving poor of the city. It is intended to give similar entertainments frequently.

FRED ARCHER has been at the top of the heap in the winning-mounts competition in England since 1874, in which year he had 147 wins, following it up with 172 in 1875, and 204 in 1876. In 1871 he was credited with but 3, in 1872 with 27, and in 1873 he reached double figures, scoring 107—making a grand total of 660 winners that he has ridden in the space of six years, against 443 for his nearest competitor, Constable; or an average of 110 for the past half-dozen years.

CHALLENGE TO TROTTERS.—T. B. Johnson the pool-auctioneer offers to trot his horse Fred Tyler a race of mile heats, best-three-in-five, under saddle, for $250 or $500 a side.

AQUATIC.

SCULLERS' RACE FOR $1,000.

A race, for £200 a side, between William Lumsden of Blyth and William Nicholson of Stockton, who pulled in open boats, took place on the Tyne, Eng., Dec. 4, over a course of one mile, straight, from the High Level Bridge to Waterson's Gates, and ended in a dead heat—a result, we believe, unprecedented in professional rowing. For some time 5 to 4 was laid on Nicholson, but when the official steamer left her moorings at the Corporation Quay there was a reaction in favor of Lumsden, and at the finish the latter left off with the call, 12 to 10 on him being the quotation at the start. The betting was of an extraordinarily heavy character, and it is some years since an issue was decided on the Tyne involving so much money. The choice of stations conferred an advantage, and when Lumsden was lucky enough to win the north side on the toss, his friends were jubilant. The boats were built of white spruce, with a top streak of cedar, and were of the following dimensions: Length, 21ft.; height at stem, 9½in.; height amidships, 11in.; width amidships, 21in.; height at stern, 9in. For the sake of comparison, it may also be added that Lumsden scaled 156lb, while Nicholson brought down the beam at 161lb. Both men were loudly cheered as they paddled into midstream, and both stripped in the finest possible condition. After a little finessing, they broke away at the fourth attempt to as fine a start as was ever witnessed. Lumsden was evidently a little flurried, and he missed the water with his left-hand scull; but Nicholson commenced with a powerful clean cut, which at once sent his boat in advance, and before they had gone 50yds. the Stockton sculler was half a length in front. The favorite, however, then got settled to his work; and, working a short stroke with marvelous rapidity, he whipped his craft along in good style, and ere a hundred yards had been completed he was level with his opponent. The Blythe man had evidently now the most pace on his boat, and although Nicholson never relaxed his efforts, yet Lumsden forged ahead, and off Davidson's Mill had half a length the best of it. All this time Nicholson had pulled a well-finished stroke about a foot longer and a little slower than his opponent, but he then quickened and shot up alongside of his man. The moment, however, he eased into the long rowing again, the favorite drew away from him, and off the east end of Wylie's Quay Lumsden led by half a length. Both had steered a good course, but Nicholson then began to pull too strongly with his left, and by his change of course lost a little distance; Lumsden going on with an advantage of three-quarters of a length as they approached the Skinner Burn. Directly he got straightened, however, Nicholson spurted and rushed up to the bows of his opponent; but Lumsden replied with even a more telling effort, and off the Burn the favorite for the first time led by a length. For nearly a quarter of a mile the breaking-down tactics were adopted, and both men went along at a splitting pace. Lumsden, however, maintained his advantage of a length up to the foot of the Grindstone Quay, where Nicholson put in some more bad steerage, and the favorite was enabled to place a quarter of a length's daylight between the two boats. The Stockton man, however, quickly righted himself, and, coming with one of those extraordinary rushes of his, he reduced the lead of the Blyth sculler to two or three feet, about 56 yards below the Redheugh Bridge. Nicholson then eased down to his long stroke again, and Lumsden keeping up his fine burst of speed, passed through the bridge a length in front. Time for the half-mile, 3min. 6sec. Nicholson then seemed to be done with, and in two or three instances as much as 10 to 1 was laid on Lumsden; but a change quickly came over the scene, and the layers began to feel rather uncomfortable. Immediately after leaving the structure Lumsden commenced to deviate from the straight line which he had hitherto kept, and went over a little to the south, but James Taylor soon signalled him off again. Nicholson then quickened up again, and dashing along in grand style, he rapidly overhauled his opponent, and at the low end of the Lead Works quay the two boats were once more level, the cheering being of the most enthusiastic character, while the excitement on the shore and the steamers was intense. Lumsden however, had the inside, and reaping an advantage at the bend, he again showed half a length in front at the Shot Tower; but Nicholson would not have it so, and gamely coming again, he once more got up alongside of his opponent a little below Cooper's Stairs. The Blyth sculler, however, fought out the issue most resolutely, and again forging the nose of his boat in advance, had a quarter of a length the best of it at the New Quay Corner, but further away he could not get. Both men were evidently suffering from the pace at which they had come, and the struggle which ensued along by the side of the Gas Works Quay was such as is very rarely witnessed. Approaching the Tyne General Ferry Company's gangway, about a couple of hundred yards from the finish, the favorite made one more determined effort to shake off his opponent, and although it was a desperate one, he succeeded in making his lead into three quarters of a length. Nicholson, however, replied, and again shot up level within 50 yards of the goal. For a moment Lumsden faltered from sheer distress, and the Stockton man shot about six feet in front; but the favorite gathered himself together for one great final effort, and the desperate finish produced intense excitement. From the official steamer no one could make out who had won, and the decision of the distance judge was there awaited with great anxiety. Mr. Hall gave it a dead heat, and from the fact that the competitors thought they each had won the decision, no doubt, was a correct one. Lumsden stopped opposite Waterson's Gates dead settled, but Nicholson rowed on for 50 yards further, and afterwards paddled about round the referee's boat, looking very little the worse for his extraordinary exertions. The Blyth sculler, however, was terribly distressed, and after having been assisted into the referee's boat, was ill and perfectly helpless for sometime afterwards. The time for the mile was 6min. 16¼sec., which is said to be fastest on record for open boats. Very few remarks are necessary upon this, one of the most severe and punishing struggles ever rowed. From end to end it was a case of spurt and counter spurt, each man in turn stubbornly refusing to be beaten, and such a contest was well worth traveling many a mile to see. Lumsden struck very fast, and was fully up to his best form, but neither he nor his supporters thought they had such a grand sculler as Nicholson to meet. The Stockton man rowed long, clean and well, and when he spurted he sent his boat along in rare style. He was going the stronger and better at the finish, and, therefore, all doubts as to his staying qualities must be dispelled, but his defective steerage no doubt caused him to lose a little ground, or the result might have been different. The men were to have rowed over again Dec. 9.

CAPTAIN BOYNTON'S LATEST.—*The* (London, Eng.) *Daily Telegraph* of Dec. 9 contains the following: "Intelligence was received last evening that Captain Boynton had accomplished the feat of swimming down the river from Turin to Ferrara, a distance of 800 miles. On reaching the latter place he is stated to have been received with great enthusiasm by the foreign as well as Italian residents. In November he swam from Turin to Castel Nuovo in his life-saving dress, 260 miles, in eighty-three hours, but was obliged to leave the water, feeling that a fever, caused by the malarious atmosphere of the river and by his exertions, was coming upon him. He was laid up for several days at Castel Nuovo. On starting again from that place, however, he completed the journey down the Po to Ferrara, 280 miles, in ninety-six hours, without a break. This he states to be the last, as it has been the longest, of his feats."

FASTEST OCEAN PASSAGE.—A cable dispatch from Queenstown, Ireland, dated Dec. 24, says: "The White Star steamer Britannic, Capt. Thompson, from New York Dec. 16, arrived here at 1:30 this morning, making the passage in 7 days and 13 hours, the quickest on record." The fastest previous eastward passage was 7 days 15 hours 17 minutes, made by the Germanic of the same line. The Britannic is now credited with having accomplished the quickest trip both ways.

THE LAKEMAN BOAT CLUB of Boston, Mass., elected the following officers last week: President, P. J. O'Neil; vice-president, R. J. Kelley; captain, M. F. Ryder; treasurer, P. J. Duffy; secretary, A. F. Warner; directors—M. Higgins and J. F. Kelley.

THE TRIGGER.

BOGARDUS vs. ROBINSON.—In our last issue we recorded the pigeon match in California, between Capt. A. H. Bogardus, the champion wing-shot of the world, and Mr. A. Crittenden Robinson, who is the recognized champion shot of the Pacific Coast, which took place at Oakland Park, San Francisco, on Dec. 13, and in which Bogardus was defeated by 7 birds out of 98 shot at. Dissatisfied with this result, Bogardus immediately challenged his victor to a second contest for $506 a side, at 60 single birds and 40 double, California Club rules to govern, and the defi was promptly accepted. The match took place at Oakland Park on Saturday, Dec. 23, in the presence of a large attendance of lovers of the sport. At the commencement of the match Bogardus outshot Robinson, killing 35 to his 27; but the latter steadily improved in his shooting, and when the 60 single birds had been shot at on both sides the scores stood—Robinson, 54 killed; Bogardus, 51. Up to this time the betting had not been heavy, but, as Robinson was generally looked upon as invincible at double birds, the speculation now became spirited, and at even money. On the first half of the 20 pair of double birds Robinson held his previous lead, but on the next five pair Bogardus made the scores even, and each had killed 74 when they commenced on the last five pair. Bogardus now shot with unerring aim, and brought down every bird, while his opponent missed three, which gave Bogardus the victory by that number of birds; the scores standing 84 to 81. Mr. Robinson instantly challenged to repeat the match for $1,000 a side, and there is little doubt that the Eastern champion will accommodate him.

BOWLING.

The seventh game for the championship came off on the night of Dec. 19 at Kettler's, in Williamsburg, the contesting clubs being the Athletics of Brooklyn and the Terpsichores of New York. The well-known bowling qualities of the two teams drew a large number of spectators, and all were disappointed with the play, especially on the part of the New-Yorkers. Game was called at 8.30 P. M., Edward Anderson of the Pin Knights being selected as umpire: and it seemed as if the pins were frozen to the alleys, for, no matter how strong or swift the balls were bowled, strikes were few and far between. The Athletics seemed destined to be the coming champions, as good luck sticks to them, they having won every game in which they were contestants. Bartlett of the Athletics made the highest score of both teams, and F. Sauer of the Terpsichores the lowest, 91; and it was pleasant to see there was no counting out, as the returning board gave each individual the full number of pins he was entitled to. The following is the score:

ATHLETIC.		TERPSICHORES.	
Bartlett	209	[illegible]man	145
Fries	152	Roll	139
Delapp	152	W. Belle	157
Schlick	146	M. Schindhelm	117
Hopps	109	E. Belle	137
W. Moller	142	H. Groh	138
Rotkar	138	G. Schindhelm	129
Leonard	148	F. Sauer	91
Fielding	142	G. Kuhn	137
Richardson	168—1506	Moule	170—1362

PEDESTRIANISM.

FATAL ACCIDENT TO AN ATHLETE.—A gun-accident, which resulted in the death of Arthur Buchanan, a well-known amateur runner and a member of the London, Eng., Athletic Club, occurred on Nov. 30. The deceased gentleman, who was about 24 years of age, had been residing at Llanelly, where he occupied an important position in the Marshfield Company's Works, and, on the morning of Thursday week, went out for the purpose of duck-shooting. In getting over a wall by the railway he fell, and, by some mischance, his gun went off, the charge penetrating his left jaw, and blowing away the greater portion of his left cheek. He was found by an engine-driver upon the sandbanks about half a mile below the Old Castle crossing, and it is presumed must have been lying there for several hours. He was conveyed to the Station Hotel at Llanelly, and Drs. Samuel Morgan, Morris and Buckley did all in their power for him, but without avail, as he died the same evening. An inquest was held on the following day, when, without even troubling the Coroner to sum up the evidence, the jury at once returned a verdict of accidental death.

GEORGE WELLS is entered for the All-England 296-yards Christmas Handicap, to be run at the Hyde Park Grounds, Sheffield, Eng., Dec. 26, 27. He and Dick Buttery each receive a start of 77¼yds., G. Wallace receiving 72yds., G. Jackson 72¼yds., and D. Wight 73¼yds.

BICYCLE MATCH.—On Friday, Dec. 8, J. Keen, champion bicyclist, undertook to ride twenty-five miles against Thos. Sparrow, to whom he conceded half an hour's start. The latter, who is 53 years old, staked £60 against £50, and the match was decided at the Lillie Bridge Grounds, London, Eng. When Keen was dispatched, Sparrow had done just six miles 1,010 yards. Keen rode as he never rode before, going at terrific speed for twenty miles, making on an average nearly three laps while Sparrow rode two, and ultimately caught the veteran in the second lap of his twenty-third mile at the bottom end turning into the straight. Sparrow was then thoroughly fagged out, and upon completing the lap he gave up, telling the referee that he was satisfied, and that Keen could stop as soon as he liked. The champion dismounted at the finish of his twenty-third mile amidst the cheers of his friends, who were delighted at having seen him ride in such unequaled form. Keen was waited upon and trained by old Harry Andrews, and Nat Parry and William Woods esquired the loser. Sparrow's time for five miles was 22min. 49sec.; ten miles, 45min. 41sec.; fifteen, 1h. 8min. 33sec.; twenty, 1h. 31min. 52sec.; twenty-two miles two laps, 1h. 44min. 33sec. Keen's performance being such a wonderful one, we append his time for each mile, remarking that from ten miles upwards it is the best on record:

Mile.	H.	M.	S.	Mile.	H.	M.	S.	Mile.	H.	M.	S.	Mile.	H.	M.	S.
1	0	3	17	7	0	23	4	13	0	42	50	19	1	3	19
2	0	6	31	9	0	26	20	14	0	46	2¾	20	1	6	34
3	0	9	45	9	0	29	40	15	0	49	17	21	1	8	30
4	0	13	5	10	0	33	0	16	9	52	33	22	1	11	6
5	0	16	44	11	0	36	20	17	0	55	48	23	1	15	46
6	0	19	49	12	0	39	35	18	0	59	5				

Keen rode a 56in. "Eclipse" machine of his own manufacture.

THE WRESTLING CHAMPIONSHIP and challenge-cup of Lancashire, Eng., was contested for at the Borough Grounds, Oldham, Dec. 2, by John Butterworth ("Dockum") and Diggins alias, "Little Daff," each of whom also staked £25 on the issue of this, their third encounter. Butterworth, who won both of the previous encounters, was the favorite, and won two successive falls, and consequently the match, in eight minutes and thirteen minutes respectively.

TONY PASTOR'S TROUPE
WILL COMMENCE ITS ANNUAL TRAVELING SEASON ON OR ABOUT
MARCH 26, 1877.
ARTISTS OF RECOGNIZED ABILITY
WILL PLEASE ADDRESS
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NONE BUT FIRST-CLASS ARTISTS NEED APPLY. 32-tf

GREAT SUCCESS OF
MURPHY AND MACK. MURPHY AND MACK.
AT THE ADELPHI THEATRE,
GALVESTON, TEXAS,
UNDER THE MANAGEMENT OF E. L. BREMOND,
for four months. Now in their ninth week, and now performing their new specialties entitled
THE RAFFERTY BLUES AND IRISH ARISTOCRATS,
which were received nightly with roars of laughter. 40-1t

WANTED FOR THE SEASON of 1877, first quality equestrian and gymnastic talent, for P. T. Barnum's Great Show. Apply to or address J. J. NATHAN'S, 30-tf Room 99, Revere House, N. Y.

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DUDLEY CLARK, the only original black Dutch Comedian, and composer of his own Dutch songs. Just out, THE GREAT CENTENNIAL POM SHELLS. Can be had of Root & Son, Music Dealers, Chicago, Ill. Mr. Clark can be engaged through undersigned on and after Feb 27, fully equipped. JOHNSON & ROSS, Dramatic Agents, 40-1t* 318 South Clark street, Chicago.

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PROF. E. HAMILTON DESIRES to inform his friends that he has not retired from the show business, but has merely sold his interest in the Pacific Combination Show, with the exception of his trick ponies. He designs to run a first-class show the coming tenting-season, and is now in want of good performers on reasonable terms. Sideshow privileges, candy-stands, and rosewood seats to rent. Address WINDSOR MILLS, 40-1t* Ashtabula County, O.

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A CARD TO THE PUBLIC. My contract with LEW SIMMONS, THATCHER, WELCH and RICE, of SIMMONS AND SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS, as their Agent and Contractor for the season of 1876 and '77, published in the CLIPPER of Nov. 25, was amicably settled by LEW SIMMONS in Cleveland, O., Dec. 21; and I wish "S. & S." sane and sensible Minstrels a "Happy New Year," and I will give them a "bumper" in my home, when they exhibit. FRED. H. BLECKER. Akron, O., Dec. 22, '76. 40-1t

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ENLARGE and develop any portion of the body by using "Perfectione." Price $1, postpaid. Reliable and safe. Address Dr. Van Holm, 161 Court st., Boston, Mass. 40-1t*

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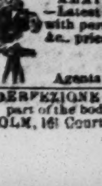
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SCENE FROM THE FIRST ACT OF "DAN'L DRUCE,"
Produced in Booth's Theatre, at the Matinee, Dec. 25, 1876.

UNDER HER LATTICE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

"Ah! do not deem it lightly,
The love I bring to thee;
One single word, one tender smile,
I prithee, love, give me;
If, from your rosy bower,
On me to look thou'lt deign,
I'll care not for the cold world's frown,
My sorrows or my pain."

Thus 'neath the lady's lattice
Sang a gallant troubadour;
The midnight breezes to her ear
His earnest pleadings bore;
Above, the chaste and placid moon
And many a twinkling star;
Below, an ardent loving youth
Twanging a light guitar.

Then she, the lady thus addressed,
Opened the lattice wide,
And out therefrom the kerosene lamp
She at the minstrel shied;
A shriek went out on the midnight air,
As it landed square on his head;
She wildly laughed, took off her togs,
And tumbled into bed.
J. H. B.

HANDSOME ANDRE; OR, THE BATTLE OF LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, BY EDWIN F. DE NYSE ("PAUL SAUNIER").

CHAPTER XXVII.
CUPID'S CUPIDITY.

Colombine took care, before rejoining Robert and Andre, to make herself sure that she was not watched. In order to make assurance doubly sure, she motioned to them to go on before her, and thus they walked until they were far out of sight of Val de Grace.

The two plotters were overjoyed at the success of their plan.

Colombine's visit to the convent had lasted fully an hour, and yet she had come out safe and sound. It was therefore probable that she had seen Irene, and that Andre's trick had been entirely successful.

But when Colombine detailed all that had passed, and even delivered to Robert Irene's message in Irene's own words, he was fairly crazy with delight. His heart sank within him, though, a few moments after, when Colombine told him of the change in Irene's appearance and the feeble state of her health, although, it is true, she hastened to assure him that the prisoner had promised to keep a good heart, and to await with patience the hour of her deliverance.

At last they reached Colombine's dwelling, and all the story was told over again to Jerome, who had awaited their return with feverish anxiety.

It was now Andre's turn to express to Colombine his admiration of her conduct, and of the artistic manner in which she had played her part. His gratitude, however, was very warmly expressed, and took the shape of hugs and kisses; but, although there was an excess of these expressions, Jeanette did not seem very much dipleased by them. They secretly convinced her of the genuineness of his affection, and thus was definitely sealed the treaty of peace which had been negotiated at the breakfast-table.

Andre saw his advantage, and determined, as the saying goes, to strike while the iron was hot, so he addressed Jerome:

"When are we to be married?" asked he.

"Are you in a hurry?" replied the comedian, smiling.

"A hurry? Why, haven't we waited long enough?"

"Very well; but you can marry my sister only on two indispensable conditions."

"What are they?" asked Andre in great surprise.

"The first is that it shall not take place till I have realized the full sum I need to re-establish myself in my father's little shop."

"But there are two long months to pass before you can reach that point."

"You had better say three; for I shall need an extra month to enable me to make the necessary arrangements, and to put things in order after I have got the necessary sum of money together."

"Three months? Why, that is an eternity," said Andre in a tone of despair.

"And again," said the pitiless Jerome, "there's the second condition. That is, you must have an understanding with your Uncle Laberlue. There must be a reconciliation between you, and you must assist him in his business, and gain an interest in it if possible."

"Well," said Andre with a long breath, "have you any idea of the size of the mountain you are heaping up in the pathway of love?"

"I can't help that, my dear Andre. The matter is settled. You can never have Jeanette until you conform to the conditions I have named."

"But this is infamous! This is unprecedented tyranny! Why, the Count, even, is a lamb beside you!"

"Listen to me calmly, now, friend Andre, and judge for yourself whether the reasons I give for my resolution are not reasonable, and even wise. Now, what have you done since you left your uncle?"

"What have I done? As much as most young men of my age and in my position could have done, I believe."

"You have done nothing but gain the profitless privilege of wearing two gaudy liveries. Do you suppose you can keep the uniform you wear? Do you know how many sacrifices you will be obliged to make in order to do so? I will let you judge for yourself now. In the first place, the field of advancement is not open to you, since you are not of gentle blood. Your ambition must end at the point you have already attained; for you are not a gentleman born, and you can be nothing more in rank than what you are. You can, therefore, in the field you have chosen, be absolutely nothing."

"Nothing?" said Andre. "That's a strong word to use. You don't know my stubborn resolution."

"In spite of all that, if you persist in your present course, you will remain just where you are, and you will continue to be just what you are—a servant of a little higher rank than the rest. Now, you, at the very first step, attained the highest possible position among officers of this grade. You belong to the house of Orleans, above which there is only one household service, and that the immediate service of the King. Into that you cannot enter, because all the officers of the King's household-guard are gentle-born, and that you are not. If you change your service to another household, therefore, you must retrograde—you must go backward instead of forward. Is that not true?"

"But I'm not going to change my service."

"Well, we will admit that you remain forever with the house of Orleans. But will you forever preserve the rank you now hold? At present your position is very pleasant, and your round of duties is exciting and novel. This is a time of war, and you come and go, you gallop through the city on a mettled steed, you take long journeys full of adventure, and engage in chivalric deeds and fierce campaigns. This is all very fine. But war is not a normal condition of things. When peace comes again, what will you do?"

"I don't know, I am sure," stammered Andre. "It is impossible to foresee that."

"Do you think so? Then let me tell you what you will do. Since you will then have no work to do but to sit down idly and fold your hands, you will be very easily led off by your comrades. The idle are always wicked. You will become a libertine, a brawler, a gambler, always in trouble and never in funds."

"Oh!" said Andre, laughing, "you are painting my future too black altogether."

"Well, if you do not run to that extreme you will to the other. You will shut yourself up in your apartments and die a premature death from idleness," replied Jerome. "Believe me, there is no middle course between these two extremes. Look about you and see who it is who fill our taverns to-day—adventurers who, like you, have sought to try their luck in the world, and have made it their life's aim to win fortune without work. If there is no work, there is no emulation, and man does not then differ much from the brute. Ah, my poor Andre, you were born in the working-class. No one was ever surrounded by circumstances more favorable to a happy life. For my part, I declare, unreservedly, I greatly prefer the rude independence of your uncle, an independence acquired by his own probity and honest labor, to the brilliant livery in which you are tricked out, and which is truly but a badge of servitude—a chain more or less gilded to deceive foolish eyes. The independence of honest labor is what I have been struggling for so long. Jeanette has aided me nobly in my work, and I shall give her hand only to a man who shares her and my ideas of the dignity of labor."

Andre saw that Jerome was in earnest, and a glance at Colombine assured him that she shared her brother's determination. He made no answer, but, stammering a repetition of his thanks for the kindness and courage the actress had displayed in visiting the convent, he departed with his friend the Baron.

* * * * * *

Robert, on his return to Paris with Andre, had not thought it necessary to seek any other lodgings than those he had occupied before he had so narrowly escaped being buried alive. This seemed to him the best means to begin to overthrow the general idea that he was dead. When the landlady saw him, she gave one shriek of terror and fell down in a fit. A long explanation and much persuasion were necessary to convince her that the Baron was not a ghost. After she had been thoroughly convinced, and not until then, she agreed that he might have his old apartments.

It was directly in opposition to Andre's advice that Robert took this step. The former had not the slightest confidence in the word of honor which the Count had pledged him as a prisoner. But the Baron was stubborn in these matters, and would not listen to the advice of his friend, who felt a secret presentiment that he was throwing himself into the lion's jaws.

This presentiment was only too completely realized. Not only had the Count violated his sacred promise, but, in all probability, he would have had both Robert and Andre assassinated had not Martine aided them to escape as by a miracle.

The war between the Count and the Baron was therefore to be continued still, but with daily increasing advantages for the former. Was he not a consistent adherent of the Cardinal's cause, and was not this cause growing stronger in Paris every hour? Robert could not deny this. The scene he had witnessed in the shop of the flower-dealer Bernard allowed of no doubt of the rapid progress Mazarin was secretly making in the affections of the tradesmen and the working-classes of the city. The Cardinal's triumph might come at any moment. Then his creatures would rightfully claim the rewards for their long term of devotion. The Count would surely be foremost as the claimant of favors, and his services had been such that his demands would command attention.

Robert, on the contrary, had fought on the side of the unfortunate Princes. He had accompanied Mlle. Montpensier on her famous campaign about Orleans—the most compromising service of all, since that campaign, with its brief victories, had the effect of prolonging the war, and retarded the conclusion of a victorious peace for the King—a conclusion which had long before been inevitable.

The struggle between the Count and the Baron could, therefore, be no longer equal, since Mazarin could not hesitate between the two. If the Count should demand that Irene be permanently imprisoned in the Convent, and Robert on the other hand demanded that she should be set at liberty, it was evident that he who had contributed to the triumphant return of the Cardinal to Paris would find his cause gained in advance, as against him who had tried by all the means in his power to drive him from the country. Under these circumstances the Baron bitterly repented that he had not taken Andre's shrewd advice. He should have made the Count pay his ransom before setting him free. But it was too late now. To be sure, in the eyes of every gentleman the conduct of Monsieur De Laumirail had been that of a social renegade, but for that he was free and powerful against an enemy who was now almost completely disarmed. Perhaps Robert, if he had not been sustained by Andre, would have lost his courage or would have blindly rushed into some hopeless adventure, at the risk of being killed and thus ending the series of misfortunes that had beset him. Luckily, Andre was never discouraged by anything, never lost hope of anything, and never feared anything. The more the difficulties increased, the larger grew his determination to overcome them. It was always his stubborn aim to bring to a good end (in the face even of difficulties that seemed to make his object impossible) any enterprise in which he once engaged.

Twice already he had been on the point of succeeding in this affair, and each time the Baron with his strange ill-fortune had defeated his plans. Now, again, he had gained a great advantage over the enemy, thanks to the good services of Colombine. Irene knew that her lover still lived, and she had promised to continue her resistance to her brother's attempts to force her to adopt the life of a recluse. All that could be done now was to wait patiently.

Andre had only been in Paris two days, yet the idle life he led weighed heavily on him. No more activity, no excitement, no campaigning, no battles. He would have died of ennui had not the misfortunes of his friend Robert and his affection for Columbine given him food for thought. His experience during these two days of absolute idleness made him think that Jerome was not so entirely wrong, after all, in his ideas of the dignity and happy effect of honest labor.

The third day after his return, these ideas came to him as he was walking slowly towards the dwelling-place of his friend Robert, which was situated at the beginning of the Rue St. Honore, and near the corner of the Rue Bourdonnais. He was walking along abstractedly, casting his eyes to the right and the left, looking at things as he passed in a vacant, careless way, like a man who is killing time, and at the same time allowing time to kill him.

When he was coming near the house he sought, he noticed in this careless way a villainous-looking fellow, dressed in a threadbare, cast-off coat—which had probably been once the property of a gentleman—wearing a rusty, faded slouch hat, the ragged plume of which drooped sadly over his ear, and armed with a formidable rapier, on which he rested his left hand as he insolently stared in the faces of the passers-by. He stood in the middle of the footwalk, so Andre passed around him and went on his way. Twenty paces farther on, however, he encountered another individual, whose points were pretty nearly identical with the first.

When he arrived at the corner of the Rue Bourdonnais, which was much narrower than the Rue St. Honore, he remarked a third suspicious personage, whose appearance conformed exactly with that of the two others he had just passed. Instead of knocking at Robert's lodgings, he entered a tavern which was situated at the corner of the two streets, and, ordering a bottle of wine, sat down at a table near a window, and watched the movements of the suspicious parties.

They walked up and down, going a long distance and then retracing their steps, as if they were sentinels on duty. Andre noticed that in their goings and comings they never went so far as to lose sight of the row of buildings among which was the house where Robert dwelt.

"Ah! ha!" muttered Andre. "It is us this ragged band is watching!"

He recognized in the ruffians the class of adventurers Jerome had painted so truthfully, and he shuddered at the idea that he might at some future day verify the prediction of the comedian by coming down to their state and hiring his sword and his services to whosoever might require and be able to pay for them. These ill-bred bloodhounds were evidently on a scent. But whose track did they seek? That was yet to be learned.

Andre paid for his wine and hastened to Robert's lodgings.

"What shall we do to-day?" asked the Baron when he saw him enter.

"Nothing, or, at any rate, very little," was the reply. "We will visit Colombine if you wish; we will go with her to the theatre, witness the performance and return home."

"Willingly," said the Baron, buckling on his light rapier, throwing a mantle over his shoulders and donning his broad-plumed hat of felt. "I am ready now," said he.

"What! Are you going out in that parlor attire?" asked Andre.

"Of course."

"With a court-sword and a dress of satin?"

"Why not?"

"Because these are the unsettled times of war, my dear friend, and no one knows what may happen when he goes forth, even for an evening's recreation."

"Bah! Paris has been tranquil so long ——"

"Don't depend on that. Do as I have done. Assume your war costume, your leathern vest and your service-sword."

"We are going on an expedition, then?" inquired Robert, laughing gayly.

"Perhaps. Who knows?" replied Andre.

The Baron shrugged his shoulders and changed his dress in obedience to the wish of his friend, who urged it so earnestly that he was deeply impressed, although he affected to ridicule the precaution. He also changed his light rapier for a heavy sword fit for the roughest service.

"Will this do?" asked he.

"Yes; with two pistols in your belt, it will be complete," answered Andre.

"Pistols?" repeated Robert in surprise.

"Yes, and since I have forgotten mine I shall ask you to lend me a pair," added Andre.

"What! Has it come to this, that a man must make a walking arsenal of himself when he goes to see a pretty woman?" protested the Baron.

"My dear Robert, until peace has been declared, and you have been united in marriage with Irene, I warn you not to omit a single one of these precautions whenever you go out of doors."

Saying this Andre took the pistols the Baron offered him, and, after carefully examining the priming, thrust them in his belt.

"Come," said he, wrapping his mantle closely about him.

The moment they stepped into the street, Andre, who kept a sharp eye about him, saw the three ruffians dodge suddenly out of sight in the doorways of the houses near which they chanced to be standing.

"Beyond all doubt, they are after us," thought he.

He did not deviate at all from the direct course, however, but went straight forward until he reached the Rue St. Denis. There he stopped suddenly, and, turning about, looked back over the road they had come.

"Are they going to follow us?" he asked himself.

But he searched the street in vain with his most careful scrutiny; he could detect nothing suspicious near or far. He continued on his way, and they soon arrived at the dwelling of Colombine. Here he turned again and looked, but no one was in sight.

"Ah! ha!" said he to himself. "They will wait for our return."

The sight of her he loved, however, drove this trouble from his mind. In her presence he forgot everything but her beauty and his love for her.

And no wonder, for she was no longer the Jeanette of former times. Jeanette had become a woman and gained miraculously in grace and beauty during the three months he had been absent in the field. Her association with the educated and refined classes, her fellowship with the wits and bright natures of the day, together with the self-confidence which her profession gave her, all combined to polish her manners and develop her intelligence to that degree that she was a most charming and entertaining person. She seemed no longer the-low born girl of yore, the daughter of a mere shopkeeper. She was a fine lady in every respect—bright, vivacious, gay, learned, spirituelle and refined. In fact, she was possessed of every charm necessary to enrapture a young man like our hero, who had always felt himself too much restrained in the sphere of life in which he had been born, and who aspired to graces and refinements above it.

In the days of his boyish infatuation he had thought it impossible to love her more than he did then, but when he saw her in the full bloom of her charms, he felt indeed that he had never known what it was to love before.

So he passed a very pleasant hour in her society, although his pleasure was in some degree embittered by jealousy. He could not reconcile himself to the idea of having his idol condemned to exhibit her beauty before the public for two months longer. The applause she received, the enthusiasm she awakened, the love-letters that were showered on her, all seemed to Andre profanations or even downright insults.

When her evening's work at the theatre was finished he escorted her home, and left her to her pleasant dreams. As he and Robert directed their steps towards the latter's lodgings, the recollection of the mysterious strangers flashed back upon his mind. Although he had thought it best during the day to keep his suspicions to himself, he concluded now to reveal all to the Baron, which he did in a few words.

"They were but three," said he in conclusion; "but they may have gone off for reinforcements when they saw you were not alone."

"Let them come," said Robert boldly.

"I would prefer to let them not come," said Andre; "but, in any event, we are ready for them. Let us remove our cloaks, which will only interfere with our movements, and take our pistols in hand. Do not fire, though, till the last extremity. Let's make sure, if we are attacked, that each of our shots tells. If we do this, we will reduce the number of our enemies by four at the outset. And let's keep in the middle of the street, so there can be no surprise and we can see them when they come on."

Taking the middle of the carriage-way, as Andre had prudently suggested, they reached the Rue St. Honore without meeting with any adventure. They even walked up to the Baron's lodgings, and Robert had his hand on the latch, when a rough voice cried from the darkness:

"Upon them! There they are!"

The two friends rushed out to gain the middle of the street, and a rough party of ragged swordsmen, to the number of ten, came out of the darkness roundabout, and surrounded them in the spot they had chosen—where the swinging lamp over the door of the Baron's lodgings shone the brightest.

CHAPTER XXVIII.
ROBERT FINDS A NEW FRIEND.

Luckily for the young men, they were prepared for what had occurred thus far, and acted with admirable unanimity in their defense, or it would undoubtedly have gone hard with them from the outset. They allowed their enemies to close in on them in a disordered mob, without system or plan of attack, then, singling out the nearest, fired together point-blank when there was no chance of missing their mark. There were four shots heard, and four of the ruffians fell. The assailants had not expected such a defense as this. On the contrary, they had depended mainly on surprising two half-armed victims. This was evident; for at the sound of the pistols and at the sight of their four fallen comrades struggling in agony on the ground, the survivors recoiled in dismay. This moment of hesitation gave the two friends the opportunity to throw aside their pistols and draw their swords. But still the assassins hesitated in dread of another volley of firearms. They numbered six yet, and the odds were sure to tell against the Baron and his friend if some lucky accident did not relieve them from their terrible predicament.

Andre, however, quick to see an advantage, and made desperate by the terrible strait in which he found himself, seeing that his enemies were gathered in a knot, instead of being separated for freedom of movement, suddenly called to Robert, and rushed upon them. The latter, although as much surprised as were the assassins by this sudden movement, was by his side in an instant. Two of the enemy turned to fly and were severely wounded, besides throwing the rest of their comrades into a pell-mell disorder, of which the desperate friends took full advantage. Although each of them was slightly wounded, they maintained their assault with such fury that their faint-hearted foes, who had not the same spirit to oppose to them, gave way rapidly before them and finally took to flight, leaving one, the bravest of the party, who, finding himself unsupported by his craven friends, threw down his sword and begged for mercy.

"Why did you attack us?" asked Robert, menacing the ragged ruffian with his poniard. "Who is the scoundrel who hired you to do this work?"

The man hung his head and gave no answer.

"Speak!" said Andre, raising his sword to the prisoner's throat.

"My lord," replied he finally, and in much trepidation, "only Beautrellis could answer that."

"And where is Beautrellis?"

"It was he who recruited us and paid us, and led the attack, my lord. Unfortunately for him, as well as for us, he was the first you shot down, and there lies his body."

"So you can give me no information, then?"

"Not much, my lord. All I know is that I saw Beautrellis engaged this morning in an earnest conversation with a tall, slender gentleman with dark, reddish hair, and about thirty years of age."

"It was the Count!" exclaimed Andre. "I was sure of it!"

"Beautrellis was on guard before your door my lord, all day," said the hireling, "and did not have the interview I speak of until after you went out. Then there were other men engaged, and our work was marked out for us. Had not our leader fallen it would have gone hard with you, messieurs, although you are brave gentlemen and skilled in the use of arms."

"That will do," said Robert with a deprecating gesture. "Go join your cowardly fellows, and take care that the headsman does not get you in the end."

The ruffian thanked his generous captor in a dogged way, but did not depart until he had prowled among the bodies of his dead comrades and emptied their pockets of whatever valuables they contained. Two of the victims were breathing yet, but he stripped them without mercy, and then abandoned them and disappeared in the surrounding darkness.

It was not late yet. The performance at the theatre, beginning, as was the custom then, in the afternoon, had ended at eight o'clock. Nine o'clock struck just as the ruffian stole away laden with the spoils from his late comrades. Andre went with the Baron to his apartments, and together they canvassed the situation. This place, they decided, was no longer tenable. The Count would not give up his intention with this repulse. The next time, instead of ten, he might send twenty men under a more skillful leader. Their escape had been a very narrow one this evening. What could happen the next time but that Robert would fall at last under the machinations of his mortal foe?

First of all, these lodgings must be abandoned and other and safer apartments found.

"Come," said Andre, striking his forehead as if suddenly impressed by a new idea. Then, seizing Robert by the arm, he hurried him into the street. Without a word he led the Baron through a labyrinth of winding lanes and alleys, and at last he came to a stop before a little shop. The house was closed evidently for the night, for the shutters were drawn to, and the door was barred, but through the crescent-shaped openings which were cut in both door and shutters there was seen the light of a lamp or candle within. Andre knocked boldly. The door opened, and a short, very fat, and rubicund man of about fifty appeared.

"Good-evening, Uncle Laberlue," said Andre cordially.

"Is it you?" cried Laberlue, a look of disgust coming over his features. "You here? You dare to come! And at such an hour, too!"

"I have only a few words to say to you, uncle."

"Go away, vagabond! I will hear nothing from you! I am not your uncle! You are no longer my nephew! I do not know you! Go away from my door!"

"Why, Uncle Laberlue, is this indeed my jolly good-natured old uncle that is talking now? Just allow me one word now. When I explain to you how it was we got into the meeting at Bernard's, and when I explain, too, that it was to save our lives that we invoked the power of your influential name, I know you will excuse ——"

"Nothing will excuse you, scoundrel! I have disowned you before witnesses. I never want to see you again. Go, I tell you."

"Then you want to have me go from shop to shop throughout the quarter, explaining how you got your appointment to furnish the King with your goods. Very well. The story will lose nothing of its proportions by being told often, I warrant."

"Hush! Be still, will you? O you viper! You snake in the grass!" interrupted Laberlue uneasily, and with the most rueful look imaginable.

"I will hush and be as still as you please if you will only listen to me as I desired you at first," said his hopeful nephew.

"Well, well; come in, then," said the draper, with a sigh that showed how much he suffered by this sacrifice of his resentment.

Andre motioned Robert to follow, and then entered the shop, and Laberlue shut and bolted the door behind them.

"Now, uncle," said Andre, "I have a little favor to ask of you in behalf of the Baron and myself, which I know ——"

"Oh, it's some joke, I suppose—some new trick. Judging from the manner you have always treated me, you seem to think I am a fit subject to try your wit upon ——"

"Not at all, uncle. Nothing could be more serious than this matter I am going to speak of. If I did not know you are rich and generous yourself, I should preface my statement by saying that the Baron is rich and will be sure to liberally reward you in money for any service you do him."

Laberlue shook his head and shrugged his shoulders in contempt, as if he were above such mercenary approach.

"Very well, then," said Andre; "he appeals, then, to your goodness of heart alone."

"My goodness of heart, indeed! You have worn it out, you scapegrace, and I have none left for either you or your friends. And more—I cannot see what there can be in common between you and this young nobleman, and I don't want to know. So the best thing you can do is to ——"

"Come now, uncle," interrupted Andre, "be reasonable. No more do I want to know what you were doing so often at the house of Colombine, the pretty little actress of the Theatre St. Laurent. I don't expect you to explain why not only you made love to her, but actually embraced one of her friends and ——"

"Will you be still, you villain?"

"Nor shall I ask you to explain why you secretly negotiate peace with the emissaries of Mazarin. I know all this, though, and you see how forbearing I am—I don't propose to use it to your disadvantage at all."

"Scoundrel! If you repeat a word of that to a single living soul, I will disinherit ou."

"Keep cool, uncle. I'll be as dumb as a fish; but you must listen to me."

"Well, go on, then," said the draper, giving in, vanquished at last.

Andre began in warm and touching tones to detail the misfortunes that had beset Robert from the time of the death of the Baron of Laumirail up to the last attempt upon his life, which had occurred that very night.

At bottom, Laberlue was brave, although he was fickle and irresolute; but for that reason his nature was one of the easiest to touch and his sympathies were easily aroused. Andre artfully selected the words and tones best fitted to paint this sad Odyssey with utmost effect on the emotional draper.

Laberlue was overcome with sympathy long before the story had been finished; and as his sympathies became more and more enlisted for the Baron, his rage against Andre softened and finally vanished altogether. Had not his nephew borne himself gallantly, nobly, in this affair? Had he not given proof of a heart that was capable of a boundless devotion? Had he not risked his life often in his friendship for the Baron?

Andre was quick to detect the signs of these emotions on the features of his uncle.

"Well, now," said he, in concluding his recital, "will you grant us your protection? Give us an asylum here, and I will promise you that as soon as this affair has been brought to a happy end, when the Baron and Irene have been wed, I will return to you and resume the old relations that subsisted between us formerly. And more, I promise you I will manifest as much energy and good-will in business as I manifested laziness and indifference before."

"Do you mean it? Are you sure?" asked Laberlue.

"I do. Believe me, uncle, I am in earnest this time. I will swear it if you wish me to."

"I will take your word, but take care—I will never forgive you if you break it," said Laberlue with unusual sternness.

"I will do all I promise," said the nephew.

"Very good. I accept your sacred promise and give you asylum in my house; and I promise you, on my part, if the Count dares to carry his persecution of the Baron to my door, I will show him what stuff we tradesmen are made of."

With these words he led Robert and Andre to the room the latter had formerly occupied; and, after preparing two beds for them, retired and left them to peaceful sleep.

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR ENGRAVING.

"DAN'L DRUCE, BLACKSMITH."

We present our readers with an engraving of the scene in the first act of "Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith," which was produced for the first time in America in Booth's Theatre at the matinee Dec. 25, 1876. The picture represents Dan'l Druce at the moment that he discovers that some Royalist soldiers have robbed him of his gold, and left in its place an infant. For the better understanding of our readers, we reproduce the story of the plot. The drama opens in a ruined hut on the Norfolk coast. This is the habitation of Dan'l Druce—a very Timon in his hatred of the world since, in his wife, he has lost the only treasure it for him possessed. For Dan'l Druce, whose real name is Jonas Marple, has mixed among men; has followed with zeal his honest, if humble, occupation as a blacksmith; has doted on a young and beautiful wife; has been respected by his neighbors and loved by his neighbors' children; and his great hope has been to have a little one of his own upon which to lavish the wealth of his love. But his young wife's beauty has proved her ruin. In an evil hour she has fled, and the home of poor Jonas Marple is rendered desolate. Here, then, we find him in his lonely hut, a voluntary exile from the haunts of men, and cherishing in his bosom hatred and all uncharitableness towards his race His only ambition is to amass gold. Of this he has already a goodly store. This is the darling he will love—this the child whose growth he will watch with increasing joy. He is visited by his brother, who would reason with him, and who implores him to return to his home. But the recluse, the miser, the hater of his species, turns upon him fiercely. He swears that Jonas Marple is dead; that he died when his wife deserted him; that it is Dan'l Druce who inhabits that hut; and he bids his visitor begone. Left alone for a time, he greedily examines and ardently worships his pile of gold, but is presently interrupted by a couple of fugitives—Sir Jasper Combe, a Royalist colonel, and Reuben Haines, his attendant. (The first act is supposed to take place immediately after the Battle of Worcester.) They bear with them an infant. They demand meat and drink, and will take no denial, forcing the unwilling Dan'l to go in search of both, and threatening him with death should he attempt to betray them. Betray them, however, he does. They have just time to affix to the infant a locket, which in happier times may lead to its identification: to seize Dan'l's bag of gold as a reprisal for his treachery; and to make their escape by the boat which lies upon the beach, when the Parliamentary troops enter and open upon them an ineffectual fire. Dan'l's eyes are fixed in horror upon the hole where the gold was concealed. On his knees, in an agony of grief, he mourns its loss as for the loss of his child, crying: "My poor bairn! my poor bairn is gone!" "Not so," reply the soldiers, who have discovered the infant abandoned by the fugitives. Dan'l starts to his feet; a fresh light flashes from his eyes; a new expression steals over his face. This must be a miracle; this must be the answer to his prayer. His gold has been transformed. The one object of his early life is accomplished. "Hands off!" he cries; "stand back! Touch not the Lord's gift!" and upon this novel, striking, and most effective situation the curtain falls for the first time, and a mighty cheer rings throughout the house. In the second act, after a supposed lapse of fourteen years, we are introduced to "Dan'l Druce's Forge." Dan'l is a man again, and not a brute. "The Lord's gift," as he at first regarded the now comely Dorothy, has softened his heart, has driven out the spirit of evil, and has filled him with loving kindness. There is one cloud that sometimes overshadows his happiness, and it arises from the thought that Dorothy may some day be taken from him. She has an ardent admirer in Geoffry Wynyard, a young sailor, who has returned to fill the post of secretary to Sir Jasper Combe, who is coming home to resume possession of his estates. The love-scene between Dorothy and Geoffry occupies a very prominent place in this act, and will be voted by all who see it and listen to it among the principal beauties of the piece. Love tokens are exchanged, and Dorothy parts with the locket she has for years worn round her neck. This locket is presently lost by Geoffry and found by Reuben Haines, the *avant-courrier* of Sir Jasper—the said Reuben having developed into a very curious individual, given to long speeches, to rolling his eyes, and smitten by the pretty face of Dorothy. He is not slow to recognize it, and determines to turn it to his own account. He accuses Geoffry of his designs upon Dorothy. The old blacksmith and his darling overhear the young sailor's apparent denial of her; they become convinced of his falseness; and as, wonderful to tell, he offers no explanation, he is thrust ignominously from the spot. This brings us to the third act, where we learn that Dan'l, fearful of separation from Dorothy, has resolved to leave the neighborhood. Reuben Haines, however, has another alternative to propose. He is sole possessor of the secret of Dorothy's identity with the child so long sought by Sir Jasper. If she will become his wife that secret shall be kept. If she will not, Sir Jasper shall know all, and then separation will become inevitable. For a time Dan'l wavers. His selfishness gets the better of his duty. Dorothy will make the sacrifice, should he desire it. But the old blacksmith does not waver long, and presently Reuben Haines is kicked into the street. Forthwith Sir Jasper learns the truth, and, with reproaches, comes to claim the pretty Dorothy—not, however, before he has punished the double-dealing of Reuben Haines by dismissing him from his service. Sir Jasper's reproaches are speedily put to silence, for Dan'l reminds him how he had heartlessly thrown away the gift Heaven had sent him in order to save his own life. Dorothy, nevertheless, must be given up; she pleads to Sir Jasper for the old man who has been to her a more than father, and in her pleading she makes allusion to the one great grief of his life—the desertion of his wife, Dorothy Marple. Sir Jasper is overwhelmed with anguish at the revelation. He was the guilty one who made desolate the blacksmith's home, and he it is who is about for a second time to rob it of its treasure. For Dorothy is indeed the daughter of Dan'l Druce, whose wife has died in a foreign land. The anger of Dan'l is appeased by Dorothy's entreaties, and her own happiness when the curtain makes its final descent is secured in the arms of Geoffry Wynyard, whose affection has never for a moment swerved from its first and only object.

BEAUTIFULLY PATHETIC.

Oh. ever thus, from childhood's hour,
Ve've seen our fondest hopes decay;
Ve never raised a calf or cow or
Hen that laid an egg a day,
But it was "marked" and took away!

Ve never fed a sucking pig,
To glad us vith its sunny eye,
But ven 'twas grown up fat and big,
And fit to roast, or boil or fry,
Ve couldn't find it in the sty.

A CORNISH CHRISTMAS
Seventy Years Ago.

It was Christmas-time: but rain and wind together contrived to deprive it of its proverbially mirthful attributes. Falmouth is not a lovely spot in a windy, sloppy Winter, and this Winter was the windiest and sloppiest that the local octogenarians with the longest memories could remember.

The wind howled dismally from the sea, and the pitiless rain and sleet pelted down, driving everyone indoors—or nearly everyone—to his fireside, and his hot punch and other seasonable comforts.

Only dire necessity could force anyone to venture abroad on such a night; and it was surely more than mere greed of six-and-eightpence that tempted old Mr. Trunnion, attorney-at-law; and with the prospect of even a moderate reward at the end, he would have put up with greater disagreeables than the pelting in the face with such cakes of ice and hailstones and icy rain.

He always went out on Christmas-eve, let the weather be what it might; for on that night he went through a sort of ceremony with his most important client, that he looked forward to as the chief transaction of his business year. It was simply the renewal of a verbal contract made many years before; but it was one of the few matters connected with his business which he could not leave to his zealous young clerk, Patrick Dorey.

As he opened the door, a strong gust of wind drove him back, and he gave a grunt and a shiver at the thought of facing such a night. But he pulled up his thick muffler and pulled down the lappels of his traveling cap over his ears with a resolute air.

"You had better not go to-night, sir," said his clerk at the door.

"Put it off till to-morrow," said his daughter anxiously.

The old man shook his head.

"Must. Can't do business on Chrismas-day."

"Then put it off until the next day."

"That's not business, Milicent," said the father.

"Let me go in your place, sir," urged young Dorey.

"Of course!" exclaimed the daughter. "Whynot?"

"Why not! There are several reasons." And then old Solon looked as wise as an owl. "This is one of those jobs where Patrick can't well replace me."

It was, indeed.

"There—there," he continued. "Get in and shut the door. See how the candles are flaring away—dreadful waste, considering the price of candles nowadays! Dear—dear! What with the wind and you, you'll ruin me between you."

So, wrapping his cloak about him, he bent his head to the storm and drove on.

Just as he reached the corner of the street, an old fellow of about his own age, and wrapped up as he himself was, saluted him.

"Merry Christmas," responded Solon Trunnion cheerfully.

"And a happy New Year," said the old watchman.

"Plenty of time for that," resumed Solon, hurrying on and muttering to himself: "Watchmen always want tipping—always on the look-out for a shilling. Confound them! I hate watchmen. Avaricious beasts!"

A minute or two after he was accosted by a woman who was apparently in sore distress. Her wretched garments, saturated with the rain, clung to her attenuated form like a shroud. Misery was written in every feature of a face that even yet bore traces of former comeliness.

This poor wanderer asked her way; but Solon the wise had a keen nose for beggars, and, fancying that he scented an attack on his purse, he pushed by faster than ever.

"The same to you, and many of 'em!" he said.

And he chuckled mightily at this little duplicity; for he had turned the parroting of a bit of seasonable cant to good account for once.

He was now getting outside the town; and so gloomy and uninviting did the country appear, that the attorney began to feel just a little bit uncomfortable in his mind.

"Luckily, it isn't far to go," he muttered to himself, "or I should almost feel inclined to take my Milly's advice, and put it off till St. Stephen's Day. It's like diving into the Styx! And what a place for robbers! Hah! what's that? Pheugh! what a fright it gave me! I thought I heard footsteps creeping up behind me! I feel as nervous as a cat. That's another idiotic saying—as idiotic as this Merry-Christmasing and Happy-New-Yearing, and the rest of it. Cats like the dark. Good-night, sir. Merry Christmas! Eh, hang me, but it's the gate-post! I knew I hadn't to go far. And now for old Penruddeck!"

He gave a tug at the bell. Lights appeared, and down came a servant, bearing a lantern, along the gravel path under the limes, to open the gate.

"Glad you've come, Mr. Trunnion," said the servant respectfully.

"Glad I'm here," responded the attorney, "for it's precious ugly traveling abroad to-night."

"Ugly, indeed! A merry Christmas, Mr. Trunnion."

"Same to you, Polweg, and many of 'em. And how's Mr. Penruddock?"

"Well in body," said the servant, with a smile; "nothing to boast of in spirit, if one may judge by his temper. He's been going it to-night."

The attorney smiled.

"The Squire is rather violent and cross-grained at times," said he, "but I know how to manage him. It's a matter of habit."

"I've been long enough with him to learn any habit," said the servant; "but I can't make the Squire out, all the same for that."

So saying, Polweg showed the attorney into the presence of Mr. Penruddock.

When Solon Trunnien reproached himself with being as nervous as a cat, there was some excuse for him. He was not altogether the victim of his own overwrought fancy, for barely had the door of Penruddock Hall closed upon him, when a tall, lithe form emerged from the shadow of the lime-trees opposite, and approached the gate.

The man was cloaked and masked, and he carried a pistol in his hand. In a word, he was a pretty ordinary type of a race whose death-knell was sounded by the whistle of the iron horse some forty or fifty years ago.

"I was nearly getting too venturesome," said this man to himself. "The old fellow was quite scared. I must be down upon him sharp when he comes out again, as soon as he gets well into the avenue of the limes. It ought to be worth a bag of money, considering the brutal weather. Ugh! Where's my flask?"

II.

Patrick Dorey and Millicent Trunnion sat over the fire, awaiting the attorney's return.

As the wind howled without, they drew nearer and nearer to each other, as if for mutual protection, until Milly Trunnion was nestling her fair, curly head on stout Patrick's waistcoat. And what of that? Had they not been brought up together from childhood? And, granting this, what was more natural than that the weak should turn to the strong for protection?

The attorney's clerk was nothing loth.

Apparently, too, he was not taken altogether by surprise at Miss Millicent's familiarity, for he looked quite composed. Yet, strange to relate, there was something under his waistcoat that kept up a feverish rat-tat-tat in one of her ears, and, try as he would, he could not stop it.

"That's bad, Patrick," said the young lady naively. "Are you subject to palpitation?"

He looked a bit confused, then stammered. Then this big, manly fellow actually reddened a little!

"I—I've noticed it before, Milly, when you've had your head there," and then he looked as though he would rather have bitten his tongue than have said it.

"I'm sorry for that," said Miss Trunnion demurely. "Pr'aps I'd better take my head away."

"No, no, dear," he answered, taking her curly poll in his hands and kissing it tenderly. "Keep it there—there always."

She was silent.

But she nestled closer yet; and this would seem to say that she was of one mind with her father's clerk upon this point.

The ice once broken, they grew confidential. That these silly young people had reached this degree of confidence before will be easily seen, if further proof be wanting, and yet they hadn't got the moral courage to rush into each other's arms as soon as the door had shut her father out.

To you or I, my manly reader, it may appear almost contemptible, taking into consideration his breadth of chest, and his five-feet-ten-and-a-half in his stockings. But Patrick not only worshiped his master's daughter; he actually stood in awe of her.

Now, as he pressed that curly poll to him, something appeared to be sticking into his chest; so he slipped his hand under his waistcoast, and drew forth the half of a crooked sixpence, threaded on a fine silken cord. He held the old-fashioned love-token out in silence.

"Here's my half, Milly!" he said, in a voice that gave, as plainly as words could, a challenge to produce its fellow.

She looked with earnest pleasure on the little bit of silver, but her satisfaction was shown only by a silent pressure of his hand that sent the blood coursing a little quicker through his veins.

"You haven't yours," he said. "Have you given it away, Milly?"

"Given it away!" echoed Miss Trunnion. "Who should I give it to?"

"How can I say?" and he dropped his eyes, for she was endeavoring to fix him with an indignant glance. "Perhaps to George Penruddock."

"Hah!" and she struggled to disengage herself from his embrace. "How dare you say such a thing to me? You know that I can't endure the sight of him."

"I know that he's always hanging about after you, Milly," returned Patrick Dorey.

"Can I help that?"

"And your father encourages him."

"Can I help that, either?"

"Of course not—any more than you can help being more beautiful, my darling—or any more than I can help feeling like killing anybody that dares to love you. Your father favors young Squire Penruddock because he is rich, or will be; and it gives me a chill about the heart when I compare his position with mine."

"Natural enough, that, in my father," returned Millicent; "but he's a good father, after all, and will not seek to force my inclinations."

The clerk shook his head doubtingly.

"Well, then, let him," said the girl half defiantly in answer to this gesture. "I should not act upon his choice in such a matter unless it agreed with my own."

"Bless you for that, Milly," said Patrick Dorey fervently.

"See here!"—and she produced the fellow to his crooked half. "Do you remember what we said when we shared this? And so do I! And you have no right to call me traitor! As for George Penruddock, or any other man that they may bring, I care not a fig, let him be rolling in riches! So long as you remain true to me, I'll be true to you, Patrick—so there!"

He sealed this renewal of their troth with a kiss, which was cut short by a peal at the door-bell.

"A late visitor!" said he, jumping up and running to unbar the door.

There was a woman there. A poor creature, limp and wet and weary, who steadied herself by the door-post while Patrick Dorey spoke to her.

"Mr. Trunnion?"

"This is his house; but he is not in now. He has had to go out upon important business; he'll not be long, however."

"I must see him to-night!" said the woman, in evident distress.

"Walk in and wait," said Patrick kindly. "Come and warm yourself by the fire. I suppose," he added, "it's nothing that I can do?"

"Are you a friend of Mr. Trunnion's?" she asked, looking up into his face.

"I am his clerk."

"Indeed? I didn't know he had a clerk."

"Then you cannot know Mr. Trunnion very well," said Patrick, smiling, "for I have been with him as long as I can remember."

She looked earnestly at him as she said:

"And how long is that?"

"I scarcely know," replied Patrick Dorey; "but ever since I was a child, for I can scarcely remember coming here."

"Then you cannot remember ——"

She began by speaking rapidly, but she stammered when she got thus far, and finally broke down.

"Where did you say Mr. Trunnion was gone?" she asked, breaking off suddenly.

"He has just gone up to Mr. Penruddock's, although I cannot remember mentioning the fact before."

"Mr. Penruddock's!" ejaculated the visitor in a startled voice.

"Yes, ma'am."

"And not long gone?"

"Only a few minutes."

"Then I must have met him—I must have accosted him without knowing it! How vexatious! He does not walk very fast; perhaps I shall overtake him."

"Or meet him on his return, for his time must be almost up now. But the night is so bad that I would counsel you rather to wait here his return."

"You are very kind," she said earnestly; "but I have business with Mr. Penruddock also."

"With Mr. Penruddock!" echoed the clerk in surprise.

"Yes; I know him!" she answered with just a shade of bitterness.

Then, seeing that her manner excited attention, she drew her hood closely over her head and turned to the door.

"Pray, don't go," said Millicent, who until now had been silent. "Wait for my father here; he cannot be long."

The visitor smiled her thanks.

"So you are Miss Trunnion?"

"Yes," replied Millicent cautiously, for the familiar tone set her wondering who the stranger could be. "Do you know me, ma'am?"

"I should not have known you elsewhere—certainly not by the likeness you bear to Mr. Trunnion, for no one would take you for his daughter! But I must be going. Good-night, and thanks for the shelter!"

"Pray stay!"

"Nay, I am warm now—thoroughtly warm now! I must go to my journey's end before I get too comfortable—before I fall asleep! Good-night!"

They opened the door, and the wind nearly dashed it out of their hands, the sleet and rain driving in their faces and nearly blinding them. They retreated a step or two, and Patrick forced to the door.

"There," he said; "you can't face that!"

"Indeed, I can—and must!"

The resolution with which she spoke settled the question. They could press her no further.

"I shall go with you, then," urged Patrick, "and see you safe as far as Dr. Penruddock's."

She would have refused, but he was as firm as she had been, and, moreover, Millicent added her persuasions; so off they trudged together, Patrick in a stout cloak and muffler, and the stranger with a woolen wrap that Millicent forced upon her to help keep out the bitter night.

"You know these parts?" said Patrick.

"Yes, but not well. I have been here before, though years ago now."

"You are not Cornish, then?"

"No," answered the stranger with a smile; "I'm from the other end of the kingdom—Scotch."

"Scotch! Well, I don't remember a single Scotchman among our clients. Your name is not ——"

"My name is Bridget," was her reply.

This silenced Patrick.

"That should be her Christian name," he said to himself. "She does not want to tell the other. She must think me very curious."

As they walked on she leant rather heavily on his arm, and otherwise showed signs of fatigue; so he paused and supported her.

"You have undertaken more than your strength fairly warrants," he said. "We ought not to have left home to-night. Mr. Trunnion would have been most pleased to offer you a room, and to-morrow you could have gone on to Mr. Penruddock's."

"To-morrow never comes," she answered solemnly.

Patrick fidgeted a bit at her manner.

"An old-fashioned saying ——"

"That is like enough to be true in my case. I am not well—far from it. I am, in fact, condemned by the doctors, and my time is short here. To-morrow may never come for me, and I have work to do—important work—while I have the strength. I should not rest in my grave if I neglected it."

Mr. Trunnion's clerk was silent. The conversation had taken an uncomfortable turn.

"I hope you exaggerate the danger," he said seriously; "but, if I can help to set you at rest in your mind, I shall be very glad."

A slight pressure on his arm was all the acknowledgment she could make him just then.

And now Penruddock Hall was in sight—or rather its shadowy outline, for the darkness was intense.

"I can go alone now," she said, "and many, many thanks for your kindness, and to that dear girl. Heaven bless you! May you be very happy—very."

Patrick's blushes were veiled by the convenient night. The way in which she coupled Millicent and himself showed that she could see plainly how the land lay.

"I hope you may be happier than I was," she added. "Happiness nearly always depends on ourselves. In youth and love one is apt to take trifles too seriously—to plague oneself with jealous fancies."

He thought of George Penruddock and winced.

"To assure your mutual happiness, you must learn mutually to bear and forbear, and never be too proud to ask or give explanations. Pride in this has wrecked the happiness of many a life. There, there," she added with a faint smile; "I am getting quite prosaic and tiresome—a poor return for your kindness."

"No, no, no!" exclaimed Patrick eagerly; "the kind interest in us is shown by your words. I am all gratitude, believe me. I shall lay your precepts well to heart."

"Good-bye, then, and many thanks."

"Good-bye!"

She passed on. He watched her until she faded away in the darkness, and then he sighed. He felt somehow as though he had lost a dear friend in this acquantance an hour old.

But he was not left long to ruminate over it, for his attention was called by a sound of an unpleasant nature, close by. It was something closely resembling a groan. Patrick Dorey did not stop to consider what it could mean, but he made for the direction of the sound, and in a dozen steps or so he came upon an exciting group. A man was upon the ground, half dead with fright, while another was standing over the sufferer and menacing him with a long, ugly knife. Without inquiring any nearer into the matter, Patrick's sympathies were at once enlisted upon the side of the man underneath. So he pounced upon the other, and, catching him by the shoulders, he dragged him away with such force that he sent him whirling round and round until he rolled upon the ground, and a black mask he wore fell off. The fellow scrambled to his feet, and, with curses both loud and deep, made off as fast as his legs would carry him. His legs were remarkably long, and he was out of sight very quickly in consequence. Patrick turned to the man he had rescued.

"Good Heavens!" he ejaculated. "Mr. Trunnion!"

It was, indeed, the attorney; but so frightened was the man that he did not recognize his preserver for some minutes. But, when he did, he sat up, blinking and winking like an owl in an ivy-bush, and said:

"Why, Patrick, is that you? Whatever are you doing here at this time of night?"

"I just came up in the nick of time," said hi clerk.

"You did, indeed. The villain followed me from Squire Penruddock's, I suppose. He knew me, too, for he spoke to me by name, and threatened to cut my throat if I didn't give him my money. He would have done it, too, I believe, but for you. But you—where were you going?"

"Home."

And then he told Mr. Trunnion about the stranger who had called for him, and the recital caused far more astonishment than Patrick saw any occasion for.

"So she told you her name was Bridget?"

"Yes."

"She said nothing else?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing about her family connections?"

"No."

"That's all right," muttered Mr. Trunnion. "Now let's get home. Millicent will be getting anxious." And then he added: "That ruffian frightened me rarely."

"I'm glad it's no worse."

"Worse! What would you have? Why, the roads aren't safe for honest men to travel alone. He had a notion that I've got money on me; but you gave him a rare shaking, Patrick—ha! ha! You're a tough fellow; the time's gone on so that I have forgotten to look on you as anything but a stripling; and all of a sudden, as it seems, you turn up a doughty youth, and—and my preserver! Quite romantic, I declare. Let me lean on your arm. Patrick, I wish you were my son."

The clerk's heart fluttered a little, just as it had when Millicent's curly head lay against it. Involuntarily he rejoined: "Not more than I do, Mr. Trunnion;" and to himself he added: "I hope to be some day."

"You shall find I'm not ungrateful, Patrick. I shall begin by—by raising your wages."

The clerk winced. This was a reminder of his position.

"I mean to do more yet for you in the future. I'm not a young man, of course. When I'm gone you will find your devotion has not been forgotten. You shall have the ——"

"I don't care to look forward to that, sir," interrupted the clerk. "You are my benefactor—my only friend in the world. Where should I have been—poor wretched orphan and outcast—if you hadn't taken me by the hand? I have nobody in the world to care for me or to care for but you, sir—you and Millicent!"

"Miss Millicent!"

"Miss Millicent!" added the clerk, correcting himself. "And I was about to ask you—to ask you ——" The moment was favorable, yet, so nervous was this young athlete, that he stammered and broke down.

The attorney here cut in, and Patrick's chance was gone.

"I've got a piece of family news for you, Patrick," he said. "A piece of family news that will rejoice you."

"I'm very glad to hear it."

"You will be, I know. Now, what do you say to Mr. George Penruddock" (Patrick turned slightly sick) "proposing for my Millicent?"

Patrick turned very sick.

"Mr. George Penruddock?" he faltered.

"Yes. His father, the Squire, made the offer. Think of that—the Penruddocks seek our alliance!"

"And you, sir—you accepted?"

Mr. Trunnion stared.

"Well, I should think so. He is about the best match in the country—neither more nor less. Why, what are you trembling so for? You've got a cold. Some stiff grog and a bowl of porridge will set that to rights. Well, haven't you anything to say? Haven't you any congratulations?"

Patrick Dorey swallowed the big lump that rose in his throat, and, with an effort, he found his tongue.

"If Millicent's happiness could be assured by that, I would try to congratulate you and her—I would try. But I fear I should choke in uttering words to that effect."

"Patrick!" ejaculated his employer.

"I love her so tenderly myself that the day she marries George Penruddock—or anyone—I should jump over the cliff. But you can't mean that you have accepted their proposal?"

Mr. Trunnion was staggered.

"Why, Patrick, you must be mad. However, if you have ever cherished any foolish fancy of this kind, you must get rid of it; for I have given my promise, and that puts an end to any need of explanation."

"But without her consent?"

"Don't talk that stuff! Her consent! Why, the girl will be off her head with delight."

"And if she is not?"

"It will be the same thing to me. I'm not the man to let my own girl play the fool with her own fortune. I love her too well for that! But here we are. Ring the bell."

III.

When old Mr. Trunnion's assailant scrambled to his feet and made off, he yet had time to recognize the person to whom he owed his discomfiture. He shook the mud from his garments, and he shook his clenched fist in the direction of the rescuer.

"I'll have your blood for that, Master Patrick, you young devil!"

This and more violent threats he held, and his curses were both loud and deep. Indeed, his language was too shocking for proper ears. He knew the short-cuts across the country, and was soon at a low wayside inn, where a dim light in the parlor-window and a faint glow of fire promised some comfort for half-frozen wayfarers. He strode into the parlor, where a man was sitting over the fire.

"Hollo, Rolley!" said the man at the fire, looking up. "Been in the mud?"

Rolley's answer was an oath.

The other grinned.

"You've been in luck, I can see. You have sacked the mail at last?"

"No, I haven't!" growled the other. "I have made a mess of it."

And then, with more violent expressions, this desperado related his disappointment, giving the tale a little pardonable turn of his own, so as to avoid appearing in too contemptible a light.

The other gave him a keen look and seemed to read him through.

"So the two assailed you and called for more help? And Master Patrick Dorey would have detained you, but you flung him to the ground? I see," he said with a merry twinkle in his eye. "So that's how you got so muddy?"

"Just so. But it's not all over, Ralph. I mean to lay in wait for the lawyer's clerk to-morrow, and if I don't trounce him my name's not Steve Rolley!"

"Mind you don't get your jacket dusted, in the first place," said he.

"By whom?"

"By young Dorey."

"Hang me, Trewoof!" cried the bully, "you mustn't put on me too much to-night. I'm not in the humor for jesting!"

"Rolley!" exclaimed Trewoof with mock gravity, "if you look so fierce you'll frighten me!"

"You seek to quarrel with me, I can see."

"Not I. But if you'll listen to me, I can tell better how to be revenged upon this lad who has given it you so."

"Trewoof!"

"There's the Red Pilgilk expects his son ashore from the Saracen, that rides at anchor out yonder; and, if we could make the job safe—which we can by a little manœuvring—he would jump at it."

Rolley's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"That's glorious!"

"And I can tell you how to pile it up for him; for I happen to know something of this lad, and about his home life, too. He's casting sheep's eyes on his master's daughter."

"We can spoil him there by telling the old man."

"Better still—we could, at one stroke, make money and be revenged upon young Patrick Dorey, too!"

"How?" asked Rolley, eagerly.

"By carrying the girl off (she's not at all ill-favored—in fact, I shouldn't mind making her Mrs. Trewoof, if I was a marrying man), when we can make Old Trunnion come down with a handsome sum in the way of ransom, and we can worry the clerk properly!"

Rolley burst out laughing heartily at this.

"Quite a splendid programme!" he said. "I'll kiss her and bag the old man's money into the bargain, and I'll tease the soul out of that young sprig Dorey."

Rolley did not perceive the sneer.

"What time will be the best for our scheme?"

"In the forenoon. A letter purporting to come from the clerk—who must be spirited away by similar means beforehand—shall lure her to a convenient spot, and then, when we have her safely ——"

"Well, then," said a voice from the other side of the room, "then I shall come in to the rescue, and you shall scatter yourselves like chaff before the wind."

Rolley looked round, considerably alarmed, as the speaker, an unseen witness of all that had passed, emerged from his corner.

"What! The young Squire ——"

"Hold your tongue!" interrupted the other eagerly. "Don't bawl my name about. I've no fancy to have it mentioned here. It was well thought of, Trewoof. Rolley can join in, and, by helping us, serve his own purpose as well."

Rolley looked uncommonly foolish at this.

"So it was all cut and dried before I came in?"

"Yes, it was. But you shall play your part in it; and, not only that, you shall get well paid for serving your own purpose."

"You propose coming to the rescue?"

"I do."

Rolley gave a long whistle, and looked wonderfully knowing at this.

"I begin to see through it. You have a liking in that quarter, Master George."

"No names."

"Your sharp sight is only equaled by your beauty," said Trewoof. "There is a small chance of keeping anything from his penetration, sir."

TO BE CONTINUED.

QUEER COSTUME.—In 1770, when French classical tragedies were much the vogue, and antique draperies the subject of general admiration, an attempt was made to attire the witches in "Sibyllic taste," or as sculpture might portray the Parcæ; but this denationalization of the weird sisters did not please. Had not Macbeth himself styled them "filthy hags?" Why should they not correspond with this description? Yet toleration was found for the singers, who were wont to dress the witches in a very fantastic manner. In Kemble's time the lovely Mrs. Crouch appeared as a sort of sublimated Mother Bunch—a singing-witch in a fancy hat and feather, blackvelvet skirt looped over a quilted black satin petticoat, silk hose, powdered hair and rouged cheeks, with point-lace collar, cuffs, and apron. Such a weird sister has not since been seen, either upon blasted heath or the boards of a theatre.

OUR YEARS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY E. NORMAN GUNNISON.

If the years that have departed
Could be gathered once again;
If the sad and weary-hearted
Could drop off their load of pain;
If in bright and long procession
All the Summers which had fled
At our human intercession
Could give up again their dead—

Would our lives be any brighter
If our blossoms bloomed anew?
Would our hearts be any lighter?
Would existence be more true?
"Take me back!" we cry with yearning:
"Take me back to childhood's shore!
O the Summers unreturning!
O the years that come no more!"

Thus we cry, with sad hearts breaking,
While the Winters pass away,
And the glorious Spring, awaking,
Brings again the time of May.
But our sad hearts call with yearning
"Not this year! That year has fled!
O the Winters unreturning!
O the Summers with their dead!"

For our flowers, that droop and perish,
Droop not with the Autumn's breath,
And the buds we love and cherish
Die not with the season's death;
But, when earth and sea are brightest
With the gladness of the year,
When our hearts with joy are lightest,
Then they fade and disappear.

And we cry: "O years that vanish,
Borne upon time's rapid tide,
Give us back the loved you banish!
Bring the dear ones to our side!"
But they come not—onward ever
Drift they from our earthly shore;
Only in the bright Forever
We shall clasp our loved once more.

So, O New Year, let us hail thee!
Buds of promise to us bring,
Through the storms which may assail thee
Give us hints of coming Spring!
Far above thy snowy covering,
In thy wint'ry, birth-night air,
Angel forms are fondly hovering,
And each face is passing fair.

Buds of Faith and Hope they bear us,
Promise of a bright New Year,
With no falsehood to ensnare us,
And no falling of a tear.
They have promised by a token
In the years forever fled,
But the promises are broken,
And the hours they gave are dead.

We have laid them with our treasures,
In the silent Past, away,
And our fond affection measures
Thy fresh promises to-day.
Bear upon the new-born bosom,
Bright New Year, the buds we bring;
Blight not with thy frosts the blossom
Where our human hearts may cling.

Wife and sister, child and mother,
Keep them in our tender care;
Father, "dearer one," and brother,
In thy coming blessings share.
Vainly, vainly, would we hold them!
Borne upon thy glancing tide,
When thy arms shall once enfold them
They may vanish from our side!

There are years which are eternal,
There are cycles which shall last,
There are fields forever vernal
When the years of Time are past.
Father, mother, sister, brother,
And the "dearer" shall be there;
We shall clasp, and know each other
In that land—without a care.

Seventy-seven, still bear us nearer
On thy glad, resistless tide!
When the farther shore is dearer,
Need we heed thy rapid glide?
Happy New Year, give each other
In the days of Seventy-seven,
For the coming of another
May be bright indeed—with heaven.

ONE OFF OF THE ROLL.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY MRS. A. ELMORE.

A hot, dusty day in September oppressed the great city. There had been a few days comparatively comfortable, and to have the sun blaze out again so fiercely quite destroyed the friendly affability that had prevailed during the cool days. The general groutiness extended to the crowd of "pensioners" eagerly waiting in the basement on Exchange place, New York City.

A slender, delicate little woman, with great brown eyes and silken hair, swept back from her white face into a lustrous coil that was a strong contrast to the frizzed, scorched and scanty locks all about her, was jammed into the ruthless crowd—a crowd such as is seen nowhere else in the wide world—maimed, halt, blind, drunk, ignorant, depraved—speaking all languages—a set of half-human creatures, with but a small sprinkling of intelligence, the majority considering a well-dressed woman their lawful prey, at whom they may level vulgar wit and drunken sarcasm. Meekly and quietly little Lenore Sherman bore all the indignities, even to the question that is proposed at each desk every quarter: "Write y' name!" in a voice of stentorian volume, amid a stifling odor of unwashed bodies, cheap whiskey, and foulest tobacco; submitted to have the new clerk bawl out her first name familiarly—the name that the dead husband always spoke tenderly, and that brought memories of her childhood's home rushing back to her. She can scarcely endure to hear her friends speak it even yet, although years have gone by since, she had watched the dying lips as they framed, but could not utter, the word.

As she leaned against the desk, waiting her turn, a panorama of her brief married life, the death of her husband, the coffin with the flowers, the muffled drums and solemn marching of the comrades of army life, the putting-away of sword and sash, gauntlet and spur, when they returned to the house that would be evermore desolate—she remembered it all, forgetting the confusion and Babel around her, thinking: "*Then* I had home, husband, love, peace and plenty, society and books; *now* there is only the little lonely woman left to battle with fate." She bravely hides her sorrow with a smiling face, hoping against hope for the better day that will surely come as a reward for her bravery. Her reverie is checked by the calling of her name; and, elbowing her way as best she can to another desk, she endorses her check, and folds it mechanically to place it in the empty portemonnaie, saying sadly in her heart:

"It seems so like the price of precious blood!"

She surveys the crowd, wondering how she will make her way out, when her attention is arrested by the magnetism of a pair of keen, dark-blue eyes. She starts, smiles, and tears she had thought she should never know again pour down her cheeks as she lifts a pair of small hands towards those extended to her. A strong arm clasps her waist and draws her out of the crowd; but as her feet touch the sidewalk her head droops to her shoulder, her eyes close, and a deathly hue spreads over her cheeks. All her sorrow is forgotten in the oblivion of a swoon. The stifling air, the emotions awakened by memory, the sudden gladness, had been more than she could bear, and in the restful presence of this long-ago friend the overtaxed nerves had at last been relieved from the long-imposed tension. Her slight figure is not burdensome to him, as he lifts it into a carriage and is driven swiftly to a hotel, never freeing her waist from the clasp of his arm, or ceasing in his efforts to revive her. The swoon is so deep that some time elapses before she opens her eyes and rewards him by a faint smile; then the lids drop back again, and tears press their way through the long lashes over the pale cheeks, as she lies so still that there is but the trickling drops and the light breath to tell of life.

One hand of the anxious, loving friend holds both of hers, while the other, with his delicately perfumed handkerchief of finest fabric, passes with gentle touch over her wet cheeks. Freeing her hands, she covers her face and weeps audibly for some moments. The sobbing ceases, and she looks at him with her wonderful eyes, as she inquires:

"Will you forgive me, Bertram?"

"Forgive you, Lenore? What have I to forgive?" is the response.

"O Bertram!" says the low voice, and he thinks: "Never was my name spoken so sweetly." "I am so overjoyed to see you that I cannot control my feelings—it is not a very pleasant welcome to give you."

"Your tears, dear Lenore, prove to me that I was not altogether forgotten, and I am glad to see them, knowing they are not born of grief. Will you permit me to raise your head on my arm and kiss away your tears?" asked Bertram with a longing look in his fine eyes. But she gave him no answer. "Lenore!" he continued, "I have sought for you through all the land; I have prayed to be guided to you, and have longed for your presence, until I was almost unfitted for any duty. This morning, as I came into Wall street to exchange some bills, my attention was drawn to these women, and the thought struck me: 'Lenore must be a pensioner! I think she is in New York, and it will at least do no harm to inquire.' So I hastened to the office with that aim in view, and had only been there a few moments when I saw your sweet face. The thrill of joy that passed through my frame was so overpowering that it reached you, and caused you to look up. It is impossible for me to express to you how happy I am to have met you once more. Lenore, why should we part again?"

There was an irresistible pathos in his voice, as, bending towards her, he asked the question again, and, still receiving no answer, said:

"Your self-imposed martyrdom to an idea has rendered us both miserable. Your tears are very precious to me, and give me the courage to ask you to be my wife. I have lifted you when ill, carried you when in danger on the field of battle. Let me kiss you and hide you on my breast from all future ill while life shall last. Lenore, my Lenore! will your lips never open to answer me. Must I take your silence for answer?"

And, bending lower, he would have kissed her, but the slender fingers caught the bearded cheeks and held him back. He thought she had never looked so superhumanly beautiful—her complexion of the most delicate tints, her eyes radiant with love, though she did not acknowledge it. The mass of hair from which the shell-comb had fallen fell like a veil of morning sunlight, in its glistening splendor, over the arm of the sofa. Quick as thought she raised her head, and, slipping from the sofa, knelt by him. Looking up into the eyes so wistfully bent on hers, she said:

"Bertram, you tempt me almost beyond endurance to forget the resolutions of the past. I do love you, Bertram. Vainly I have endeavored to prevent the love that has grown up in my heart. I have been true as the pole-star to him whose name I bear, and of whose babe I was the proud and happy mother. Bertram, if I become your wife there must still be a place in my heart sacred to the memory of the brave man who loved me, yet loved his country more." Bertram attempted to lift her to her feet, but she said: "No; I must make my confession. All of the dear, kind letters that you penned to me are locked up in my desk. I feared to answer them. I knew of all your faithful search for me, and endeavored to hide myself, coming to New York. I thought that you would never, *never* find me. All the Summer friends that visited us at our dear little lakeside-home faded like Fall-flowers in the early frost when my property slipped away. When my pension was transferred, the last association was broken up. Once only in several years I passed though the city, and, leaving the cars, passed an hour at my husband's grave, unseen by any who knew me. I have worked very hard—brain and pen and hands have all been needed, sometimes in actual need of food, as well as companionship. Your letters were a source of pleasure, a sunbeam in the darkness; but I could not divest myself of the thought that I would wrong you by accepting your love. Some invisible guide has brought you to me when I am almost exhausted, mentally and physically—when it seemed almost that I must give up the struggle at once and forever, folding my hands in despair. For days past I have been penniless and without food. To-day, half fainting, I braved the crowd to obtain my pension. The rude jostling almost completed the destruction of power so long going on, slowly but surely. Bertram, I am weak, weary, longing for rest. If you are willing to risk the splendid possibilities of the future, which may be developed by care and love, you *may* fold me to your heart, and give me the first kiss that I have received for years."

He did not need a second permission, but a swift movement of his strong arms transferred the small handful of woman that knelt by him to his knee, and not one kiss, but many, were laid in rapid succession on brow and cheek, lip and hair. Not many words were spoken as the little woman gratefully and passively received the tributes of an old and true love. The kindly chambermaid peeped in through the partially open door, just to see "if the wee bit of a widdy from the pinsion-office was all right now." She turned away, with her finger on her lip and a broad grin on her face, and whispered to her fellow-servant:

"Shure, it's a purty love-makin' as is goin' on in there. That grand-lukin man, wid the purty little widdy in his arrums, a-kissin' of her buchiful hair. Shure, Mary, it's like a great, shiny piece of foine silk fallin' onto the flure, and she niver thinkin' iv her comb and hat. Whin pinsion-day comes agin, it's not herself 'll be comin' wid papers and witnesses, or Bridget Martin is bloind."

There is a light tap, tap, on the half-open door, and Lenore Sherman is released, while Bertram sees what is wanted. The hall-boy is waiting with a little, ragged, unkempt lad—whose coat would fit him better five years hence, whose cap settles down over his ears, and pitches unceremoneously over his eyes, unless he pins a plait in the crown. A pair of keen, restless eyes takes in the situation, but he says respectfully:

"Did the lady lose anything?"

Bertram looks at her while she examines her pockets, thinks a moment, and then says:

"My check. I had just put it into my portemonnaie when I saw you, and must have dropped it."

"What kind of a pocketbook was it?" was the inquiry of the little Arab, and he receives the description with the air of an experienced detective.

As the answer was satisfactory, he dived a hand that was sadly in need of ablution into the pocket of his very roomy pants, and drew out the missing article. Then, advancing with a Chesterfieldian air, which added to his grotesque appearance, he laid the prize in the lady's hand, desiring her to make an examination, and see if anything was missing. To gratify him, she opened the clasp and found all safe. Bertram was in a generous mood, and gladdened the heart of the urchin with a crisp, new five-dollar bill, and watched him as he bowed himself out, at the risk of backing one foot out of the immense boot, which was "shined up" as an advertisement of his skill. The hall-boy witnessed all the proceedings with a demure air, and received, to his surprise, a gift in proportion.

"The sunlight is unusually brilliant to-day," thought Lenore.

And the brightness was increased when, an hour afterwards, Bertram came back with a minister, and led her to the parlor, where she was made his wife—his glad and happy wife—her well-worn gray dress contrasting strongly with his elegant outfit. But he was not willing to wait even one day for the privilege of calling her "wife"—not willing that she should even go to her humble room and improve her toilet by some of the few accessories that she possessed.

The hairdresser was sent in, and arranged her hair and the shapely head with a pleasure he did not often enjoy, threading the silken strands through his deft fingers artistically, and needing neither jewel, plume nor flower to aid him. The magic wand of some hitherto unknown fairy must have been waved over Lenore, for milliners and dressmakers came flocking in for orders. Mysterious parcels were continually arriving at her doors. The dressing-room of her suite was in constant confusion for several days, while Bertram was frequently banished from her parlor to make room for the experts in the art of robing. Not yet content, the fairy sought out the dear old jewels she had left in strangers' hands when she needed food, and brought them back, adding to the pleasant surprise that met Lenore every hour of the day.

Radiantly happy was the face of the bride when, a few days after the wedding, leaning on the arm of her husband and most elegantly dressed, she again entered the pension-office, to find only the clerks there; for the many to whom the four payments of the year are the dates to which their yearning eyes look constantly had been paid off for this quarter, and begun counting the days to the next installment. Lenore Mallory returned to the agent the yellow, worn certificate, which had been such a steadfast friend to Lenore Sherman through the years of darkness now ended. She was "off the roll"—her name was canceled by clerks in New York and clerks in Washington—canceled out of the record, never more to be paid by the Treasury. As the line of red ink marked the name, drawn by a listless hand, *who* thought of all that was implied? How many names are "off the roll" every year?—children who have grown to womanhood or manhood, aged mothers who are at last resting, widows who have folded their hands in death; but few are the names, stricken from the list, to be added to that always-too-brief list of the names of happy wives. The two or three gentlemanly clerks, who recognize a lady at a glance, remember the timid little woman who never scolded or swore, and who could write her own name—remember the great brown eyes that looked at them so keenly while she patiently waited her turn. They are glad to see the sad face brilliant with joy—glad to see the strong, noble man, whose arm, they are sure, will protect her always and make her happy. "Summer friends" bloom again, when the warning influence of the golden sun of prosperity thaws out the ice under which adversity has hidden them, and when Lenore and her husband revisit the scenes of earlier days they are made heartily welcome.

In the bloom of early girlhood Bertram had loved Lenore, but bashfully looked at his scanty purse and thought of the broad acres that belonged to her—looked at his great, awkward feet and clumsy hands, thoght of his large head, at which the village storekeeper aimed his wit when a new hat was wanted, troubling him greatly when he thought of little Lenore Willard. When her sweet voice thrilled him, he hushed the uneducated bass that he did not know would develop into a glorious treasure. When Dr. Sherman, with his epaulettes and sword, his dainty hands and little boots, curled moustache and tenor voice, cultivated grace and splendid education, came a-wooing, and Lenore's merry laugh mingled with the vespers of the wild birds as she rode her pretty pony by the side of the Doctor, poor Bertram's heart ached as only those of honest lovers can. Day after day he trudged on after his plough, bearing in his breast a burden much heavier than the sod that turned away from the shining steel, as the fat horses tramped on slowly, without any sympathy for the young master who, though sorrowing, yet was kind.

One day there came a summons to the surgeon to rejoin his regiment, and a hurried wedding was celebrated the following morning in the little brick church, Lenore's father reading the mystic words in tremulous tones. Bertram could not be present at the sad wedding. Many were going out on that June Saturday to the battle-field, perhaps never to return, and Lenore was a tearful bride. Down by the brook, in his father's meadow, under the shadow of a beautiful wide-spreading beech, Bertram threw himself, and, unmanly fellow that he was, cried like a grieved woman. The bees hummed too and fro past him on their way to the clover, but he did not heed them. His pet colt came and shook him playfully, but could elicit no response. The sweet-toned bell chimed out the hour for Sunday-school, and he remembered that he must be at his post—at *least*, his *class* loved him, he thought sadly, and, kneeling at the brook, he bathed his face and hands. The ripples died out, and his mirrored face struck him as hopelessly plain, and his thoughts were almost girlishly despondent as he reviewed all the objectionable points of his person. He overlooked his strength, his healthful bloom, his keen eyes and ready wit, and didn't know that nature, in framing a large, fine form, developed first the head and extremities; and that the most ungainly youth, will gradually add breadth and symmetry, until head and hands are none too large for their association. When her husband had gone, with the watchful care of a loving brother he looked after Lenore's interests, never betraying his love. Once more the demand for men came, and he gave his plough-lines into the hands of a younger brother, when the October glories of frost-tinted leaves were strewing his path, and joined the same regiment where Dr. Sherman was acting as surgeon-in-chief. Away from the embarrassments that beset a bashful youth, he soon overcame his awkwardness, and developed into a magnificent man. From the rank of a private he marched up to the dignity of a colonel's commission, and when the army was disbanded came home with the surgeon who was a broken invalid.

As the months rolled by, in the city home where Dr. Sherman resided, the slow wasting of strength went on, until at length he was laid away in the cemetery, with the honors due to his rank and worth. Financial disaster had overwhelmed Lenore's father, and she was in poverty when the heavy bills incurred by illness were paid, after *his* death, which occurred soon after that of her husband, and she found herself utterly alone. Bertram began paying his addresses to Lenore as soon as was at all in accordance with the respect he felt for the surgeon, but she refused to listen to any offers of marriage; and, as Bertram was very persistent in his love-making, she evaded him by removal. But his vigilance had conquered at last. She returned to her old city home, where her husband demanded and was accorded restitution of means of which her timidity had permitted her to be defrauded.

Far away to the sunny South, and through the famed scenery of the Pacific slope, they traveled while the gorgeous Autumn lasted, then retraced their steps, as the Winter closed upon them, to the village where both had lived their early years. Bright and healthful is the bloom that tints Lenore's cheek, and all the sprightliness of girlhood has returned. Bertram teases her unmercifully about the early realization of the "possibilities" she deemed beyond their reach. Her home for the year past has been on the dear old farm, and neither of them desire, to exchange with the gayest of the votaries of city life. His name marked some of the finest exhibits in the agricultural department of the Centennial, and Lenore's skillful fingers aided to adorn the Woman's Pavilion. "Little Lenore" is beloved by the white-haired, superannuated father and mother, and enjoys her life more, she thinks, than is consistent with her former ideas. Best of all, a Centennial gift has come to them—a brown-eyed, boisterous boy, who bids fair to rival his father in stalwart proportions, and is worshiped as the central idol of that household of loving hearts. Lenore, while she "never forgets," is yet glad that Bertram found her, and that through his love her name has been checked "OFF THE ROLL."

"NEVER SEEN A WOMAN."—The following is a part of the experience of Mrs. Helen Hunt in Colorado: As we halted, three dogs came bounding towards us, barking most furiously. One of them stopped suddenly, gave one searching look at me, put her tail between her legs, and, with a pitiful yelp of terror, turned and fled. I walked slowly after her; she would look back over her shoulder, turn, make one or two lunges at me, barking shrilly, then, with the same yelp of terror, run swiftly away. At last she grew brave enough to keep her face towards me, but continually backed away, alternating her bark of defiance with her yelp of terror in a way which was irresistibly ludicrous. We were utterly perplexed by her behavior until her master, as soon as he could speak for laughing, explained it: "Yer see, that 'ere dog's never seen a woman afore. She was reared in the woods, and I haint never took her nowheres, and that's just the fact on't; she dunno what to make of a woman." It grew droller and droller. The other dogs were our good friends at once—leaped about us, snuffled us and licked our hands as we spoke to them. Poor Bowser hung back and barked furiously with warning and menace whenever I patted one of the other dogs, but if I took a step nearer her she howled and fled in the most abject way.

HEART-SICK.

The light upon our breezy down
To-day lies warm and fair;
The bracken shows a tinge of brown,
And the harvest-fields are bare.
I sit in peace, and sing my song,
And spin the long day through;
But how is it with you, Colin,
Oh, how is it with you?

The wood-lark sings above the dell,
The wind sighs sweet and low;
Methinks you loved such music well
In the days of long ago;
Old days—you found them wondrous bright,
And I was happy too!
But maids may fret, while men forget—
Oh, how is it with you?

The crimson leaves are falling fast,
The year is old and sere;
Ah! Colin, you will come at last,
But you may not find me here;
They say my cheek is thin and pale,
My song grows fainter too;
But how is it with you, Colin,
Oh, how is it with you?

AMATEURISMS.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,
BY BART SMITH.

"I want to be an actor,
And with the actors stand,
And, climbing up the 'ladder,'
Off the top round I'll land."

It is very strange, but, nevertheless, very true, that many of those who now adversely criticise "ye professional" are among the most blatant to sound the praise of "ye amateur." The professional in his varied personations, should he swerve but a hair's-breadth from the rigid line drawn in the mind of spectators of a critical turn, is immediately severely commented on. But oh, how different with an amateur to the fore! What would serve as a toothsome morsel for the loud critic when perpetrated by a professional becomes an amusing rib-tickler when committed by "ye rising amateur." To the overworked actor the rehearsal or performance of a play by amateurs is instructive as well as amusing, and he retires from viewing it, not with disgust, but with more confidence in his own abilities to personate the various parts he is called on to study in a stock company, where there are no off-nights for the "utility" man.

In the past seven years we have had dealings with amateurs, individuals and amateurs collective, in all parts of the country; and, thinking a few samples of "amateurisms" would be not only amusing to your readers, but also might help to soften the hard-lined critics in their bellowing against the poor "walking gent" and shaky "utility" when cast beyond their depth, we give a little of our experience.

The A—— Club determined to give a performance. The company contained among its members a Spaniard and a Frenchman, both of whom spoke the English language with the broad accent peculiar to their nationality; an Irishman, whose thickness of brogue was only equaled by his aspirations as a Thespian; and a young American, whose claim to talent was "that he was good in love-scenes and Dutch and negro comicalities." The balance of the male members were fair—for amateurs; but the ladies were mainly so weak-voiced that it would require a hurricane to throw their voices twenty feet. And oh! so timid and—must we say it?—awkward. Each and all selected their "pieces," and rehearsals were gone through. (We were stage-manager at so much per night.) At the last (twenty-first) rehearsal all were "dead-letter perfect."

Our Celtic friend was to do the "quarrel scene" from "Julius Cæsar," with the Spaniard as Brutus. The performance went well enough, considering, until the time for the Roman civil war. The curtain was rung up, and Brutus and Cassius were discovered, the former pacing the stage angrily, like Uncle John's hyena, and the latter glued, as it were, to the position in which we had told him to stand. Then came a feast of elocution, in rich Irish brogue and deep Spanish-English. They progressed very well till, about midway in the quarrel, the Celt, not relishing the trotting of Brutus, whose actions made the words fly from his mind, exclaimed angrily:

"Don't cross me on de stage!"

"Go on wiz ze peece," as loudly cried Cassius.

"Well, don't cross me enny moore on de stage;" and, amid the laughter of the audience, they tried to begin again and again where they had left off. Brutus, seeing that Cassius was lost and could not get on with the lines, began at the beginning, but was indignantly interrupted by Cassius, who thundered forth:

"Ye sed dat befoore."

"Vell, I moost sez it again; you vas stoock," mildly answered the Spaniard.

"Yer a liar! It's yez that can't kape up wid me at all."

Brutus was about to reply, when the curtain dropped, ending the quarrel-scene, which was so near ending in a genuine row. Brutus was red-hot. "Zat demn'd Irisher!" he kept muttering, while Cassius volubly poured forth his expostulations to the manager in this wise:

"Whin I spakes agin, I wants a man what kin spake United States, and not murdher Shakespeare as John does, blast him!"

Miss Malapert was down for a "recitation," and, with face glowing and heart beating, she went on—and stuck. The prompter tried to "wing" her recitation, but, alas! she was too far gone, and the curtain descended, hiding her blushes. The stage-manager went out before the curtain, and announced that Miss Malapert, instead of her "recitation," would give a series of statues, the first of which had been "fear."

Clarence De Vine was next for a song. The orchestra, led by an old-timer, played the air as Clarence glided slowly on the stage. The introductory music being over, they began with the song, but not a sound escaped poor Clarence's lips. For the space of five minutes he stood there, mouth open, trying to force a sound from a throat that seemed parched with fire. The stage-manager was in despair, but was equal to the emergency. In his rage his hand fell upon a broom standing near the prompt-stand, and, bringing it to a shoulder-arms, he marched majestically on the stage to where poor Clarence, still bewildered, gazed on vacancy. A wink to the leader and the thing was done—the country was saved. The orchestra struck up the "Rogue's March," and he of the broom began to belabor Clarence lustily with it. The audience, thinking it was a "pathetic ballad," *a la* minstrelsy, roared with laughter as the non-singer wildly retreated off the stage, followed by the stage-manager.

The Brutus of the above rumpus, wishing to vindicate himself, appeared in conjunction with a member of the C—— Club, at an entertainment which shortly followed, and, to show the versatility of his genius, was to enact the part of Cassius. They were to do it *en costume*, and in two scenes, the one the instigation of Brutus against Cæsar, and the other the inevitable "quarrel-scene." They were both small men, and the tights they wore in the first scene hung around their limbs like a canvas hangs to a centre-pole with all the guys loosened. It passed fairly for anyone who had a libretto for the Cassius of the hour, and those not provided with one were vainly endeavoring to ascertain what that Roman was talking about. The quarrel-scene came on, and they appeared walking arm-in-arm, in armor too (this is copyrighted). But why is Cassius hump-backed? We never knew before that the noble Roman had the hump of Atlas between his shoulders. The cause leaked out shortly. The breast of the armor was very heavily padded to make some consumptive actor look a lusty warrior, and poor Cassius had got into it the wrong way. It was the first time we ever saw Richard III and Brutus in a quarrel-scene. Some professionals started a titter in the audience—it soon became a roar—and the generous curtain ended the quarrel-scene ere it had begun.

A semi-professional company was organized to give a performance not a thousand miles from Cincinnati, and on the bill was a line: "Brother act, by two amateurs." The evening advertised came round, and, just as the curtain was about to ring-up for the show, the amateur gymnasts came to the manager, saying "They had no tights. Would the manager loan them the requisites for their act?"

Enraged, the manager told them to "go to heaven, and go on anyhow." They were rolling-mill hands, and had but just left work. In their haste to appear, they had not taken the time to wash up, and were covered with the soot and grime of the mill. They went to one of the dressing-rooms, doffed all their clothes but their pants, and, at a chord from the orchestra, hopped on the stage stripped to the "buff," barefooted and dirty, their pants being rolled up to their knees.

The audience, who thought that a farce of some kind had been substituted for the "brother act," waited patiently for them to begin spouting; but what was their astonishment when the acrobats began their gymnastic contortions. Then followed a pocket edition of the Hellgate explosion, and the manager was compelled to lead them off the stage amid groans, hisses and yells. The acrobatic sylphs are now away up in the biz.

We were playing with a company in one of the interior towns of Ohio. The first night business was poor—hardly a sight for actual expenses. After the show was over we were introduced to a young man whose aspirations lay Shakespeareward, and who, in his own words, "was kinder good in speakin' pieces." He guaranteed, by a deposit of twenty dollars, that he would sell twenty dollars' worth of tickets for the next evening, if we would allow him to "go on" for a recitation, and that he would, besides, have our next day's programmes printed. Twenty dollars is a great deal of money to a treasury well worn by bad business, and we gave our permission willingly. We made out a bill, which he had printed, being very careful to have his name show up big, and gave him forty tickets to dispose of. He sold every one of them, for the gawks wanted to see "Josh learn them actor-folks how to act out." We put up a job on him, notwithstanding the immensity of his talent. The eventful moment arrived, and from the cornet came a grand-entree chord or two. Josh entered, and launched out in Richard's soliloquy. A first-class musician would make a fortune by setting it to music the way Josh sang it. We had rigged a rope running through a pulley fastened in the flies (or where the flies ought to be, more properly speaking), three of the company holding one end of the rope and the stage-manager holding the other. About the middle of the soliloquy the stage-manager walked slowly on the stage, *a la* the Ghost in "Hamlet," covered with thin gauze, and carrying his end of the rope, to which was attached a hook. Arrived at the centre of the stage, where the gilly was spouting with all the fervor of his leather-lungs, he attached the hook to a belt worn by the spouter, and, at a given signal, the three imps "off right" hauled manfully away, and poor Richard was in a moment dangling midway between the ceiling and the stage. The curtain came down, and "Richard was himself again" after an explanation that a "flying exit" was always made by Richard during his soliloquy. He was pacified, and set up the liquor for the whole company, also thanking the manager for teaching him the business of the part.

But, fearing that somebody might yell from the wings for the amateurs to "come off," and not occupy any more space this time, we will reserve some of them for a future occasion.

A POINT WELL TAKEN.—The story is told of a clergyman that, after preaching an interesting sermon on the "Recognition of Friends in Heaven," he was accosted by a hearer, who said: "I liked that sermon, and I now wish you would preach another on the recognizing of people in this world. I have been attending your church three years, and not five persons in the congregation have so much as bowed to me in all that time."

LOFTY CHIVALRY.—Rushing into the water to save a woman from drowning is a good enough kind of gallantry, but it can't compare with the kind which propels a man out of bed in the morning to build the fire for his wife.

CLIPPER VARIETIES.

Comprising Ballads, Songs and Dances, Comic Songs, Old Bills, etc.

WRITTEN AND COLLATED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

WHY HE CALLED HER HONEY.

TAMBO.—Say, Bones, does yer know why I always calls Melinda, Honey?
BONES.—I'm sure I can't imagine; perhaps kase she am so sweet.
TAMBO.—No, dat aint it, shuah.
INTERLOCUTOR.—Well, Sam, why *do* you call her Honey?
TAMBO.—Well, I calls her Honey bekase I like to *bee* near her, bekase she has had the *hives*, and bekase she has got so much *comb* in her head.
BONES.—Um, um, I'm shuah dat she can't return de compliment.
TAMBO.—Why so?
BONES.—Bekase your wool is so kinky dat no comb could eber get through it.
INT.—This *waxes* hot.
BONES.—Well, if the *wax is* hot let it *bee*.
TAMBO.—That is a stinger.
BONES.—Dat puts me in mind ub a conundrum.
TAMBO.—Let's hab um.
BONES.—Why am a honey-bee like a snide sideshow?
TAMBO.—Bekase, bekase, bekase—gub it up.
BONES.—Well, a honey-bee am like a snide sideshow bekase it am considerable ub a *humbug*. Now, I'll gub yer anuder one. Why am quartz gold-miners like de Harvard crew?
TAMBO.—Ober my head.
BONES.—Well, quartz gold-miners am like de Harvard crew bekase dey work de *ore* to win.
TAMBO.—Take a back seat at de foot ub de class, and I'll gib you a ten-cennial meddle when I go to de mint.
BONES.—I take peppermint in mine.
INT.—Signor Singalone will oblige with

THE GALLANT HORSE-POLICE.

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED TO MISS GEORGIE MELNOTTE,
BY H. ALSTON DARLEY.

I've got a beau, a handsome beau,
He's sergeant on the force,
And every day I pass his way
To see him on his horse;
Apollo-formed, with grace adorned,
How could I him resist?
And oh, those lips, with carmine tips,
Made only to be kissed.
Chorus.—He's the pride of the police-force,
You should see him ride his horse.
He's grand! sublime! My heart knows little peace.
"To the right!" you should hear him shout
On parade, when the gang is out.
And he's my beau, this sergeant of the gallant horse-police.
Oh, he is simply grand, with his *baton* in hand—
Of my affections he has got the lease;
Of him the ladies rave, he is so grand and brave,
My sergeant of the dashing horse-police.

Like some grand duke, he rides erect,
This handsome beau of mine;
With gentle pace, with stately grace,
I think him just divine.
His face so fair, beyond compare;
His eyes, so piercing blue,
With bright smiles greet me when we meet
Upon the avenue.
Chorus.—He's the pride of the police-force, etc.

His eyes, so bright, fill with delight,
And joy he can't conceal,
And his surprise and love-lit eyes
Denote affection real
When him I pass, amid the mass
That wander to and fro,
And I can see smiles but for me
Come from my gallant beau.
Chorus.—He's the pride of all the force, etc.
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VAN AMBURGH and his Trained Animals in London, Eng., in 1843.

From L. B. Lent's scrap-book we excerpt a bill of the celebrated Van Amburgh's performances as above named. I. A. Van Amburgh died in Philadelphia, Pa., Nov. 29, 1859. By a perusal of the synopsis of the incidents of the melodrama, it will be seen that he gave his performances with trained lions, tigers and leopards upon the stage. The Rivea (Rivers) Family, Levi J. North, M. Lipman, Richard Sands, Mr. Derious, De Camp, Joe Pentland and Alex Rockwell have been referred to recently in this department. Joe Sweeny the banjoist died in Appomattox, Va., Oct. 27, 1860; James Buckley died in Louisville, Ky., in 1849; William O. Dale died in Cincinnati, O., during the Summer of 1866; J. T. Haines, the well-known actor and dramatist, died in London, Eng., May 18, 1843.

ROYAL LYCEUM THEATRE AND ENGLISH OPERA-HOUSE.
AMERICAN AMPHITHEATRE.
Lessee..........MR. I. A. VAN AMBURGH
under the patronage of her most gracious majesty the Queen.
Positively the last week of the season, and the last appearance of Mr. Van Amburgh and Mr. Carter in London.
ON MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1843,
FOR THE BENEFIT OF MR. VAN AMBURGH, LESSEE.
Tickets and private boxes to be had at all the Libraries, of Mr. Sheffield, at the box office of the theatre, and of Mr. Van Amburgh, 5 Tavistock Row, Covent Garden.
ON MONDAY, MARCH 13, 1843,
and during the week will be presented a new melodramatic burletta, in three acts, founded on facts relating to the great African traveler, to be called
MUNGO PARK, OR THE ARABS OF THE NIGER.
The scenery entirely new by Mr. Adams and assistants. The dresses by Madame Marie and Mr. Beauvais, etc. The machinery by Mr. Stribley. The music by Mr. J. M. Jolly. The drama written by the author of "His Last Legs," "The Nervous Man," "Locomotion," etc.
Col. Laidley, Governor of the English Factory on the Gambia..........Mr. Brindal
Mungo Park, the great African discoverer...Mr. Harrington
Lieut. Graham...Mr. Young | Sergt. Martyn.....Mr. Gough
Karfa, an Arab of Bambara..........Mr. Van Amburgh
Aben Moussa, a Bedouin..........Mr. Carter
Garcia and Johnson, slave merchants, Messrs. France and Griffith
Toby Gander, a naturalist from Mud-cumsluty Monmouthshire..........Mr. H. Widdicombe
Lieut. Manly..Mr. J. George | Corporal.......Mr. Beckwith
Slave Driver.Mr. Mitchinson | Midshipman...Miss Fleming
English soldiers, part of the expedition, slaves, servants of the factory, etc., etc.
MOORS.
Ali, an old chief of the horde..........Mr. Haines
Hassan, his Aga..........Mr. Courtney
Omar, Osmin, Orzinga. Messrs. Rivers, Smith, Williamson
Immalee, the daughter of the chief....Miss Marian Atkins
Zela and Zobeide, her attendants, Mrs. Collett and Miss James
Almas, or dancing girls...Misses Gilbert, L. Marshall, Greenwell, Craddock, Phillips, Hunt, Larch, Tizzie and Avery.
Slaves, settlers, etc.
ACT I.—The Governor's House and English Factory on the River Gambia—Distant view of Port Kayee Harbor—Grand character Pas de Deux by Mr. and Miss Marshall—Arrival of the Wreck of the Expedition—The Fidelity of the Arab Guide—The Outskirts of the Forest—The Wild Beasts' Lair—Aben Moussa's Perilous Escape—Conveyed beyond the Power of the Moors by Living Lions—Terrific attack on the Bedouin by a Royal Bengal Tiger—Fearful Struggle and Imposing Tableau—Noble Devotion of Karfa to Save Park—His conflict with lions, tigers, leopards, etc—Fulfillment of the Father's Vow—Grand Denouement.
ELEGANT AND NOVEL ATHLETIC COMBINATIONS BY THE RIVEA FAMILY.
SCENES IN THE CIRCLE.
RE-ENGAGEMENT OF MR. L. J. NORTH.
THE HALT OF THE ARABS.
MR. SWEENY,
the celebrated Virginny banjo-melodist, will sing his popular nigger extravaganzas, accompanying himself.
MLLE. CAMILLE LEROUX AND MR. L. J. NORTH
will, by particular desire, repeat the popular act of
LA SYLPHIDE AND HER LOVER.
Extraordinary Vaulting—Grand Trial of Skill between the celebrated champions,
MESSRS. W. O. DALE AND LIPMAN.
MR. BUCKLEY will perform an act of horsemanship, entitled Red Jacket.
MR. SANDS will appear in a daring and dashing act with his four horses.
AN ACT OF HORSEMANSHIP BY MAST. RIVEA.
MLLE. CAMILLE LEROUX will perform a beautiful act called The Star or Floating Scarf.
The whole to conclude with the unparalleled performance of the sagacious and wonderful
ELEPHANT BOLIVAR, WITH MR. JAMESON.
ON FRIDAY, MARCH 17, 1843,
a variety of entertainments for
THE BENEFIT OF MR. CARTER.
Equestrian Manager..........Mr. Derious
Ringmaster..........Mons. De Camp
Clowns..........Messrs Pentland and Rockwell
Private boxes, according to their situation, from £1 10s. to £2; dress balcony boxes, 4s.; boxes, 3s.; pit, 2s.; gallery, 1s. No half-price.
Doors open at half-past 6, commence at 7.
The public is requested to observe that no person will be allowed to demand fees as box-keepers, and immediate information is requested of any such extortion.
Dramatic director and stage-manager..........J. T. Haines
Leader of orchestra..........Mr. S. Morris
Ballet-master..........Mr. J. F. Marshall
Prompter..........Mr. Harris
Treasurer, to whom all bills must be sent...Mr. E. C. Yale
The box office, under the direction of Mr. Sheffield, open every day from 11 till 4.
All applications respecting the bills to be directed to the dramatic director at the stage-door.
Vivat Regina.

A PATHETIC TALE.

BY GEORGE THE HARTY BOY.

Young Difdif was a festive cuss, and a festive cuss was he,
And he dearly loved his "morning nip" of gin or brandee;
At last his passion grew so strong, I've heard the people say,
He was bilin' full the live-long night, and drunk the live-long day;
Thus things went on, the crisis come, the jimjams held him fast,
And when upon his bed he lay he swore t'would be his last.
"No more for me," he faintly cried, "I'll bid all 'boos' ado,
I ne'er shall take one drop again, I've sworn off 'black and blue.'"
But oh, alas! for human frail, no sooner was he well,
Than he went to his usual haunts, and once again he fell.
Now, old Dif was of sterner stuff than young Difdif, you see;
He belonged to a crowd of pious folks, the Saint's Society,
And it used to make him rant and rave when he saw young Difdif tight,
And on a shutter, three g. m., brought home most every night.
So he resolved upon a plan to cure young Difdif sure,
So he went and bought a coffin strong of an undertaker poor;
When young Difdif came home at night, as usual, full as clover,
He popped him in the coffin quick and nailed the cover over;
And then unto the churchyard vault poor Difdif took his son,
While a crowd of friends of old Difdif stayed by to see the fun.
A saintly cuss named Flutemagilder represented Death,
And at the coffin head he sat, and tightly held his breath;
When young Difdif awoke at last, and looked up with surprise,
Death's figure was the first he saw—he opened wide his eyes.
"Say, who are you?" young Difdif said; "and why am I in here?"
"You're dead!" replied old Flutemagild. "You're lying on your bier."
"The deuce you say," yelled young Difdif. "Now, is that really so?
But say, old hoss—you know how 'tis—where can a feller go
To get a nip of Old Tom gin? I'm really very dry.
I'm bound to see this racket through—say, how is that for high!"

THE NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM, Boston, Mass., in 1824.

J. A. Wilson of Chicago, Ill., contributes an advertisement cut from Vol. 3 of *The New England Farmer*, published by William Nichols, Congress street, Boston, Mass., Saturday, Aug. 28, 1824. We reproduce it in this department to show the mixed character of some of the entertainments given fifty years ago.

NEW ENGLAND MUSEUM,
76 Court street, Boston,
containing much more numerous collections and greater variety of entertainments than any other establishment in America, continues steadily to increase, and is open for the reception of visitors
EVERY DAY AND EVENING.
It will be constantly in the best possible condition, and every exertion made to render the visits of its patrons agreeable.
This establishment now contains five former museums united in one, together with very great and numerous additions (the whole receipts being faithfully laid out to increase it).
JUST ADDED.
THE CELEBRATED RACEHORSE ECLIPSE.
A BEAUTIFUL COSMORAMIC VIEW OF LONDON.
A LARGE AND BEAUTIFUL LIVE RATTLESNAKE.
THE ARABIAN BOTTLE, MADE OF THE STOMACH OF A CAMEL—holds about a barrel—used to carry water across the desert.
THE INVALID'S CHAIR—very ingenious—invented by Professor Peck.
A VERY LARGE AND ELEGANT SWORD-FISH, upwards of 14 feet long, with a sword 4½ feet long.
The Museum is well lighted, and a band of music performs every evening. Admittance, 25 cents.

MY LITTLE RUSTIC QUEEN.

BY R. H. DOYLE,
AND DEDICATED TO JOSEPH HEALY OF WARREN, R. I

'Twas when the lovely moonlight
Shed o'er each leaf and flower
Its purest rays of silver,
In the quiet evening hour,
I walked where spreading branches
Lent beauty to the scene,
And there I first met Ella,
My little rustic queen.
Chorus.—Eyes as bright as the stars at night
That shine in the azure blue;
Her bewitching smile did my heart beguile,
And to care I bade adieu.

Hand in hand we wandered
Down the winding-path to the dell,
And whispered love's first greetings
Where the rippling waters fell.
O joyous hours! how fleeting
When love makes all serene;
And oh, what pain when the parting came
With my little rustic queen.
Chorus.—With a regretful sigh we bade good-bye—
The parting gave me pain;
But e'er she went she gave consent
To meet me there again.

Oft when the silvery queen of night
Shone brightly from above,
We met beside that rippling brook,
And told our tales of love.
But death, with unrelenting hand,
Stole in our love between,
And now she dwells among the blest—
My little rustic queen.
Chorus.—When life is o'er, on the mystic shore,
Beyond the starry screen,
I hope to meet, in joy complete,
My little rustic queen.

Warren, R. I., Dec. '76.

JOSEPH JEFFERSON as Solon Shingle in Boston, Mass., in 1859.

We are indebted to J. H. B. of Malden, Mass., for the following copy of the "bill of the play" of the above occasion. Of the players named, our readers will find them disposed of in the following summary: E. L. Davenport is starring in the principal cities; J. P. Price died in Boston May 10, 1874; C. F. Davenport is living in retirement in Boston; Thomas Comer died there July 27, 1862; Joseph Jefferson is starring in England; W. H. Curtis died in Boston Dec. 4, 1869; George D. Chaplin is acting in Australia; E. Sandford died in Providence, R. I., Feb. 16, 1860; S. Verney is still before the public; N. T. Davenport died in Boston Aug. 26, 1867; Alvin A. Read died in Cincinnati, O., June 4, 1864; Mrs. Hanchett is living in retirement; Emily Mestayer is at the Grand Opera-house, San Francisco, Cal.; George G. Spear is an inmate of the Edwin Forrest Home at Springbrook, Pa.; Jack Adams died in Boston, Oct. 3, 1863; W. H. Norton also died there Jan. 17, 1876; Miss Le Clare is before the public as Laura Phillips; E. B. Williams died in this city April 21, 1867; Charles R. Thorne Jr. is the leading man of the Union-square Theatre in this city; Edwin Adams is starring in Australia; Wyseman Marshall is living in temporary retirement in Boston, Mass.; C. W. Couldock, who was underlined, is a member of the stock company of the Royal Opera-house, Toronto, Ont.; John Brougham is a member of Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre company, this city.

HOWARD ATHENÆUM.
Sole Lessee and Manager..........Mr. E. L. Davenport
Asst. Manager....J. P. Price | Treasurer..C. F. Davenport
Musical Conductor..........Mr. Thomas Comer
Prices of Admission.—Dress boxes, 75c.; circle boxes, 50c.; parquet, 50c.; orchestra chairs, 75c.; family circle, 25c.; gallery, 15c. Colored people admitted to the gallery only. Doors open at 7; to commence a 7.45 o'clock. Box office open from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M., and from 5 till 10 P. M.
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE UNITED STATES.
THE ONLY THEATRE NOW OPEN IN THE CITY.
Last night but one of
MR. J. JEFFERSON.
Fourth night of a new, American patriotic spectacle entitled
BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE.
MR. JEFFERSON in his original character of
SETH HOPE, the Yankee
This piece has been an immense hit. The tableau of the Battle of Bunker Hill nightly encored.
PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
For the last time, Mr. Jefferson's personation of Solon Shingle the Ancient Yankee. Has been pronounced incomparable.
Mr. E. L. Davenport..........as..........Robert Howard
WEDNESDAY EVENING, JULY 6, 1859,
will be presented the comic drama, by Dr. J. S. Jones, entitled
THE PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
Solon Shingle, the Teamster..........Mr. Jos. Jefferson
Robert Howard, the Lawyer..........Mr. E. L. Davenport
Hugh Winslow.W. H. Curtis | Justice..........Mr. Read
John Ellsley....Mr. Chaplin | Thompson.......Mr. Sheffrey
Judge..........Mr. Sanford | John..........Mr. Williams
Quick..........Mr. Verney | Mrs. Otis.......Mrs. Hanchett
Chas. Otis..N. T. Davenport | Grace..........Miss Mestayer
To be followed by a new American patriotic spectacle entitled
BLANCHE OF BRANDYWINE, OR THE BATTLE OF BUNKER HILL.
Randolph (surnamed the Prince)..........Mr. Chaplin
John Walford (the Lonely Man of the Valley), E. L. Davenport
Seth Hope (a live Yankee)..........Mr. Jefferson
Colonel Frazier..........Mr. Curtis
Krout (a Patriotic Pennsylvania Dutchman)....Mr. Spear
Sampson (a Negro)..........J. Adams
Gilbert Gates (a Man of Peace)..........Norton
Blanche of Brandywine..........Miss Emily Mestayer
Rose Frazier..Miss Le Clare | Sally..........Miss Burbank
BRITISH AND HESSIANS.
Gen. Sir Wm. Howe, Mr. Read | Serg. Harndorf.....Mr. Price
Gen. Cornwallis, Mr. Williams | Geo. Percy......Mr. Sanford
Clarence Howard, C. R. Thorne Jr.
THURSDAY EVENING, BENEFIT OF MR. JEFFERSON,
and last night of his engagement, when he will appear in three of his greatest impersonations, viz.:
Tobias Shortcut..........in.........."The Spitfire"
Clod Meddlenot..........in......."The Lady of the Lions"
And Caleb Scrimmage in the drama of "Jonathan Bradford."
FRIDAY, COMPLIMENTARY BENEFIT TO MR. EDWIN ADAMS,
being his farewell appearance. The celebrated American tragedian,
MR. WYSEMAN MARSHALL,
has generously tendered his valuable aid, and will appear as
Master Walter..in the favorite play of.."The Hunchback"
This piece has been selected by the general desire of the friends of Mr. Edwin Adams, who are desirous of his taking leave of his Boston friends in his favorite character of Sir Thomas Clifford.
Mr. E. L. Davenport..........as..........Modus
Mrs. E. L. Davenport..........as..........Julia
By earnest desire of the public, Mr. C. W. Couldock will perform "Louis Eleventh," on Saturday evening, July 9.
JOHN BROUGHAM
will appear on Monday, July 11.
FREE LIST ENTIRELY SUSPENDED, PRESS EXCEPTED.
No person unconnected with the theatre will be admitted behind the scenes under any pretense.
The undersigned will not be responsible for any debts contracted for this establishment, or by members thereof, unless under written order. E. L. DAVENPORT.

THE WORLD IS LOVELY STILL.

TO EDWARD HARRIGAN,
BY JOHNNY ENRIGHT.

This world is bright and lovely, boys,
Though to some it may seem drear;
For darkness oft from sunshine comes
To make the light more clear;
And, though grim Death would have us know
We live but at his will,
This life is bright with me, my boys,
And the world is lovely still.
Chorus.—Yes; the world is lovely still, let cynics say what they may;
I'll share its joys and sorrows, as I've done from day to day.
'Cause fortune cannot smile on all, some people deem it ill;
But, let their thoughts be what they may, the world is lovely still.

Have courage, ye whom poverty
Out on this wide world cast;
Curse it not, but ever think
There's hope while life shall last.
Then better days will surely come,
To warm each heart that's chill,
And make you say with me, my boys,
The world is lovely still.
Chorus.—Yes; the world is lovely still, etc.

Now, when a man makes up his mind
To work his way through life,
All obstacles to him seem light—
He never dreams of strife.
For faith and hope both cheer him on,
Guiding well his will,
And teaching him to see at once
The world is lovely still.
Chorus.—Yes; the world is lovely still, etc.

Now, one kind favor I will ask
From all assembled here,
And that is, take advice from one
Who holds you all most dear.
Let each one help the other to
Ascend life's rugged hill,
So from its summit you may see
The world more lovely still,
Chorus.—Yes; the world is lovely still, etc

MORRIS BROTHERS, PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS IN 1860.

Henry F. Wheeler of Brooklyn contributes a bill of performances given by the above-named troupe in Troy, N. Y. Of those named, Johnny Pell died in Boston, Mass., Jan. 24, 1866; A. A. Thayer is living in retirement, we believe, in Boston, Mass.; E. Bowers died in Brooklyn, L. I., Feb. 27, 1865; Billy Morris and Lon Morris are both living in retirement; D. S. Wambold is co-manager of Birch, Wambold & Backus' San Francisco Minstrels in this city; J. C. Trowbridge is living in retirement in Boston, Mass.; Fred Wilson is now performing in the music halls in England; Add Weaver was performing in the Olympic Theatre, in this city, during the week ending Dec. 9; Master Barney is still before the public; R. M. Carroll is now performing, with his three sons, in variety theatres; W. H. Brockway is in temporary retirement; Charles A. Morris is living in retirement.

RAND'S HALL.
A decided success. Everybody delighted. Beautiful hall for music. Positively the last night.
TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 10, 1860.
Ticket office open from 10 A. M. until 12½ P. M.
MORRIS BROS., PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS
in one of their own peculiar style of Ethiopian entertainments.
EIGHTEEN STAR PERFORMERS.
PROGRAMME FOR THIS EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT.
PART FIRST.
Grand Introductory Overture..........Full Band
Opening Chorus—Semiramide..........Company
"My Johnny was a Shoemaker"..........Johnny Pell
"Dear Mother, I've Come Home Again"......A. A. Thayer
Scene from Hamlet..........E. Bowers
"Listen to the Mocking-bird (with imitations). Billy Morris
"Shells of the Ocean"..........D. S. Wambold
"Good Old Friends"..........J. C. Trowbridge
"Louisiana Lowlands"..........Lon Morris
"Billy Nubbs" (with Recitations)..........E. Bowers
Phantom Chorus (from "La Sonnambula")..........Company
PART SECOND.
Clog-dance..........Fred Wilson
GRAND OLIO.—COW-BELL-O-GIANS.
Ballad—"Ever of Thee"..........D. S. Wambold
THE YOUNG SCAMP.
Mr. Schermerhorn..........A. Weaver
Mr. Williams..........Lon Morris
The Young Scamp..........Little Barney
PART THIRD.
African Polka..........Messrs. Pell and Carroll
Comic Banjo-duet..........Morris Brothers
Flute Obligato, selected..........Herr Endres
THE DEMON OF THE FOREST, OR THE ECHO IN THE WOODS.
Demon..........E. Bowers | John..........Johnny Pell
Pete..........Lon Morris | Bob.......W. H. Brockway
Jim..........Billy Morris |
Grecian Statues..........Fred Wilson
PART FOURTH.
The whole to conclude with the laughable plantation scene (for which this company is justly celebrated), entitled
I AINT GOT TIME TO TARRY,
in which all the celebrities will appear.
Tickets, twenty-five cents. Doors open at 7, performance commences at 8 precisely. CHAS. A. MORRIS, Agent.
LON MORRIS, Manager. E. SUTTON, Ticket-master

AT THE FAIR.

BY BART SMITH.

Not long since, while at a *Sothern* fair, in a *Booth* presided over by a *Tony Pastor*, but whose *Hart* was in the right place, the fine appearance of a lady from *Florence*, in attendance at one of the tables, *Drew* our attention. By her side, dressed in *Browne*, was her *Foster*-sister, her *Little* daughter *And-'er-son*. There was a *Lotta* elegant articles on the table, nor did the *Wal-lack* attractiveness; for sculptures by *Rogers*, festooned with *Oates*, greeted the eye. At a table near *Far-ron* a *Baker* with a *Byron* collar was heard to exclaim, as he pulled a pan of cake from the oven: "That's the time I *Frohl-'er* and didn't *Burn-ett*. Now, you *Sheri-dan*," he said to old *Dickinson*, "or you'll be *Bytinge* up all this cake. *Dar-gon* away, I tell you, or I'll throw this *Stone* at you. You is *Owens* me from the time you and *Em-mett* that *Palmer*, who told your fortunes." We then retired, well satisfied with our visit after meeting so many old acquaintances.

CUPID'S FOIBLES, FOLLIES AND FANCIES.

PERILS OF THE HANDSOME HAND-MAIDEN.

The complaint is general with those who employ female help in stores, dining-rooms, and certain classes of workshops, of the inefficiency of the average girl whom they hire, when, very often, the girl is not so much to blame as her employer, or those with whom she is daily thrown in contact. Should she be fortunately (or unfortunately) endowed with beauty, she is very often given a position, which she is unfitted to fill, solely upon account of her good looks, and she assumes the position with the bearing of one who is cognizant of the same. She is treated admiringly by her employer, and, her incompetency being apparent to others, one instance sometimes demoralizes the working powers of the whole force. A man advertises for a young woman to fill a certain position; the applicants are many. He talks with a number of ordinary girls, who speak intelligently of the business; but over their shoulders he spies one finer-looking than the rest, and she is really engaged before he has had a chance to speak with her, and, should she not be able to fulfill the requirements, he leans upon the language of Richard III. for consolation: "It was your beauty made me do it." Take a dining-room of good-looking girls. They may all have sought the position with an honest desire to earn an honorable living; but the first man they are called to wait upon says some complimentary thing with a view to ingratiating himself in their good graces, and, as human nature is all more or less susceptible to flattery, the poor girl immediately swallows the compliment whole. When this has been repeated by a number of different ones, and a stranger is ushered in whose mind is preoccupied with business to such an extent as to make him oblivious to her presence, only as a necessary attendant, he rarely secures more than the limited attention her duties require. If landlords could devise some means to break up the custom the regular attendants persist in of saying soft nothings to every nice-looking girl they get, the girls would not fly away with a half-filled order from one to linger over a surfeited one close by. The girls have to be located but a short time before they have their favorites, and the business man who is not one of these stands but a meagre chance for a warm breakfast should he come late. We think the habit of trying to have a little side chat with every handsome servant-girl—by men of position and influence—a pernicious one. They would not acknowledge the acquaintance or treat the girl as an equal publicly before their wives or sweethearts; they realize the barrier society raises between them, at home and abroad, and yet they do not hesitate to say soft things and take little liberties they ought to be ashamed of whenever the opportunity presents itself. It not only spoils the girl for the position she would otherwise ably fill, but it gives her an importance in her own estimation she would in no other manner attain. There is nothing lost by being courteous and polite to all, yet men should know that there are just as good privates as officers in an army, but that it is only by preserving the distinction that discipline is maintained. A certain formality is necessary between officer and private, guest and attendant, and employer and employe.

A YOUNG GIRL'S LIFE BLIGHTED.

Two days ago we published brief mention of a sad tragedy that was enacted in the little village of Shade Gap, Huntingdon County, last Saturday. From *The Globe* of Huntingdon we get the following particulars: The perpetrator of this terrible murder was one of those plausible young fellows who are to be met with almost every day, in this or any other community. He was a youth of fine address, but a graduate in all that is bad, and when making up his mind to possess the daughter of Dr. Shade as his wife, he hesitated at no means to attain his end. She was a mere child when he persuaded her to elope from a good home, and the opposition of her parents only intensified the romantic notion conceived by the maiden that all the world had conspired against her happiness. It is a story as old as the hills around us, but still ever new and fresh. It was the settled conviction of a father and mother schooled in the mockery of sham, as against the foolish philosophy of a girl untutored in deceit and heartlessness, and who firmly believed in the protestations of a supposed ardent lover. The advice of natural protectors was considered as nothing in the scale, and the wind was sown which now reaps the bitter whirlwind's harvest. For over three years from the time the honeymoon ended the life of this poor girl must have been simply a living hell, for the paper referred to states that the picture of brutal treatment and abusive epithets, as shown by the evidence in court at the time she applied for a divorce, was of a nature too horrid to reproduce in print. In the meantime a child had been born to them, and, naturally, it might be supposed that it would be a link to bind them closely together, and that a mutual trust would cause them to forget past differences. Such was not to be the case, and a divorce was procured. After a brief separation they again met clandestinely, and a second time he persuaded her to elope, when a second marriage took place. The fruits of this reunion was a second babe, born only a short time ago, but the same differences had arisen, and his wife was compelled to return to the home of their parents. The husband threatened that he would murder her on sight, and it was thought best that she should visit the family of W. H. Woods, Esq., in Huntingdon, where her safety would be more assured. Finding himself foiled in his evident intention, the unfortunate man determined to wreak vengeance on the father of his wife, so on Saturday he went to the office of Dr. Shade at Shade Gap, and shortly afterwards a violent quarrel ensued. Resse, the son-in-law, struck the old man on the head with a billet of wood, and, after felling his victim to the floor, he coolly placed the muzzle of a revolver to the right eye of the almost insensible man. There was a flash and a report, and a bullet went through the doctor's brain.—*Pitsburg Dispatch*, Dec. 8.

DETERMINED ELOPERS.

Shortly before midnight on Monday, Framwellgate, Durham, was the scene of an exciting demonstration, arising out of an anticipated elopement of a couple of residents in that locality. It appears that some three months ago a constable in the city-police force deemed it necessary to sever his connection with that body, as well as with his wife, who has borne to him three children, and with whom he had lived in the higher part of Framwellgate. He got employment as a cartman, and took up his residence as a lodger with a widow, who owns a grocer's shop in Framwellgate. The man had agreed to allow his wife some 12s. per week, but the residents in the place were not satisfied with the position of affairs, and they gave the ex-constable and his landlady rather a "warm time" of it. Late on Monday night a rumor found currency that the cartman and his landlady meant to leave Durham by the mail train traveling southward at midnight. Accordingly, a muster in force was soon made in front of the widow's shop, the female portion of the community far outnumbering the representatives of the male sex, and most of them were armed with tin pans, pan-lids, or indeed anything capable of raising a noise, with which they proceeded to serenade the suspected pair, the Babel of sounds raised fairly beggaring description, and being calculated to strike terror to the boldest heart. The efforts of the police to restore order were unavailing, and the crowd remained collected in front of the woman's door until one o'clock yesterday morning, when they gradually dispersed, having so far frustrated the intended flight. At a later hour in the morning, however, it was found that the ex-policeman and his paramour had made the best use of the respite allowed them by the populace, having made a clean sweep from the house, and that they had left Durham by the 5.45 A. M. train en route for the South.—*Newcastle* (Eng.) *Chronicle*, Nov. 27.

A MINISTER ELOPES WITH A YOUNG GIRL.—A few days ago Grafton, W. Va., was thrown into considerable excitement by a rumor, which rapidly spread abroad, that the Rev. J. A. Kibbo, pastor of the M. E. Church in this place, had gone to the Centennial Exhibition with Miss Mary Wise, a young lady sixteen years of age, and a member of his congregation. The reverend gentleman has been here for about three years, and has a wife and three children. About twelve months ago it was noticed that he was on very familiar terms with Miss Wise, paying her marked attention at various festivals held in the church, and often walking with her through the streets. This conduct at last aroused the indignation of several of his parishioners, and they complained of it to the trustees of the church, by whom he was reprimanded, and admonished to act in a more clerical manner. This advice, however, was unheeded by him, and the trustees, although feeling that the discipline of the church ought to be exercised in his case, were averse to bringing the matter before the public, preferring rather to let him depart in peace when the term of his pastorate expired. On the evening of the 7th of November the lady in question and her brother purposed leaving for Philadelphia. The pastor was seen in the sitting-room of the Grafton Hotel, in company with Miss Wise, and it was supposed he was bidding her good-bye. But when she and her brother left by the cars he accompanied them, and sent a note to his wife, stating that he had been unexpectedly called to Washington, D. C. It now appears that, before the party left Grafton, Miss Wise arranged with her ministerial admirer that when she arrived in Philadelphia she would steal away from her brother and accompany him wherever he wished. But after getting there she refused to fulfill her promise. Kibbe was so determined in the matter that he acquainted her brother with her faithlessness, and asked him to intercede with her on his behalf—a modest request, which the young man refused. He then appeared to be seized with a fit of remorse, and, sitting down on "the ragged edge," wrote a letter to the trustees of the church, in which he stated that he was a ruined man, and would not again return to the scene of his pastoral labors and amatory practices. The presiding elder of the district was notified, and a council, consisting of himself and five members, was held, at which the foregoing facts were adduced, and the reverend gentleman was found guilty of the charges preferred against him. Much sympathy is expressed for his wife and family.—*Cor. Baltimore* (Md.) *American*.

JEALOUSY AND VITRIOL.—Mrs. Grace Clausen, a handsome young woman of less than twenty, was arraigned before Justice Smith, at the Essex Market Police Court, on complaint of Albert Clausen, her husband, aged twenty-one. As Albert told his story she looked at him with flashing eyes and compressed lips. It appeared upon investigation that the two had been married only some eight months, but that the wife had already suspected her husband of infidelity. About a month ago she unsuccessfully attempted suicide by a dose of Paris green. Last Monday night she followed him from their residence, No. 117 Canal street, until he was met by a young lady friend, with whom he stopped to talk. She rushed up at him, and dashed at his face the contents of a glass vessel she held concealed under her shawl. It proved to be vitriol. Albert dodged, as well as the young woman, and the stuff failed to strike them. Albert seized his wife, and, calling an officer, had her arrested. She admitted having cast the vitriol at him, and regretted that it failed to do what she designed it should—to disfigure him for life; but she disclaimed any intention to harm the young woman. His Honor tested the liquid on a 5-cent nickel and a copper penny. The result was the total obliteration of the figures on the coins. Judge Smith then gave the young wife a severe lecture, and sentenced her to the workhouse for one year, in default of $1,000 bail for her good behavior.—*N. Y. World*, Dec. 13.

AN ARISTOCRATIC SCANDAL.—The latest great sensation in London, Eng., was the hearing of a divorce suit, all the parties to which move in the most aristocratic circles. Dermot Robert Wyndam Burke, Earl of Mayo, son of the assassinated viceroy of India, is a lieutenant in the Grenadier Guards, has a handsome face, a very fine physique, and is only twenty-six years of age. He succeeded in alienating the affections of the wife of Lord De la Zouche four months after her marriage. The lady is a daughter of Lord Saltoun, and is also but twenty-six years old. In October of last year, after a quarrel about the young guardsman's attentions, Lady De la Zouche went out riding on horseback and never returned to her home. At the trial Mayo made no defense. Robert Nathaniel Cecil George Curzon, Baron De la Zouche, the injured husband, was born in July, 1851, and was therefore the same age as his rival. Decree *nisi*.

A SLANDERER PUNISHED.—Josephine Van Houten a handsome young lady about twenty-two years of age, brought a suit in the Superior Court for damages against James H. Travis, for slanderous words spoken by the latter, imputing unchastity to her. The case was called for trial before Judge Sedgwick yesterday, and the defendant failed to put in an appearance. A jury was impaneled, and the plaintiff told the story of the injury done her by the slanderous statements. Judge Sedgwick directed the jury to return a verdict awarding the plaintiff exemplary damages. The jury brought in a verdict for the plaintiff for $7,000 damages.—*N. Y. Times*, Dec. 21.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

GEO. E. CARPENTER.—We are prepared to go still deeper, on requisition.
JOHN GARDNER.—Thanks; the slips are of first-rate interest.
L. S. ATKINSON.—The information and contributions are very welcome; please supply solutions. The "blindfold" players depend on memory only in keeping track of their adversary's moves, and "carry everything in their heads."
C. B. COOK.—Right in Prob. and Enig. 1,044. Please put your end-game on diagram; then we shall make no mistake about it.
J. PARKINSON, Toronto.—Solution correct.

A HANDICAP TOURNEY of 64 entries is just started at the Cafe de la Regence, Paris, to secure practice and select champions for an international tournament in connection with the great Exposition preparing in Paris for 1878.

IT is confidently anticipated that the Hartford Chess Circle will speedily number 50 members.

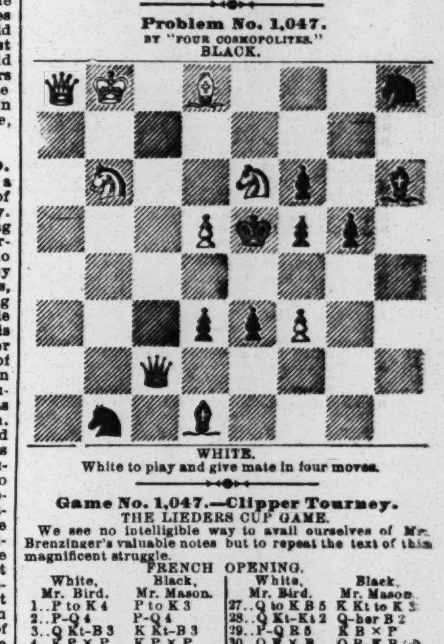
Enigma No. 1,047.

BY H. BARBE.

at his 4, her B 7, Q Kt 2, Q R 2:
at Q B 4, Q R 2, Q B 3, Q Kt 3, K 5.
White to play and give mate in three moves.

Problem No. 1,047.

BY "FOUR COSMOPOLITES."
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to play and give mate in four moves.

Game No. 1,047.—Clipper Tourney.

THE LIEDERS CUP GAME.

We see no intelligible way to avail ourselves of Mr. Brenzinger's valuable notes but to repeat the text of this magnificent struggle.

FRENCH OPENING.

White, Mr. Bird.	Black, Mr. Mason.	White, Mr. Bird.	Black, Mr. Mason.
1..P to K 4	P to K 3	27..Q to K B 5	K Kt to K 2
2..P-Q 4	P-Q 4	28..Q Kt-Kt 2	Q-her B 2
3..Q Kt-B 3	K Kt-B 3	29..P-Q B 5	K B × P
4..K P × P	K P × P	30..Q R × B	Q R-K B (d)
5..K Kt-B 3	K B-Q 3	31..Q R-his 6 (e)	Q R × Q
6..K B-Q 3	Castles	32..K P × R	K Kt-Q sq
7..Castles	P-K R 3	33..Q Kt-B 4	Q-Q B sq (f)
8..K R-K sq	Q Kt-B 3	34..Q Kt-Kt 6 (g)	K R-K sq
9..Q Kt-his 5 (a)	K B-Kt 5	35..K Kt × P (h)	Q-B 2 +
10..P-Q B 3	K B-R 4	36..K Kt-K 5	Q × B P
11..Q Kt-R 3	Q B-Kt 5	37..K R-K 3	Q-her 7
12..Q Kt-B 2	Q-her 2	38..K-Kt 6	Q × Q P (i)
13..P-Q Kt 4	K B-Kt 3	39..P-K B 6	Kt P × P
14..P-K R 3	Q B-R 4	40..Q R × P (k)	K Kt-K 3
15..Q Kt-K 3	K R-K sq	41..R-K Kt 3	Kt-Kt 4
16..P-Q Kt 5 (b)	Q Kt-K 2	42..K Kt-Kt 4	K-Kt 2
17..P-K Kt 4	Q B-Kt 3	43..Q Kt-B 4 (l)	Q-K 5 +
18..K Kt-K 5	Q-her B sq	44..K-his R 2	Kt-K R 2
19..P-Q R 4	P-Q B 3	45..Q Kt-R 5 +	K-R sq
20..Kt P × P	Kt P × P	46..Q R × R P	Q-her B 7
21..Q B-R 3	K Kt-K 5	47..Q Kt-B 6	K R-K 2
22..Q-her B 2	K Kt-Kt 4	48..K-Kt 2 (m)	P-Q 5
23..Q B × Kt	K R × B (c)	49..K Kt-K 5 (n)	Q-her B sq
24..K B × B	B P × B	50..Kt-Kt 6 +	K-Kt 2
25..Q × Kt 2d P	Kt × R P +	51..Kt × R, *dis* +, and Mr. Bird wins.	
26..K-his R 2	Kt-K B 5		

NOTES BY F. EUGENE BRENZINGER.

(*a*) At the first glance this appears a pretty fair move; but the correct reply proves it a loss of time.

(*b*) Very well played; gives him the better game.

(*c*) It strikes me very forcibly that Black might have won a Pawn by 23.. exchanging Bishops; for, if 24..Q × B, Kt × R P +; 25..K to R 2, Kt to B 5; 26..Q to B 5, Q × Q; 27..P × Q, R × B, etc.

(*d*) It appears to me that Black here missed his chance of getting the best of it by simply Q × R. Should White continue with 31..Kt × Q B P, Q to her B 2 +, with the exchange ahead; for I cannot see how White will recover in position what he has lost in force.

(*e*) Very ingenious! but undoubtedly his best play under the circumstances. By the sacrifice of Q he keeps up a very fierce attack.

[We not only quite concur with the committee in awarding "The Cup" to this game, but pronounce it a grand battle, one of the best that ever came within our observation in America. In this particular *coup* there is a subtlety of conception and a far-reaching daring not exceeded by the celebrated McDonnell sacrifice, and assuredly not equaled by the Morphy-Paulsen.—ED. CLIP.]

(*f*) Black struggles hard to relieve himself from his somewhat embarrassed position.

(*g*) How cunning! Frustrating all Black's intentions.

(*h*) This is surprisingly fine—taken in connection with the preceding series.

(*i*) Black's play is very careful indeed; great caution is required on both sides.

(*k*) [And all this in just two hours! This is the only game in the tourney, as far as we have seen, in which Mr. Bird played up (or down) to his time limit.—ED. CLIP.]

(*l*) These Kt's are handled in the most masterly manner. Everything signifies that a storm is approaching.

(*m*) The position is extremely critical and interesting: the storm is impending.

(*n*) And now it bursts! Bim! Can there be anything prettier than this? What a crash of thunder! The Queen starts for home at double quick; but, alas! too late. Immediately on her arrival another thunderbolt struck, and in trying to shield her monarch she herself must fall. The gallant and so much feared Kt, after razing her castle, hastens to her destruction—and this glorious battle is over.

CHEQUERS.

To Correspondents.

T. A. L.—When sending games, please to arrange them in conformity with THE CLIPPER'S formula, viz., Black to play first, and *in double columns*, with the *moves numbered*.
H. F. S.—1. Your letters reached us promptly. 2. For learners, get Sweet's "Elements of Draughts;" for advanced players, "Spayth's American Draught-player." The first will cost 50c., post-paid; the latter, $3. Ed. James will forward them.

LETTERS have been received from G. A. F. and J. L.

DRAUGHT-COLLECTORS having clippings of the chequers matter published in Volumes 12 and 13 of THE CLIPPER are referred to I. D. J. Sweet's advertisement in another column.

Game No. 40, Vol. 24.

Played between "Frank H." and Mr. C. Mattison Flemington, N. J.

IRREGULAR OPENING.

Black, "Frank H."		White, Mr. Mattison.		Black, "Frank H."		White, Mr. Mattison.	
1..11	to 15	22	to 17 (a)	16..1	to 6	22	to 18
2..8	11	17	14	17..6	10	21	17 (b)
3..9	18	23	14	18..11	16	18	15 (c)
4..10	17	21	14	19..20	24	27	11
5..4	8	24	19	20..7	16	14	17
6..15	24	28	19	21..2	27	32	23
7..11	16	26	23	22..16	20	23	18
8..8	11	31	26	23..20	24	18	14
9..16	20	25	21	24..24	27	19	15
10..6	9	29	25	25..27	31	15	11
11..9	18	23	14	26..31	26	11	8
12..11	16	25	22	27..26	22	17	13
13..16	23	26	19	28..22	17	14	10
14..7	11	30	26	29..12	16	Drawn.	
15..3	7	26	23				

NOTES BY ED.

(*a*) "The American Draught-player" also gives 21 to 17, 24 to 20, or 23 to 19, in place of 22 to 17, with a draw in each case.
(*b*) The situation is pretty.
(*c*) 32 to 28 appears tempting here, but we have failed to find a win by such method.

Solution of Position No. 39, Vol. 24.

BY MR. H. D. LYMAN.

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..28	to 24	7	to 10 (a.b.c.)	4..15	to 18	22	to 15
2..24	19	10	1	5..19	17	1	6
3..23	26	31	22	Black wins.			
(a)							
1..		7	2	4..15	18	22	15
2..24	19	2	9	5..19	17		
3..23	26	31	22	Black wins.			
(b)							
1..		14	10	6..3	8	6	10
2..24	19	10	1	7..8	11	10	14
3..23	26	31	22	8..11	15	14	17
4..15	18	22	15	9..15	10		
5..19	3	1	6	Black wins first position.			
(c)							
1..		7	11	5..19	16	22	18
2..23	27	11	18	6..16	11	18	23
3..24	28	31	24	7..11	7	23	18 (d)
4..28	19	18	22	8..6	10	Blacks wins.	
(d)							
7..		22	17	9..6	9	Black wins.	
8..7	3	17	21				

Solution of Enigma No. 39, Vol. 24.

BY "NO NAME."

Black.		White.		Black.		White.	
1..4	to 8	16	to 7	8..28	to 32	16	to 19
2..22	26	31	15*	9..32	27	11	8
3..8	3	29	22	10..27	24	8	4
4..1	6	10	1	11..24	19	4	8
5..3	10	27	23	12..19	16	8	3
6..20	24	23	19	13..16	11	Black wins.	
7..24	28	19	16				

* Or 29 to 22.

Enigma No. 40, Vol. 24.

BY "J. D. A." OF CHICAGO.
A "FANCY SKETCH."
Black men on 9, 12, 14 and 16.
Black kings on 19, 21, 23, and 24.
White men on 9, 10, 11, 15 and 18.
White kings on 1, 3 and 5.
White to move and win.

Position No. 40, Vol. 24.

BY MR. T. M. REDD.
END-GAME.
BLACK.

WHITE.
White to move and win.

THEATRICAL RECORD.

Movements, Business, and Incidents of the Theatrical, Circus, Musical and Minstrel Professions.

THE CLIPPER POST-OFFICE.

☞ A STAMPED ENVELOPE, plainly addressed, must be inclosed for each and every letter, and the line of business followed by the party addressed should be given, in order to prevent mistakes.

NOTE.—Professionals and others should bear in mind that, by a late change in the postal laws, all letters, etc., in transit between the United States and Canadas, *must be prepaid*, otherwise they are not forwarded.

Letters received for week ending 5 P.M., MONDAY, Dec. 25.

LADIES' LIST.

Archer, Lottie
Arnold, Grace
Arnold, Ella
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia A.
Bateman, Alice
Bartello, Miss Carrie
Bertha, Mlle.
Beaumont, Stella
Blaisdell, Mrs. Julia Peak
Blande, Edith
Blondell, Ella
Claire, Maggie (of "Tony" Past. Co. (2)
Clark, Minnie
Claire Sisters
Cawthorne, Mrs.
Cushing, Bella (2)
Collins, Mrs. Kate
Camarra, Marie
Durand, Kittie
Dunham, Mrs Christie
De Yon, Adele
Durant, Miss (of Soldene's Co.)
Davenport, Fannie (vocalist)
Ellis, Hattie (with train. dogs)
Etta, Mlle. (contortionist) 9c.
Esmond, Ella (vocalist)
Exod, Hazel
Ellison, Mrs. N.
Frall, Grace
Francis, Lu-lu (late of Detroit)
Farrell, Minnie (2)
Geraldine, Mad.
Gregory, Mary A.
Gaugain, Marie
Gleason, Alice
Harrison Sisters
Harding, Carrie
Harland, Rose
Harrison, Miss H. H.
Hall, Annie (vocalist)
Irwin Sisters
Johnson, Frankie
Kendall, Mrs. H. A.
Lindsay, Jennie
La Verde, Kittie
Le Clair, Mrs. "Shed"
Laurent, Edna
Loftus, Miss S.
Lewis, Pauline (of M. Morgan's Co.)
Le Clair, Mattie
Lubin, Vivian
Lang, Ione
La Point, Lottie
Lawrence, Ada
McAllister, Phosa
McCabe, Maggie
Macarte, Madam
May, Alice
Mitchell, Maggie
Mayo, Ella (vocalist)
Myers, Mrs. F. W.
Montague, Anna (of Ger. Op. Co.)
McCabe, Miss
Meskill, Jennie
Newton, Ada (of Kinlan's Co.)
Neoskaleta, Miss (2)
Pezzuolo, Mlle. J.
Peters, Mrs. (with "N.Y. Serenad.")
Powers, Edith
Richards, Belle 6c.
Ransom, Alice
Robeson, Erba
Russell, Blanche (trapezist)
Rosa, Lydia
Rosenburg, Bettie 3c.
Rinehart, Mrs. "Sam"
Simpson, Mrs. Ellise
Sarony, Nellie late of Baltimore)
St. Clair Sisters
Stowe, Emma (of Stevens' Co.)
Selgros, Marie
Saunders, Julia
Scott, La Mira
Stoneall, Mrs. Clara
Stoddart, May
Saunderson, Irene
Savory, Ida
Stanhope, Adeline
Sutherland, Agnes
Selwyn, Blanche
Swinburne, Marie
Sanborn, Ada
Sackett, Marian (actress)
Turner, Jennie
Vern, Emma (vocalist)
Wilson, Mollie 4c
Washburn, Kittie
Whiffin, Mrs.
Wade, Jennie

GENTLEMEN'S LIST.

Allyne's Gift Show
Arizona, Chas.
Allen, W. W.
Allen & Earle
Allison, Douglas
Allyne, E. T. J.
Ala, —(gymnast)(2)
Atchison, "Lonnie" D.
Butler, C. W.
Bassett, C. M.
Blanchard, Harry
Benney, Frank
Bown, W. P.
Bernel Brothers
Birch, F. L.
Brown, H. (late of Golden's Co.)
Barnes, J. (late of Wood's Museum)
Burnett, "Alf"
Blodgett, "Wash"
Baermann, Harry
Batchellor, Wm. H. 3c.
Bush, I. T.
Bucklin, "Johnny"
Brown, J. (of Kendall's Co.)
Brant, Luke (2)
Barr, Geo. (musician)
Barrett, Lawrence
Blair, "Billy"
Barnabee Concert Co.
Ball, Gust. W.
Buckley, M. (circus "biz")
Brown, C. (of J. A. Stevens' Co.)
Boring, F. C.
Burke, John
Barnum, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Braham, Harry & Lizzie
Collins, Frank
Carter, "Lew"
Chapman, Frank M. (2)
Converse, Frank B.
Carrillo, Ramon
Cummings, "Billy" (song-and-dance)
Cooper, C. F.
Carle, F. C. (2)
Castle, Chas. (circus "biz")
Cole, W. W.
Cromwell, Mart
Colvin, E. D.
Clifford, Thos. (gymnast)
Cody, Hon. W. F. (2)
Carroll, W. (of M. Morgan's Co.)
Carner, J. W.
Colwell, Jr., M.
Cenette, Sig.
Carroll, W. (with Minco)
Clark, Jos. P.
Cowles, T. G
Campbell, "Mart"
Conway & Mack
Campbell, Wm.
Cooper, W. S.
Cooke, "Joe" H.
Couldock, C. W.
Callender's Minst., Agent
Cooke, J. (pres. "E. B. A.")
Codona, Harry
Chiriski, Martini
Dixon, H. (of Kellogg Op. Co.)
Davis, C. L.
Dunbar, Mr.
Dealbricket, A. A.
Devlin, "Dick" (late of Louisville, Ky.)
Dowling, J. J.
D'Ormer, "Ned"
Davis, H. (of Howe's Cir.)
Durand, A. P. (gymnast)
Derby, H. W.
Dyson, J. C.
Danneman, F.
De Meza, G. W.
Dearborn, J. W.
Delanie, Chas.
Denier, John
Daly Brothers
Dickinson, H. A.
Eagan, J. R. (of Howe's Cir.)
Edwards, "Matt"
Edgerly, L. S.
Eunice, Wm.
Fairman, J. H.
Farrell, Sanford S.
Fleming, W. J.
Fuller, C. W. (circus "biz")
Foster & Dudley
Frost, Hyatt
French, S. C. (musician)
Fisher, Wm.
Farmer, Mr. (of Benedict's Minst.)
Farrell, John
Foley, T. (circus "biz")
Freeman, Edward
Frawley, H. O.
Filkins, A. (of Emerson's Minst.)
Fernet, Didian
Foster, Hernandez
Farren, R. P.
Fleury, Fernando
French, Edwin
Frink, C. A.
Furbish, Chas.
Faustin, M.
Franckum, Geo. W.
Farley, S. (of E. Leland's Co.)
Foster, W. C.
Graham, Thos. G.
Grant, W. F.
Gaylord, R. (of Gaylord & Gooday)
Garnella, "Bob"
Goss & Fox
Gale, Walter
Gaylord, "Low" (2)
Green, James
Glidden, Chas.
Gilday, C. (song-and-dance)
Gittello, Mr.
Greys, B. S.
Gardner, Chas. R.
Giesey, H. (agent)
Garrison, Chas.
Giddens, Geo. 5c.
Grays, Chas. S.
Goldsmith, D. (circus "biz")
Galliger, J. (of Owen's Co.)
Greenwood, "Gus"
Graham, Mr. (with MacEvoy)
Gunn, W. (with "Color Guard" Co)
Hamilton, Theodore
Hagar, Wm. D. 4c.
Holcombe, Chas. J.
Holly, James
Hagan, Jas. F.
Hardie, J. M.
Holmes, Harry (Dutch "biz")
Hurt, H. H.
Howard, Bronson
Howard, G. W.
Hobson, Frank
Harris, D. J.
Haynes, M. R.
Heindle, Alex.
Hazzard, A.
Harris, G. (of Georgia Minst.)
Howe, Mr. (late of Philadelphia)
Homan, G. W.
Hammond, J. (of Bower's Com. Co.)
Harrison, Eugene
Height, R.
Henry, Hi
Height, Fred.
Hooper, Geo. W.
Harrington & McGloin
Heeney, E. (of Thomas & Heeney)
Herbert, E. (female-imperson.)
Height, "Bob"
Irving, J. E.
Jones, James
Jordan, James
Jenks, Harry
Johnson, J. (of John. & Bruno)
Jones, Arnold
Junod, Chas. F.
Kent, Julian H.
Kennedy, Mr. (of Cole's Cir.)
Kidder, C. W.
Kelly, J. (of Howe's Cir.)
Kethum G. F.
Keene, Edwin
Kearney & Moran
King or Mons. Henri De King, H. C
Kennedy, H. (ventriloquist)
Little, Chas. (2)
Leavitt, M. B. (3)
Lanning, "Billy"
Leslie, R. (vocalist)
Lee, J. H. (of Adams & Lee)
Lawton, "Alf" (2)
Lilly, Theo. (tumbler)
Luke, "Dan"
Lebman, W. (of Wallace Sist. Co.)
Levy, Mr. (concert "biz")
Laurens, M. B
Leham, A.
Ludovic, Prof.
Lent, C. M.
Lawson, Frank
Lant, J. (of furbish's Co.)
Levy, Mr. (musician)
Lambert, "Clay"
Lawler, W. F.
Lawrence, "Nick" (acrobat)
Leverne, E. (song-and-dance)
Murray, Thos. (Irish "biz")
Murray, Jno. (of Murray's Cir.)
Mowry, "Nell" (3)
Morrissey & Emerson
McDonald, Geo. (of Wagner's Minst.)
"Manager" (3)
Montague, Harry 9c.
Maginley, Benj.
Maryon, Theophilus
Moore, Horace C.
Mortimer, Geo. A. (2)
Moore, "Eddie"
Morton, C. H. (of Daly's 5th Av. Co.)
Monre. W. (of Forepaugh's Cir.)
Matthews, C. C.
Moulton, Jas. G.
Morgan's Combination
Margenstein, Wm. 3c.
Morris, Geo. O.
Morosco Family
Moore, Watson W.
McCracken, "Billy"
Morgan, "Matt"
McDonough, J. E.
McDowell, E. A.
Miner, H. E.
Macauley, B.
Melville, Chas.
Mosley, W. H.
Maya, Lorenzo
Montford, Frank
Miron, A.
MacEvoy, W. S. (of "Buffalo Bill" Co)
"Manager Dramatic"
Mooney, J. (dealer in snakes, etc.)
Martinetti, E. H.
Mack, "Joe" (comed.)
Morosco, "Dick"
Morton, C. R. or C. K.
McWade, Robt.
Marble, Wm.
Melville, W. T.
Murray, J. H.
Mendel, H. (Dutch "biz") 6c.
McGill, Wm.
Norton, John S.
Neary, James
Newman, N. L.
Norton, "Wash"
Nichol's, H. (of Barnum's Cir.)
O'Reardon, Prof. M. (2)
Otis, F. W.
O'Brien, Jno. (cloggist)
O'Hara, P. M. or P. W.
Olinini, Sig. G.
O'Keane, W. R.
Oliver, Jos. H.
Odle, C. B.
O'Neill, J. H.
Operti, Sig. G.
O'Neil, Barry
Odell, "Willie"
Orrin Brothers
Oliver, S. (p. o. m. London, Eng.)
Powell, Ed.
Phillippy, Albert S.
Parker, "Lew" 18c.
Pholte, Chas. E.
Peyser, "Dave"
Ptouly, "Dolph"
Price, M. M.
Primrose, Geo. H.
Potter, C. A.
Pholte, Jno. W. (2)
Pholte, Jos.
Parsons, Harry
Prentice, Chas.
Patterson, W. H.
Poell, Thos.
Pollock, A. J. A.
Pritchard, Robt.
Queen, Montgomery (2)
Quinn, M. F.
Rivers, R. R. (equestrian)
Ready, J. H.
Rogers, J. H.
Robbins, "Burr"
Richardson, Col. D. (agent)
Richards, G. (late of Deagle's)
Rice, "Dan" (circus "biz")
Rankin, McKee
Rowe, G. F.
Rowe, C. C.
Robinson, H. (of Robin. Minst.)
Robinson, G. (of Robin. Minst.)
Roe, Harry W. (2)
Reynord, S. (of Leavitt's B. R.)
Sullivan, J. J
Smith, "Doc" W. H. (agent)
Stanley, W. H. (vocalist)
Shaffer, C. H.
Sanyeah, Saml.
Sleeper, Col. "Hal" (2)
Schneider, W. H.
Smith, E. P. (of Haverly's Minst.) 3c.
Sinclair, Harry
Stowe, "Will"
Soutelle & Brearde
Showles, J. J.
Sulart Bros.
Slater, Wm. (musician)
Spears, And.
Spence, J. W.
Smith, Thos.
Stuart, W. H. (of Van Am. Cir. (2)
Stone, H. F. (manager)
Strong, D. A.
Stiles, Arthur
Smith, N. B.
Sutherland, Ed.
Showles, W. (of Castello's Cir.)
Shandley, J. J.
Shelley, Wm. (agent)
Studley, S. L.
Smith, Jno. G.
Slavin, "Bob"
Sully, "Dan"
Smith & Fox
Spriggs, Harry
Seeley, Charlie 6c.
Somers, Thos. E.
Snow, Benj. M.
Sanford, "Sam" S.
Thomson, "Den" 5c.
Thornton, Chas.
Thompson, W. J. (of Queen's Cir.)
Turner, W. C.
Trugler, Fred.
Trastowe, Eug. 10c.
Taylor, Jas. ("comique") 11c.
Treiber, J. (of Rice's Cir.)
Teets, A. (leader)
Tearney & Moran
Taylor, Green & Taylor
Tijoda, Manuel
Tullock, Levi J.
Vere, Geo. W. (4)
Wealyn & Casey
Williams, Geo. (late of Carton's)
Wiggins, F. (magician)
Wood, Geo.
Watsen, S. (equestrian)
Wharfe, Harry
Weston, "Sam" (banjo "biz")
Wilson, Geo. E. (manager)
Willing Bros. "Calif. Quartet")
Western, H. (of West. & Walling)
Wilbor & Read
Whitcombe, J. harpist)
Watson, Fred.
White, "Archie"
Wilcox, L. M.
White, "Judd" R.
Witherbee, L.
Wright, H. G.
Walters, Claude
Weiss, Otto
White, Master "Willie"
Wondona, S.
Washburn, E. S.
Wenban, E. D.
Washburn, "Tony"
Woods, Harry

THERE ARE LETTERS in the Detroit Mich.) Post-office for W. P. Sessin, agent; Lillie Robertson, of "Matt" Morgan's Co.; and F. L. Martyn and F. Mac Evoy of "Around The World" Co.

INTRODUCTORY OVERTURE.

MONDAY, Dec. 25, '76.

Permit us to wish you all a very Merry Christmas, with a sincere hope that the same merriment may remain and abide with you until a close connection is made with the happiness which we trust is in store for you with the incoming of the New Year. Maybe you imagine that *we* are having a high old time to-day; that we are boiling over with undiluted fun; that we are cramming ourselves with roast-turkey, mince-pie, and all the appurtenances thereunto belonging; that we are unloading the brand-new stockings we hung up in our sanctum last night; and that not a living soul is possessed of a tithe of the joy we feel, of the delights that surround us, and of the self love and gratification and glorification which hedge us in and about on this blessed Christmas morning, when the breasts of mankind feel a throb in behalf of the poor and suffering, when peace on earth should be our guiding rule, and when those who have plenty of the world's goods should make glad the homes and hearts of those who have not. Well, you are wrong, and, so far as *we* are concerned, this rosy picture is a fell delusion. We are hard at work to-day, and there is a bitterness in our soul that is born of sin as we listen to the merry shouts of the throngs without as they prance along in the consciousness of sweet peace and the blissful anticipations of a savory dinner. We shall not only be bereft of our roast-turkey and things, but not even a cold lunch will be permitted to pass the portals of our thorax until night's shadowy mantle clothes the earth in gloom, or pale Luna plates the streets of the metropolis with a silvery sheen! The empty stockings that hung guard over the chimney-place during the weary vigils of the night are hanging there still, as barren of results as the armless sleeve of an armless soldier. A sort of sadness steals over us as we contemplate the stripes, without the stars, of those Santa Clausless stockings; and our thoughts go back to the long, long ago, when the well-stuffed hose greeted our eyes ere yet the ruddy gleam of day had lighted up the mountain tops, when the matutinal meal remained untouched, and when the great heart of a mother enjoyed the joy of the child, and the outstretched arms of the guardian of our youthful days folded us in a loving embrace! Gosh! We hadn't a single care then; that good old mother assumed every one, shut out the dark side of humanity, and only permitted God's beautiful sunshine to gild the head and heart of her offspring. Ah! those were "the halcyon days of youth," never to be renewed, never to be rekindled; but fading, still fading, with each receding year; yet never to be forgotten, never to be lost sight of on this side of the beautiful river that divides Time and Eternity! Yes; the stockings are empty! *Why* are they empty? Why has the good old Santa Claus passed them by? It wasn't his way of doing things in the olden times. Perhaps somebody has "given us away," as it were; ruled us out on an unfair count, as it might be; yes, bulldosed us, in a manner speaking. Perhaps it may be owing to the absence of that other who so carefully watched over us when life was young, and who so thoughtfully ministered to our every want, to our every pleasure. [Jimmy, you'll get no roast turkey to-day, now mind that. You think there ought to be *other* modes of exit from this building, do you? If your fellow-boarders are not famished, your share of the poultry will keep till to-morrow. You don't care for Christmas dinner when Christmas is *over*? You ought to be glad that you are to have turkey at *any* time. See the want and misery around you. You don't *want* any misery around you? Think of the hundreds of uncared-for prisoners over there in the Tombs to-day. "Why, they're better off than *I* am. The Warden is givin' 'em a reg'lar set out to-day, a jam-up Christmas dinner—roast-turkey stuffed at both ends; gibett sauce; salary; temattersea; cramberries; dux; mince-pie; plum bo'; he's jist given 'em *everything*, and nuthin' to pay; while here we are, without nuthin'—not even a plate of cold pork-and-beans. I wish *I* was one of 'em over there to-day—I feel half-starved a-ready." James, this spirit of discontent is calculated to breed discord in the office; it promises worse results than two Presidents, and you surprise us. Mrs. Calhosey will not forget you. "It's not *her* I'm afeard of, it's the hungry *boarders;* some of 'em haint eat nuthin' for three days, jist so as to be prepared for Christmas dinner. I kin git through in half a hour, and be riper for work when I've talked turkey up there." Jimmy you'll get a quarter of a day off to-morrow. "There'll be nuthin' *left* to-morrer! Call this a *free* country when a boy has to work a Christmas without nuthin' to eat." Here, you compositors, don't be running off. There's lots of copy. Stick to it. Every man'll get a quarter of a day to-morrow. Jimmy, where did we leave off when you so ruthlessly broke in upon our tenderest thoughts? "It was jist when I was about to break in upon a tenderer turkey, and you was a-talkin' about the do-nuts and merlasses-candy yer sainted mother used to make yer on Christmas, instead of makin' yer work, as *I* have to do." O yes.] But the tender ties that bound us together in the years that have flown have been severed, and ——["Poor woman wants to know if you've got any cold wittles to give her." Tell her we haven't got *any* victuals. "She says if yer hain't no wittles, have yer ary a cent about yer." *No;* drive her away, and get to your work.] The greatest of all these is Charity—dove-eyed Charity, with open hand and open heart, feeling for others' woes and others' sufferings ——[Head 'em off, Jimmy; tell the janitor to lock the front door, and *keep* it locked. Why, we'll never get out the paper, at this rate. Look at that last folio, and see where we left off. "Duvide Charity a-feelin' for uthers' suffrin."] But, alas! the tide of Time is rolling on; years are passing away; and as we look out upon the dead past, and cast our eyes in "the dim vista of the future"—["They're a-singin' out for more copy." Rush this up; quick! "If *I* was you I'd git at sumthin' else that you kin write quicker. Christmas is plade." So be it, Jimmy.]......The past week has been disastrous to theatricals everywhere; the only redeeming feature hereaway being the combination benefit given in behalf of the sufferers by the Brooklyn Theatre calamity, when some thirteen thousand dollars were realized, our noble army of policemen selling nearly twelve thousand dollars' worth of tickets. All honor to our guardians of the peace; let due credit be given to those whose good deeds are seldom brought to the notice of the public, but whose errors are always blazoned to the world. Thanks are due, as well, to the various companies who gave their services in behalf of charity—to the many individual performers who so characteristically stepped forward to aid a worthy object, and that, too, at a time when their own exchequer was not crowded to repletion. And to the managers who gave the use of their houses let praise be awarded. It was a grand rally along the whole metropolitan line, and its success is the more wonderful because the times are sadly out of joint, and general depression rules the hour...... They say that Carl Ross, who added to his violinic reputation by becoming the husband of Parepa the songstress, is about to take unto himself *another* wife. But between ourselves, dear readers, this is *sub* Rosa!..... All prose and no poetry makes Jack a dull boyetry. Hence this divergence. Miss Monte Ransom of the Stevens Combination (unlike Mary with her little lamb) had a little dog, and "Captain" was its name; he was a pet dog; but she lost him—he swam out, as it might be, passed to the other shore, and in memory of the lost one, as well as in sympathy with the bereaved survivor, the appended epitaph was penned:

REQUIESCAT (OR DOG).

A "*Captain*" gay has passed away, courageous and devoted;
Let's trust that in the canine world in rank he is *promoted.*
We miss his gentlemanly bark; he's gone, we know not whither;
It was the *game of Monte* to always have him with her.
His every movement full of grace, his every feature handsome.
We could not get him back again, not even for a *Ransom!*
The way she loved that *black and tan* was really most surprising,
And now her clouds of trouble lower *black and tan*-talizing!
We hope that she will not give way to grief and deep dejection,
But on *some other puppy* place the gift of her affection.

......See here! We want to tell you something—they say that *Sankey* has lost his voice. That will make his partner more *Moody* than ever......We need your advice on this subject: Would it be right to call a man a *musical conductor* who *sings out*, on the horse cars, the names of the streets? Would it?.......This Centennial year has done wonders; every day develops something new. Among our advertisements this week is one concerning a *four-legged girl!* And here we might quietly remark to ballet-masters that the price of one pair of legs can be saved by the engagement of this many-limbed creature. Nobody knows about it yet. Go early......And here we may be pardoned for remarking that in spectacles, at least, *limbs are "drawers!"* Why, even Henry Beecher admits that "The Black Crook," with its dancers, *draws* better than Shakespeare, "vich nobody can deny."......Niblo's is to undergo another spasm, this time with a live spectacle, under a live management. "Azurine," fresh from the Alhambra, Philadelphia, is to be the great attraction. To the energetic brothers Kiralfy we would say: *As you reign*, so may you prosper. No cards. This management is all head; the last one was all the other way.......And, by-the-bye, this reminds us that "Baba," now that it is played out, is deserving of a few lines:

IN MEMORIAM.

"*Ba ba* black sheep," houses running full,
But far too many shearers at work upon the wool;
When they came to settle, the people in the piece
Found to their amazement a kind of "Golden *Fleece*."
Many of the partners, anything but wise,
Used up all the "wool" to pull it o'er each other's eyes.

.......Been pretty cold, hasn't it? Upsets Christmas a bit, doesn't it? We've been thinking it over, and we have come to the conclusion that it would be well for Congress to appoint a committee to change the Constitution of the United States, so as to have Christmas fall on 4th of July and 4th of July in December; for, by doing this, the warm weather would help to thaw out the hard hearts of the uncharitable, while the fireworks would make it warm enough for 4th of July in Winter. On this we move the previous question......The Parisian Varieties is always ahead, for, no matter how much money other establishments may have in the treasury, the Criterion has "One More Dollar." This we get from the treasurer, and treasurer's *never* make false returns. Political Returning Boards would do well to emulate this bright and shining example......A member of the Templeton Troupe writes that he was surprised to learn that *"Fay"-et-Welsh-rare-bits!* Well, what of that? Just you go over to Brooklyn, and you'll hear *Fayette Welsh rare bits*, and enjoy 'em too, at Hooley's Minstrels......They call Egyptian Hall, way uptown, the "Home of Mystery." We beg to remark that at the Tombs, down our way, they make an Egyptian haul every morning, and there's where the *real* home of mystery is. All rights reserved.......We would kindly suggest that the new play of "Miss Multon" be changed, now that business has *dropped off* so. *Moulton* would be more appropriate......Our benighted readers must not imagine, because they see "only Leon" on the bills of Kelly & Leon's Minstrels, that he is the *only* performer. Oh no; the company, like a lively nip in Winter, is "good and strong," and they give one of the most enjoyable entertainments ever offered by a troupe of sable harmonists. You can buy pools on this, and the pools won't be declared "off!"......In these joyful holiday times, we are not surprised to hear the happy father sing: *"There's Music in the Heir!"* ...... Jarrett & Palmer of Booth's Theatre are ever alive to the exigencies of the times, and this week they intend to *strike while the iron's hot*, by bringing before the public "Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith." This is better than Daniel in the lion's den, albeit the beasts made it pretty hot for *him*......Col. Sinn is all alive, and he manages to put the right man in the right place. At his Olympic, for the holidays, the Carrolls are among his offerings, and at this particular juncture we may very properly call them the *Christmas Carroll's!*......And talking about *cold* weather, up in the Bowery, somewhere *this* side of Hell Gate, they've got the "Infernal Regions"...... And so, we conclude by again wishing you all a MERRY CHRISTMAS.

CITY SUMMARY.

"THE BLACK CROOK" was revived at the Grand Opera-house Dec. 18, and was presented with the following cast:

Rudolphe	Mark Bates
Hertzog	E. J. Mack
Greppo	L. Harrison
Count Wolfenstein	Shirley France
Von Puffengruntz	Hudson Liston
Dragonfin	J. C. Franklin
Zamiel	Geo. Morris
Wolfgar	H. Victor
Bruno	J. P. Carr
Skuldawhelp	H. D. Fisher
Stieklebach	H. D. Emon
Amina	Miss Phosa McAllister
Dame Barbara	Miss G. Howard
Stalacta	Miss Lulu Jordan
Carline	Miss Therese Wood
Rosetta	Miss Ida Lee

Considerable scenery had been freshly painted for it, and the mounting may be considered respectable. As it is probably the intention of the management to run it only during the holiday season, or for a short time thereafter, they did not feel justified in giving it that gorgeous clothing with which it has been clad during its previous revivals in this city. The acting as a whole was satisfactory; and as our readers are so familiar with the spectacle it is not necessary to review the efforts of each individual. Exception may be made, however, in favor of L. Harrison, a young man whom we do not remember having seen before upon the local stage. He played Greppo very well, and gives much promise of future excellence. The ballet, although small, was good; and the premieres were Miles. Morlacchi, Cora Adriana and L. Antonino, all well-known and accomplished dancers. Mlle. Morlacchi's dancing of "The Carnival of Venice" was the gem of the entertainment. In the third act the Sawyer Family—four ladies and two gentlemen—attired in Scotch costumes, played musical selections on silver bells, which gained for them several recalls. Kynock and Smith displayed their skill in using parlor-skates; Crossley and Elder gave Caledonian field-sports; and L. Harrison and Therese Wood gave songs-and-dances, which made a pronounced hit. They were rapturously applauded and recalled numerous times, and it seemed as though the spectators would never weary of listening to them. They both sing and dance well, and their success was in every way deserved. An illuminated fountain was displayed, and the various colors thrown on the waters seemed to afford pleasure to the spectators. The transformation scene at the end of the spectacle was quite effective.

THE ATTENDANCE at all of our places of amusement was comparatively light the past week. In addition to the causes stated in our past issue for such a condition of affairs, we have now to add excellent sleighing, skating and the attention of heads of families being drawn to the purchase of Christmas-gifts for relatives and friends.

THE TROUBLES AT NIBLO'S GARDEN.—Judge Davis, in Supreme Court Chambers Dec. 19, granted an attachment against Charles E. Arnold, Charles B. Stoughton and John McCool, late managers of Niblo's Garden, in a suit brought by the proprietors of *The Sun* to recover $169.25 due for advertising.

THE STUART SISTERS, J. H. Jeffries, Neil Burgess, Harry Thorne, Delehanty and Hengler, and Cheevers and Kennedy appeared in Tony Pastor's New Theatre Dec. 18. Alice Stuart was seen in songs-and-dances, and later in the evening, with her sister Mattie, gave musical sketches in character, with rapid changes of costume, and winding up with a lively double-clog dance. Their performances met with a fair degree of favor. J. H. Jeffries gave some commendable contortion feats, and later in the programme some excellent equilibristic performances on pyramids formed of large glass decanters, partially filled with liquids of various hues. Neil Burgess and Harry Thorne appeared in an adaptation of the farce entitled "The Quiet Family," acted under the title of "The Coming Woman," and also in the pantomime of "Robert Macaire." Mr. Burgess in the first-named piece acted the character of Mrs. Mary Rogers, a strong-minded lady, quite successfully. His make-up was so good that the audience were completely deceived as to his sex until he spoke; and even then the illusion was not completely dispelled, as he succeeded in imitating the tones of the female voice quite closely. Harry Thorne gave a good impersonation of the henpecked husband, Barnaby Rogers. In the pantomime Mr. Thorne as Jacques Strop was afforded larger scope for the display of his abilities, and he met with pronounced success. Mr. Burgess proved quite entertaining as Pierre, a waiter. Delehanty and Hengler, who were seen in this city together for the first time since their separation, about a year ago, met with a fervid reception, and during their performances they were frequently greeted with lavish applause. They first gave a song-and-dance entitled "I Hope I Don't Intrude;" then a duet upon the bones, introducing imitations; afterwards burlesque vocalisms, and concluding with an imitation of two song-and-dance men making their first appearance in public. They undoubtedly occupy a foremost rank in their line of business. Cheevers and Kennedy, who made their first appearance upon the variety stage in this country (having previously performed here with minstrel troupes, and having made their first venture in the variety profession while in England), met with pronounced success. They gave songs-and-dances in male and female character respectively, and by rapid changes of entire costume and make-up they were enabled to appear first as Germans, next as Irish, and lastly as negroes. These characters were well defined, and totally distinct from one another. They sing well, are agile dancers, and their grotesque business kept the audience well amused. They are an acquisition to the variety stage, and are attractive cards. The programme also included the Wilkinson Brothers in Irish songs-and-dances; numerous songs by Tony Pastor, which were an entertaining feature; Kelly and Ryan in "sensational changes;" and the sketch of "Physical Exercise," with Charles Worley and Frank Girard in the chief characters.

AT THE OLYMPIC THEATRE the newcomers Dec. 18 were Clifton and Forepaugh, Charles Harris and Lotta Gray, the National Ballet Troupe, and Lotta Brown. Clifton and Forepaugh did a clever horizontal-bar act, during which Mr. Clifton turned a double-back somersault, eliciting much applause. Charles Harris and Lotta Gray, who recently arrived from California, gave burlesque character-changes, presenting "The Dashing Belle," and then giving a Dutch version of the same. "Awfully Clever" received like treatment; and then they sang "New York Toughs" and "Schneider's Musketeers." Their entertainment met with favor. The National Ballet Troupe, led by Bettie Remmelsburg and composed of ladies whose faces are familiar to the New York public, did some commendable dancing in a ballet arranged by Louis Marwig and entitled "The Harlequin's Revel." Lotta Brown in singing seriocomic songs secured the favor of the audience. The other attractions were character-songs by Wm. Scanlon; the Big Four in a new quadruple song-and-dance, written for them by Gus Williams, and entitled "The Buzzing Bees," which proved quite entertaining; songs by Rosa Lee; songs-and-dances by John Hegan; Scanlon and Cronin in their well-known act called "Life in a Tenement-house;" feats of magic by Robert Nickle; and the sketches of "Who Wrote Shakespeare?" and "The Live Indian," introducing Sam Devere, G. H. Waite, C. Allison, H. C. Earle, A. Bellamy and Maggie Winchester.

FIREPROOF SCENERY.—An exhibition was given in Wallack's Theatre on the afternoon of Wednesday, Dec. 20, of fire-proof scenery, and the process of preparing it was explained. An attempt was made to fire a scene which had been prepared with a solution of tungstate of soda, and primed with a solution of silicate of soda. The scene was suspended over the centre of the stage, and a flame equal to the force of 150 gas-jets used on the stage, and about five feet long and about eighteen inches in diameter, was directed against the canvas, and held there for some two minutes. The canvas did not blaze or smoke; but portions upon which the gas-flame had been directed broke and fell to the stage and crumbled into ashes. Experiments were subsequently made upon other portions of the canvas with a like result. A coil of rope prepared in the same manner was subjected to the flame, which had little or no effect upon it. The solution of tungstate of soda can be applied to wood-work so as to render it partially fireproof. The ingredients are easy to obtain, and are not of high price, and it is thought that the entire scenery of a theatre could be rendered fireproof for less than $100. The process is very simple. The canvas and rope are soaked in a solution of tungstate of soda for half an hour, which is quite sufficient time. After the canvas is dry, it is primed with a solution of silicate of soda. A solution of tungstate of molybdenum will be found much more effective and thorough for wood-work.

THE LATE CLAUDE BURROUGHS' ESTATE.—Application was made to Surrogate Calvin Dec. 20 for letters of administration upon the estate of the late Claude De B'enau Burroughs, who lost his life by the burning of the Brooklyn Theatre, he having left no will. The personal estate of the deceased is estimated at about $3,000, and we believe he owned some real-estate in Larchmont, N. Y.

"THE AMERICAN," an adaptation by Augustin Daly of Dumas' "L'Etrangere," was acted for the first time in this country at the Fifth-avenue Theatre on Wednesday evening, Dec. 20, "The School for Scandal"—in which Miss Jeffreys Lewis had acted Lady Teazle for the last few nights, owing to the indisposition of Miss Fanny Davenport—having been withdrawn after the performances of the 19th. The new piece, which is a comedy-drama in five acts, was presented with the following cast:

The Duke de Septmonts, C. F. Coghlan	Alain......J. Ring
Asa Clarkson......J. Lewis	Mrs. Clarkson's Servant, W. H. Beekman
Dr. Remoine...J. Brougham	The Duchess de Septmonts...Miss F. Davenport
Mauriceau......C. Fisher	Marchioness de Rumieres, Mrs. G. H. Gilbert
Gerard.......M. Barrymore	Mrs. Clarkson, Miss Jeffreys Lewis
Count de Bernecourt, G. Parkes	Madame D'Emeline, Miss M. Nunez
Baron Calmeron..F. Bennett	Mme. Calmeron. Miss Vinton
M. D'Emeline .T. M. Francis	
The Duchess de Septmonts' Servant..I. Daveau	

The scenery with which it was mounted had been freshly painted, and the furniture and appointments were of the richest description. The scene representing an apartment in the mansion of the Duchess de Septmonts, which was used during the first two acts, and another scene in the same house, used during the fourth act, both from the pencil of James Roberts, were marvels of distemper painting. In chasteness of design and general effect they have, probably, never been equaled upon the local stage, and they were entirely different from any others hitherto seen here. Mr. Witham is to be credited with some good work displayed in the scene representing the apartments of Mrs. Clarkson. The costumes of the ladies were of the richest materials, made in the latest style, and considerable taste was displayed in the selections of the various colors, and they formed a beautiful contrast to the surroundings. The dialogue has been somewhat changed from the original, so that Americans can, possibly, better understand the piece, and some trenchant phrases have been put into the mouth of Mr. Clarkson, a typical American. As we published the story of the plot of the drama shortly after its production in Paris, we need not now repeat it. The opportunities for the display of any great degree of histrionic ability were confined to very few persons. Mr. Coghlan, who had a very disagreeable character to portray as the Duke de Septmonts, made it quite entertaining by investing it with much dignity, combined with, at times, rare insolence of manner and speech. It taxed his abilities far more than any other character in which he has appeared, and his portrayal has greatly enhanced his reputation. Mr. Lewis, who had but two scenes, acted Asa Clarkson in a dry, humorous manner, creating much laughter, and giving quite a faithful portraiture of the typical Western American, who is ever in a hurry, and whose ideas are entirely centred in amassing the mighty dollar. John Brougham as Dr. Remoine had little to do. His delivery of his philosophical views of love and marriage excited attention. The abilities of Charles Fisher as Mauriceau, the father of the Duchess, were not severely taxed. His impersonation was, however, quiet, dignified and intelligent. Maurice Barrymore was not satisfactory, either in conception, execution or dress, as Gerard, who is one of the central figures of the play, and is beloved by both Mrs. Clarkson and the Duchess de Septmonts, having been the first sweetheart of the latter. Miss Fanny Davenport acted her earlier scenes as the Duchess with appropriate dignity; and as the piece progressed she found opportunities for the display of much tenderness, and finally for considerable force, all of which were given with eminent satisfaction. Mrs. Gilbert acted the Marchioness in a quiet and effective manner. Miss Jeffreys Lewis as Mrs. Clarkson had a very difficult part to act. The weight of the entire third act rested upon her. The action is so violent and the dialogue so impassioned that there is great danger of overstepping the line dividing the sublime from the ridiculous. Miss Lewis was not lacking in earnestness or force, but her natural facial expression was somewhat against her; still, her impersonation may be pronounced highly meritorious. The other characters, who had little or nothing to do, were carefully portrayed. The attendance has been large.

WILLIAM COURTRIGHT began an engagement with Kelly & Leon's Minstrels Dec. 18. He gave his well-known specialty of "Flewy, Flewy," and later in the evening delivered his burlesque lecture on "Jonah and the Whale," both of which were received with signal favor. The only other change in the programme was "Darky at the Play," given as the finale to the first-part.

NIBLO'S GARDEN is to be reopened for a season of six or eight weeks by the Kiralfy Brothers with a matinee performance to-day, Dec. 25, when the spectacle of "Azurine" will be performed for the first time in this city.

OLIVER DOUD BYRON was the star at the Bowery Theatre last week, acting in "Rebel to the Core" Dec. 18, 19, "Across the Continent" 20, 21, 22, 23. "The Happy Man" was acted with both pieces until the 22d, when it gave place to "Plenty of Money," which also formed the attraction at the Saturday matinee.

THE CHANGES in the programme of the San Francisco Minstrels since our last report have included "M...ca, Why Don't Papa Come?" sung by Carl Rudolph; "Little Robin, Tell Kitty I'm Coming," by D. S. Wambold; and "The Mulligan Guard," for the finale in the first-part; and an act entitled "Slash and Flash, or Midnight Adventures," in the olio. Add Ryman as Slash and Billy Birch as Flash created much merriment.

AT HELLER'S WONDER THEATRE, the programme which has been presented since its opening was withdrawn after Dec. 23. This week fresh feats of magic and a new selection of music will be presented, the only feature to be retained being the mystery entitled "Second Sight," no plausible solution of which has yet been offered. This trick is capable of such great variation that it ever appears fresh and entertaining.

AT THE LONDON, this week, the new people announced are Taylor, Green and Taylor, who are to make their metropolitan debut; the "Sensational 3"—Goldie, Steele and Sallie St. Clair—H. W. Eagan, Jennie Eagan, B. S. Hodges, Josie Farron, Louisa Bliss, Lew Spencer, Foster and Kennedy, and Howard Clifton. From last week's company Harry and Lottie Macarthy, Bertha Rowe and Little Josie are to be retained.

LOTTA, at the Park Theatre, acted during the past week in "Little Nell and the Marchioness," impersonating the dual characters from which the piece derives its title. Her excellence in these roles is patent to our readers, for she has acted them many times in all of our principal cities. We notice a marked improvement in her delineation of Little Nell, while that of the Marchioness is as full of vivacity and animal magnetism as ever. W. H. Crane, who had been especially engaged to play Dick Swiveller, made a pronounced hit. It is the first character that he has represented in this city which has given him a fair chance to display his artistic abilities, and in it he confirmed the good reputation which has preceded him. He acts apparently without effort, and has that ease and repose which can only be gained by experience and study. J. W. Carroll's portraiture of Grandfather Trent deserves commendation, his imitation of senile age being excellent. F. A. Anderson's Quilp was a close study of Dickens' character as portrayed in the novel. Harold Forsberg's Sampson Brass was effective, and he invested it at times with a spirit of grim humor that took well with the audience. W. J. Cogswell deserves a word of praise for his careful acting of both Ned Trent and Mr. Slum. Mrs. Vanderen as Mrs. Brass, and, in short, all of the others in the cast exerted themselves to please. The piece was creditably mounted, and in the fair-scene Runnells, Murray and Clifford gave some clever acrobatic feats, a band of strolling minstrels created no little laughter, and Lotta danced a rattling clog. During the early part of the piece Lotta performed banjo-solos, which aroused the enthusiasm of her listeners. The entire entertainment is pleasing and attractive, and Henry E. Abbey's efforts to make the Park once more popular with our theatre goers deserve encouragement and approbation.

EDWIN BOOTH, in the Lyceum Theatre, acted Richelieu during the entire past week save at the Saturday matinee, when he impersonated Benedick in "Much Ado About Nothing." Mr. Booth's excellence as Richelieu, which may be considered one of his greatest characters, is well known, and he needs no eulogy from our pen. We may say that his acting was fully up to his customary high standard of merit. The scenery and appointments were good, and the support averaged fair. The best acting was done by Frederick Robinson as De Mauprat, Milnes Levick as Baradas, Frank R. Pierce as Joseph, Mrs. Clara Jennings as Julie, and Miss Alice Brooks as Marian De Lorme. This week "Richard III" will be revived.

MRS. MARY FLAHERTY died in this city Dec. 18, at the age of 81 years. She was the mother of the late Barney Williams. Her funeral took place from the residence of Mrs. Manus Kelly, one of her daughters, 143 East 55th street, Thursday, Dec. 21, thence to St. Stephen's Church, where a solemn mass of requiem was celebrated. The remains were interred in Greenwood Cemetery in the plot where those of her son Barney Williams repose.

WM. H. BRAY, Alice Bennett, Stewart Dare and George A. Hall, Frank Lewis and Charles White were the fresh arrivals at the Theatre Comique the past week. W. H. Bray gave Dutch character songs, which were hardly up to the customary standard of the local stage. Alice Bennett, who reappeared after a brief absence, sang several ballads in a pleasing manner. Stewart Dare, a one-legged gymnast, aided by George A. Hall as a clown, performed a series of difficult feats on a horizontal bar, which received deserved applause. Frank Lewis sang a number of original songs containing local allusions, which proved to be quite an attractive feature. Charles White, the veteran comedian, created a great deal of laughter by his quaint performance of Thomas in "The Happy Couple." Besides these, Harrigan and Hart were seen in two of the most popular of their sketches—"Who Owns the Line?" and "Ireland vs. Italy;" Larry Tooley gave Dutch songs in character, and did some wooden-shoe dancing; Billy Barry acted Bob in "The Milliners," and later in the evening gave his oratorical specialties and grotesque songs-and-dances; and the sketch of "One Night in Ten Barrooms" was given for the wind-up. Hannah Birch, J. A. Graver, G. W. H. Griffin, and M. Bradley, in addition to those already named, appeared in the sketches.

BOOTH'S THEATRE is to be reopened with a matinee performance to-day, Dec. 25, when "Dan'l Druce, Blacksmith," is to receive its first representation in America.

MUSICAL NOTES.—Mme. Annette Essipoff returned from Boston, Mass., on Friday last, and in the evening appeared at Steinway Hall in a piano-recital of numbers from Schumann, Rubinstein, Liszt, Mendelssohn, Henselt and Leschetizki, her artistic interpretations repeating the excellent impressions conveyed by her former performances. M Alfred Vivien contributed by his admirable playing of the violin selections, and Miss Palma by her vocal efforts, to the success of this concert and the matinee recital on Saturday.....The New York Mozart Club, an organization of capable instrumentalists, gave a concert of chamber-music at Steinway Hall on Wednesday evening, which deserved a better appreciation in point of numbers than it received on this occasion. Messrs. Florio, Arnold, Faerber, Brandt, Reineccius, Rietzel, Eller, Boehm, Schmitz, Reuter and Uthoff were the instrumental performers. Mr. Alves, a tenor singer, also took part...... The usual weekly concert of Downing's Band occurred at the Grand Opera-house on Sunday evening last, the solo artists participating including Marie Salvotti and Miss Jeanette Wederkin, sopranos; H. W. Frillman, basso; Max Brownold, piano; John Hammond, cornet; J. M. Morelli, clarionet; and Adolph Schmidt, the blind violinist......The entertainment given by the Strakosch Italian-opera Troupe at the Academy of Music on Friday evening, for the benefit of the Brooklyn fire-relief fund, enlisted the services of Mme. Palmieri, Senorita Martinez, Miss Annandale, the Swedish ladies' quartet, Miss Romanus, Sig. Brignoli, Sig. N. Barili, Messrs. L. G. Gottschalk, Tom Karl, G. Hall and Sig. Barberis, under the direction of Max Maretzek and Sig. De Novellis......Miss Emma Abbott arrived from England last week, on leave of absence from Manager Mapleson of Her Majesty's Opera-house, London, a reported difference between her and her manager, in consequence of her refusal to impersonate certain characters, making a rest advisable to eliminate certain ideas from the brain of the fair cantatrice—at least, so the manager trusts......The Christmas programmes at the churches were, as usual, rich and full of the sentiment that does honor to the Christian festival. Organists Dr. Beames, Louis C. Jacoby, G. W. Warren, L. Dachauer, Wm. Berge, Henry Carter, J. H. Beglan, W. F. Pecher, Louis Berge, C. A. Cable, and Messrs. Danforth, Evans, Ruttenber, Jardine, Bristow, Rabock, Ward and Buck, with their choirs, augmented for this occasion, were the executants of the selections ranging from Mozart to our present writers. ......James T. Ayliffe rang out the carols on the chimes of old Trinity on Christmas morning.

THE NEW BROADWAY THEATRE, late Wood's Museum, was opened to the public Dec. 23 under the management of John Banvard, who intends running it until he can lease it to some responsible manager. During the time that it has been closed many important alterations have been made. The entire exterior has been painted white, the vestibule newly frescoed, a new and distinct gallery entrance and exit has been built in the end of the building on Broadway nearest to Thirtieth street, a wide staircase has been built leading up from the vestibule to the parquet, thus making a straight entrance from the street, and of great importance in case of a panic. Large doors opening outward afford access to the parquet, and on either side of these are other doors opening upon the old gallery or balcony, connecting with broad stairways at either end of the hall. The parquet now contains patent folding chairs of wood and iron, upholstered in red morocco; the walls are covered with handsome paper, having a crimson ground with gold figures, and divided into panels by narrow gilt molding. The fronts of the circles are ornamented with carved woodwork, and at intervals are placed small mirrors in massive gilt frames. There are two private boxes on either side adjoining the proscenium, and in that there is one on either side of the stage. The spaces above are made to look like a Venetian house, and there is on each side a large window containing plates of glass set in a gilt frame, behind which are seen lace curtains and a stand surmounted by a small statue. All over the proscenium, at intervals, are small mirrors in broad frames of dead gold, and near the curtain there is an arch of ornamental gilt scrollwork. Upon a stand near the proscenium, on either side and in easy reach of persons in the private box or in the parquet, is an ornamental fire-extinguisher. The drop-curtain, which was painted by Giovanni of Paris, France, represents a vast arch painted in dark colors, with a broad opening through which are seen the ruins of the Temple of Castor and Pollux, on the island of Sicily. The scenery is mostly new, and so arranged that the stage appears much larger than hitherto. By judicious alterations, the stage has now a depth of 52 feet. The theatre presents a bright and handsome appearance throughout. The curiosities have been removed from the front of the edifice, and the walls of the various galleries are hung with paintings. The officers are as follows: John Banvard, proprietor; Ferd Unger, business-manager; A. Rossner, leader of orchestra; John C. Reed, treasurer: Charles E. Newton, stage-director; J. B. Ayers, scenic-director; Thomas Morgan, stage-machinist; W. Williams, properties and costumes; Thomas Neville, gas and calcium; W. E. Barnes, advertising agent. The opening attraction was a four-act drama entitled "Corrinia," which was acted with the following cast:

San Marco......J. B. Studley	Servio......J. Hall
Urbino......E. F. Knowles	Corrinia......Miss M. Hart
Anselmo......W. M. Ward	Baroness di Mazzara, Mrs. E. Le Brun
Carlos......J. V. Melton	Marchioness di Granitala, Miss Z. Valdemer
Pedro......C. Webster	Constantia..Miss A. Newton
Rudolpho......A. H. Forrest	Leonia......Miss E. Whittle
La Voliette......J. P. Clarke	Dame Ursala...Mrs. S. Post
Dr. Angelo......C. E. Newton	Barbara....Miss L. Leighton
Gazzo......H. Ayling	Paulina......Miss A. Alton
Basso......H. Pierson	
Andrea......Harry Lovell	

The piece is a melodrama of the lurid school, which might have been popular fifteen or twenty years ago; but it seems sadly out of place at the present time, and the audience, which was not large, were prone to treat many of the most serious passages with unbecoming levity. Mr. Banvard informs us that, as he had fixed a date for the opening of the theatre, and because a certain well-known star attraction, engaged for that occasion, had failed to keep their engagement, he preferred commencing with this drama rather than disappoint the public. The opportunities for acting were confined to very few persons. J. B. Studley was vigorous and effective as San Marco; E. F. Knowles gave an even and respectable portrayal of Urbino; W. M. Ward, who met with an enthusiastic reception, which was quickly suppressed by the officers in the gallery, who did not seem to understand their duties, was satisfactory as Anselmo; Miss May Hart (Mrs. J. G. Saville) gave evidence of the possession of considerable dramatic ability in her conscientious embodiment of the heroine, Corrinia. Miss Zelma Valdemer, who was announced as from the Theatre Imperiale, St Petersburg, Russia, and as making her first appearance in America, was only briefly seen in the first act. The character, that of an elderly woman, was so short that it afforded us little opportunity to judge of her abilities. Miss Alice Newton presented a charming appearance as Constantia, and did what little was required of her in a satisfactory manner. Miss Louise Leighton, who made her first appearance on the stage, was loudly applauded and encored for her singing, which was about all she had to do. The other characters call for no extended remarks. The plot of the drama is strongly suggestive of that of "The Orphan of Geneva." No immediate change of programme is announced.

BOBBY NEWCOMB is to appear in his specialties in the fair scene of "Little Nell and the Marchioness" at the Park Theatre this week.

E. T. STETSON in a new drama entitled "The Boss, or Living for Vengeance," is the star at the Bowery Theatre.

HARRY KENNEDY, Prof. Parker and dogs, and Agnes Delano are the reinforcements this week at the Theatre Comique.

THE CARROLLS, Andy McKee and Charles Seamon, Billy and Maggie Ray, the Jee Children, S. Holdsworth, Frank H. Nelson and Jennie Gourlay are the newcomers at the Olympic Theatre Dec. 25.

A SERIES OF BENEFITS for the relief of the sufferers by the Brooklyn fire were given in this city Thursday afternoon, Dec. 21. The entertainments were as follows: At Booth's Theatre, "Richard III" with the same cast with which it was presented there Dec. 16......At the Union-square Theatre, "Led Astray" with its present cast....At Wallack's, "Caste," acted by H. J. Montague, C. A. Stevenson, Harry Beckett, E. Holland, Ada Dyas, Effie Germon and Mme. Ponisi; and "Forty and Fifty," with John Gilbert, E. Arnott, E. Edwin, Mrs. Sefton, Josephine Baker and Meta Bartlett in the cast....At the Park Theatre, "Married Life," in which Marie Gordon, Annie Edmonson, Mrs. D. Van Deren, Mme. Michels, Jennie Fisher, W. H. Crane, J. W. Carroll, W. J. Cogswell, C. W. Butler, and Belvil Ryan appeared. Bobby Newcomb gave his specialties, and Runnells, Murray and Clifford performed acrobatic feats......At the Eagle Theatre, "Western the Walkist," acted by J. Wild, G. S. Knight, J. F. Crossen, D. Kelly, J. Bradley and Annie Johnston; jig-dancing by Kitty O'Neil; comic songs by James McKee; Punch-and-Judy performances by Eugene Blitz; Prof. Siegrist and his trained dogs; Irish songs by J. Bradley, and the burlesque of "Sardanapalus."......Kelly & Leon's Minstrels gave their usual entertainment......At the Olympic Theatre, a variety olio was given by the company performing there that week......At the Grand Opera-house, a united performance was given by delegations from Tony Pastor's Theatre, Harrigan & Hart's Theatre Comique, and Poole & Donnelly's Grand Opera-house. Miles. Morlacchi, Adriana and Antonino appeared in a ballet; the Sawyer Family of Bellringers gave selections of music; Kynock and Smith were seen in skating exercises; Crossley and Elder in Caledonian field-sports; Tony Pastor sang comic songs; Cheevers and Kennedy gave character songs-and-dances with rapid changes of costume; Delehanty and Hengler, negro songs-and-dances; Jennie Morgan sang ballads; Harrigan and Hart performed "Patrick's-day Parade;" Billy Barry was seen in a negro act called "Whar's Dat Gal?" Larry Tooley gave Dutch songs and funny sayings; the Stuart Sisters sang duets; Kelly and Ryan and the Wilkinson Brothers gave Irish songs-and-dances; and the orchestra was led at intervals by Messrs. Braham, Dyring and Hoffman......At Gilmore's Garden, Gilmore's Military Band of one hundred pieces; a game of polo by the California Club, and several trotting matches constituted the attractions. The total receipts, it is thought, will amount to about $11,000.

GUS WILLIAMS, Conway and Kerrigan, Emerson and Clarke and Mollie Wilson are to be added to Tony Pastor's company this week.

DRAMATIC.

Managers, Agents, Doorkeepers, and Others

Are respectfully requested not to extend any courtesies or information to persons claiming to be correspondents of THE NEW YORK CLIPPER, unless they can exhibit a card of a LIGHT BLUE COLOR, with an engraving of THE CLIPPER BUILDING on one side, and on the other the names of the city, correspondent, etc., signed by the proprietor of the paper, with the stamp of the office, and date of Sept. 1, 1876, affixed thereunto, each card running for six months. Every authorized correspondent is supplied with a card of the above description, and has no authority to use any other upon our behalf. Managers will save themselves from imposition by demanding an exhibition of said card, and refusing to accept any excuse whatever for its non-production. The card is not transferable; and, if it be presented by any person other than the one whose name it bears, managers and others will confer a favor if they will retain it and mail it to this office. Applicants for the position of correspondent not receiving any reply are politely requested to consider silence a negative. Applications need NOT be made for the position of TRAVELING CORRESPONDENT, as THE CLIPPER never employs any person in that capacity.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877.—We have extended the time for receiving advertisements to December 27, and such of our patrons as desire to have their cards appear in THE ALMANAC will please send in their favors not later than that date. Rates and further particulars can be found in our advertising department.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS will oblige by sending their letters this week so as to reach us by Saturday, Dec. 30, if possible, and not later than Monday morning, Jan. 1, 1877.

IDA LEWIS' DRAMATIC COMPANY, under the management of Dave Plyser, performed in Baton Rouge, La., Dec. 14, Alexander 20, and is billed in Shreveport 30.

A FIRST-CLASS VARIETY and dramatic company is wanted for Jan. 19, 20, at the Hamilton Opera house, Wheeling, W. Va. See card.

MRS. J. H. HACKETT publishes her address in our business department.

THE TOWNSEND FAMILY, under the management of the veteran John Townsend, closed a three nights' season in Nunda, N. Y., Dec. 20. They performed in Mount Morris 21, 22, 23, 25, and are billed in Dansville 26, 27, 28. Business is reported fair.

A. O. MILLER'S DRAMATIC COMPANY performed in Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 23, and is to remain there 25.

JOHN THOMPSON and company gave entertainments in Fort Wayne, Ind., Dec. 20, 21, Lafayette 23, and are billed in Springfield, Ill., 25, 26, Vincennes, Ind., 29.

GEO. HOOPER can be engaged to appear in his sensation drama of "Go West" by addressing care of this office.

A DRAMATIC PERFORMANCE IN A MINISTER'S HOUSE.—The petite drama of "Matrimony" was performed in the residence of the Rev. Mr. Halsey, on Lafayette avenue, Brooklyn, L. I., Dec. 20, and the proceeds were donated to the sufferers by the Brooklyn fire.

COL. SINN is to open the Brooklyn Academy of Music for Christmas, afternoon and evening, with "Pique," to be performed by Daly's Fifth-avenue Company.

SAM S. SANFORD'S "UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" TROUPE gave a matinee and evening performance for the Brooklyn sufferers in Lockport, N. Y., Dec. 23.

CHARLES THORNTON, who recently engaged with Katie Putnam's Comedy Company, was compelled to leave them and return to Chicago, Ill., on account of the illness of his wife, who resides in the last-named city.

MLLE. MARIE ZOE performs in "The French Spy" Christmas-night in Danbury, Ct.

A COMPANY under the management of G. H. Harrison was announced to appear in Bridgeport, Ct., Christmas day and evening, in "Under the Gaslight" and "Mazeppa." Laura Alberta and Kate Fisher are the features......Milton Nobles is to appear on Dec. 30 and Jan 1, 1877, in "The Phœnix."

SIMPSON'S MUSEUM, Philadelphia, was reopened on Dec. 18 by the production of Pardy's comedy of "Nature's Nobleman" which is only worthy of note for introducing to the Philadelphia stage J. Leslie Gossin and the Misses Laura Linden, E. Evelyn and Josie Batchelder. J. Leslie Gossin was easy, gentlemanly and entertaining as George Herbert. Miss Laura Linden as Caroline Dalton, and Miss E. Evelyn as Maria Crayon were pretty and intelligent representatives of their respective parts, while Miss Josie Batchelder acted her little part of Jemima Chase with piquancy and spirit. At the matinees during the opening week Wm. Davidge Jr. created amusement as Paul Pry in the farce of that title. The management have carried out the announcements contained in their preliminary advertisements, have fitted up this establishment in a neat and tasteful manner, and with John E. McDonough as the general manager we shall no doubt find "the right man in the right place." The museum department has been entirely remodeled, and now presents an excellent collection of wax-figures, Fa's Automaton Band and the following living curiosities: The wild Australian Children, the Fiji cannibals, Circassian and Bearded Ladies, White Moor, Admiral Dot and Lady of Madagascar. "The Naiad Queen" will be produced on the 25th inst., with Hernandez Foster as Amphibio, Mlle. Roserie, premiere danseuse, then making her first appearance here.

W. A. WHITECAR, actor, formerly of the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, was married to Sallie Partington, a well-known actress, about 1870, in St. Louis Some time thereafter mutual differences brought about a separation. Mr. Whitecar alleges that in 1875 he heard she was suing for a divorce in Richmond, Va., and she wrote him if he would pay the expenses he would be freed. Not knowing that she had a husband living at the time he married her, he consented, and she subsequently showed him a decree of divorce. He remarried; but was arrested at her instigation for bigamy last Summer, and tried in the Court of Quarter Sessions, Philadelphia, and found guilty. He was about to be sentenced, when he was allowed to privately explain the circumstances to the Judge (he having learned of the previous marriage of his wife), and he was granted a new trial, and allowed to go on his own recognizance. The arrest, however, broke up an engagement he had at Wallack's Theatre, New York, and, to add to his miseries, his second wife's father had insisted on her leaving him. On Dec. 13 the case came up on a new trial, and was terminated by a verdict of "not guilty."

MRS. RACHEL MACAULEY commenced a two weeks' engagement in Macauley's Theatre, Louisville, Ky., Dec. 18, which so far (21) has not proved profitable. The opening bill was "East Lynne," which was repeated 19, 20, matinee 23, Mrs. Macauley sustaining the dual roles of Lady Isabel and Madame Vine. She is an actress of rare ability, a lady of refinement, and an artist thoroughly devoted to her profession. She has won golden opinions from both press and public by her magnificent emotional acting, and it is a great pity that here (her home) she cannot draw fair-sized audiences. Thursday, "Fazio;" Friday, "Ingomar;" Saturday night, "Oliver Twist." Next (this) week Mrs. Macauley will appear in "The Sea of Ice" and "School." Letter of Dec. 21.

MISS AUGUSTA DARGON commenced an engagement at the Opera-house, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 18, but failed to draw paying houses, wrote our correspondent Dec. 22, continuing: "Why this is so we cannot see, for a better or more finished artist than Miss Dargon has not visited us for years. During the week she has appeared in a variety of characters, the opening bill being 'London Assurance,' followed by 'Deborah,' 'The School for Scandal,' 'King Henry VIII,' 'Guy Mannering' and 'The Honeymoon.' Ben De Bar was seen as Mark Meddle, Sir Oliver Surface, and the Mock Duke. John W. Norton's Cardinal Wolsey in 'Henry VIII' was a splendid effort, and at the close of the fourth act he was deservedly recalled. The company generally rendered good support. Joseph Murphy opens his engagement with the Christmas-matinee. ......The audiences that have attended John T. Raymond's performances at the Olympic were not so large as those of former seasons, owing, probably, to the Brooklyn fire and the fact that this house has enjoyed an eight weeks' run of very large business. Mr. Raymond's Col. Sellers is as fresh and amusing as ever, and the support given by the stock company was excellent in every particular. Mr. Raymond will be followed by E. A. Sothern Jan. 1, 1877."

"THE TWO ORPHANS," with Miss Kate Claxton as Louise, supported by a powerful cast from Manager Ford's double company, will be produced at the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., Dec. 25, and during holiday week. Miss Mary Anderson commences a week's engagement Jan. 1, 1877.

THE BOUCICAULT COMBINATION repeated "Forbidden Fruit" at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, during the week ending Dec. 23, the attendance exhibiting a falling off from that of the preceding week, however. The comedy was mounted with every attention to efficiency, and Miss Maud Granger as Zulu and W. Herbert as Sergeant Buster were deserving of much praise for the manner in which they enacted their respective parts. It received its last representation on Dec. 23, being followed by the Emily Soldene English-opera Company, who commence a two weeks' season on Dec. 25. Rose Eytinge commences an engagement on the 8th of January in "Rose Michel."

THE BROOKLYN RELIEF FUND.—The benefits at the various places of amusement in Philadelphia, as far as ascertained, yielded $3,787.75; of which amount $1,367.50 were contributed by the Chestnut-street Theatre, $750 coming from the Arch-street Theatre, $673.75 from the Walnut-street Theatre, $500 from the Kiralfys' Theatre, $256.50 from the Eleventh-street Opera-house, $100 from Miller's Winter Garden, and $40 from Turner's Hall.

MISS MARY ANDERSON still remains the attraction at the Varieties Theatre, New Orleans, La., having so far appeared in "Evadne," "Fasio," "Ingomar," "Romeo and Juliet," and last evening in "Guy Mannering," wrote our correspondent on Dec. 19, adding: "When Miss Anderson came to this city last season, very shortly after her debut, she was regarded as in some measure a protege of the public—a young and ambitious actress, demanding sympathy and encouragement; a crude genius, but nevertheless a brilliant gem, only requiring the polish of experience and the setting of careful direction and management to become an acknowledged queen of dramatic art. Coming under such auspices, she received an ovation and demonstrations of public favoritism enough to ruin almost any young debutante. On this occasion she appears under different circumstances. Her friends go to see if the promises of a year ago have been redeemed, and they expect, unreasonably, that the experience of a single year has perfected her in art. The result is, to a certain extent, mutual disappointment on the part of her friends, that she has not accomplished in one year what comes to others by the struggling and patient toil of a lifetime, and on her part that the romantic adulation and the rapturous applause of a year ago are withheld. The support rendered her by the Varieties company is entitled to commendation. In the casts, J. F. Wheelock's Romeo and Dandie Dinmont have been conspicuous for their excellence. In 'Guy Mannering,' last evening, Miss Agnes Proctor translated the role of Julia Mannering most acceptably, and Miss Rosa Rand as Lucy Bertram gave some very enjoyable vocalization. Ed. Marble appeared as Dominie Sampson, J. P. Rutledge as Col. Mannering, and J. W. Hague as Glossin. Miss Anderson's engagement terminates 23, and the Aimee Opera-bouffe Troupe follows 24, opening in 'La Jolie Parfumeuse.'......At Bidwell's Academy of Music, Mrs. Bowers terminated her engagement on the 16th, having given during the week 'Led Astray,' 'Mary Stuart,' 'Elizabeth,' etc. The attendance throughout the engagement was small. On the 17th Furbish's Fifth-avenue Combination opened to a well-filled house, and the audience at various points in the initial representation ('Divorce') gave enthusiastic demonstrations of their satisfaction. The performance throughout was worthy of favorable comment. Frank Evans gave an excellent personation of Alfred Adrianse. B. C. Porter as Capt. Lynch, M. B. Snyder as Rev. Harry Duncan, and Geo. Ryer as De Witt were all good. The Templeton Jitt of Harry Hawk was, though good, somewhat exaggerated. Fannie Ten Eyck was, in the hands of Cassie Troy, capitally rendered. Mrs. Ten Eyck by Minnie Monk, and Lu Ten Eyck by Dollie Pike, were thoroughly enjoyable. The engagement of this combination continues until the 24th, when the Oates Comic-opera Troupe will open for two weeks."

ROSE EYTINGE, during her second and last week at the Grand Opera-house, Cincinnati, O., performed "The Geneva Cross," save on Dec. 22, when "Macbeth" was given, and 23, when "Oliver Twist" constituted the attraction. The attendance was light. On the 18th the entire proceeds went to the benefit of the sufferers by the fire in Brooklyn. The engagement was a success in an artistic sense only. Miss Eytinge closes 23. Maggie Mitchell begins a season of two weeks 25. Jan. 8, Emily Soldene and company.... Wood's Theatre has this (last) week been occupied by Billy Pastor's Vaudeville Company. Nick Roberts' "Humpty Dumpty" Company, with Grimaldi Adams, commences 25. Oliver Doud Byron Jan. 1, and Stuart Robson 8. Letter dated Dec. 22.

"KERRY GOW" was the attraction last week at Ford's Grand Opera-house, Baltimore, Md., and Joseph Murphy in the leading role gave a satisfactory impersonation. The attendance was only fair. Louis James as Raymond Drew, Harry Pearson as Major Cruff, E. H. Stevens as Patrick Drew, John Marble as Mr. O'Drive, Charles Farwell as Valentine Hay, Nellie Cummins as Norah Drew, Kate Newton as Alice Doyle, were good. Dec. 25, C. W. Barry in "Echoes."

DAVIS & CO., theatrical agents, Cincinnati, O., whose card find elsewhere, invite artists requiring engagements to correspond with them.

A NEW MELODRAMA, introducing Southern scenes and incidents, is offered for sale by Dr. J. W. Rogers, who publishes further particulars in our advertising department.

MILTON NOBLES takes a holiday trip as follows: Rondout, N. Y., Dec. 25, Poughkeepsie 26, 27, South Norwalk, Ct., 28, 29, Bridgeport Dec. 30 and Jan. 1. The supporting company are H. A. Fisher, P. M. Allison, Frank Doud, Andrew Glassford, C. A. Pond, Willie B. Wright, B. A. Long, the Misses Fanny L. Burt, Alice Claxton and Ada Forrester.

OF THINGS THEATRICAL in Boston, we are advised as follows by our correspondent, writing under date of Dec. 24: "The new play 'All for Her,' by J. Palgrave Simpson and Herman Merivale, received its initial performance in America at the Globe Theatre on Monday evening, Dec. 18, the occasion being the commencement of Lester Wallack's engagement there. The scene of the play is laid in the time of the Pretender, and the plot is, on the whole, an interesting one, resembling somewhat that of the 'Tale of Two Cities.' It is briefly this: Hugh Trevor, loved by Mary Rivers, is himself desperately in love with Lady Marsden. She cares nothing for him, but loves his brother, Lord Edendale. The latter is discovered in a plot against the Government, and is condemned to death. Hugh, who has all this time been a careless, wild, reckless fellow, now becomes a hero, and, for the sake of the woman he loves, saves his brother and rival by taking his place, and in his stead suffers death. The cast of the piece was as follows:

Hugh Trevor, Lester Wallack	Lady Marsden....Mrs. Allen
Lord Edendale, J. W. Lanergan	Richard Radnor..M. C. Daly
Graystone......J. B. Fuller	Col. Damar......E. L. Tilton
Edgar Morris..E. B. Holmes	Hamilton......C. J. Dade
	Donald Lindsey....C. Villers
	Mary Rivers......Ida Savory

The dialogue is well written, the scenes fairly strong, and the atmosphere of the piece pure in tone. Mr. Wallack as Hugh was exceedingly effective, more especially in the latter portions of the play. Mr. Lanergan was careful and painstaking, as he always is, and Mr. Daly made a success of Radnor, the villain of the play. Miss Savory was very pretty and pleasing, and the remainder of the cast satisfactory. The piece was beautifully mounted. It will be continued one week more, and then we are to have 'Forbidden Fruit.'......At the Boston, 'Sardanapalus' is to be continued one week longer Jan. 1, Mrs. F. W. Lander appears in 'The Scarlet Letter.'......At the Museum, 'Poor Jo' was played up to last night, when 'Virginius' was presented. To-morrow, Christmas, 'Poor Jo' receives its final representations; and on Tuesday 'The Double Wedding,' by Messrs. Williams and Ernst, will be brought out, with Mr. Warren in a new character. ......Business at all the theatres is at the lowest ebb. The scare about the Brooklyn fire and the cold weather, with the general depression, keep even the most faithful devotee away......The Museum company travels through the provinces the week beginning Jan. 8, while 'Evangeline' is at the theatre......A benefit performance for the mother and sister of H. S. Murdoch is in contemplation. He was their sole support, and they are left destitute by his death. It is to be hoped that the move will come to something, and the entertainment will prove a success financially. No date has as yet been fixed."

MRS. MORRISON had a benefit at the Grand Opera-house, Toronto, Dec. 18, when "A Scrap of Paper" and "The Bonnie Fishwife" were given before a large audience. "Pique," with Jane Coombs as Mabel Renfrew, supported by Daly's Fifth-avenue Combination, was played 19, 20, 21. Jane Coombs was excellent in the leading role. Miss Meroe Charles looked and dressed charmingly, and acted with considerable ease and naturalness as Mary Standish. Ada Gilman as Raitch made a big hit. Henry Crisp as Captain Standish was successful. C. H. Rockwell played well as Doctor Gossitt. Owen Fawcett made a large amount of fun out of the part of Sammy Dimple Ragmoney Jim was played with extraordinary skill by Charles Leclercq. The remaining characters were well represented. "Divorce" was acted 22, 23. Route ahead: Buffalo Dec. 25, one week, Syracuse Jan. 1, 1877, Utica 2, Troy 3, Albany 4. "The Palace of Truth" has been announced as the Christmas piece at this theatre. Miss Neilson begins Jan. 2 for five nights......Lisa Weber and Minnie Jackson appeared at the Royal Opera-house Dec. 18 and during the week (except 22 when the Oddfellows gave a concert) in "Juan Junior," a burlesque not of the very highest order, and which has not drawn very well. The piece would probably have been more successful had the best part of the company not been sent to Hamilton. "Undine" is promised for Christmas-week. Correspondence dated Dec. 23.

AT THE LELAND OPERA-HOUSE, Albany, N. Y., the first two evenings of the past week the stage was occupied by amateurs, who produced "Box and Cox" and "Rose of the Forest" to good audiences. These entertainments were given for the benefit of a charitable institution of the city. On Wednesday evening a George Edger opened for two nights as King Lear. Mr. Edger, it is said, is the president of the Shakespeare or Shakespearian Dramatic Club of New York City, and is a gentleman of wealth and social position. His performances evinced intelligence and decided dramatic talent, and were an agreeable surprise to his auditors, the majority of whom attended more from curiosity than with the expectation of witnessing a commendable piece of acting. Friday evening, "Louis XI" was brought out for the second time this season, with Manager John W. Albaugh in the title-role. This drama filled out the week. On Dec. 25 "The Naiad Queen" will be produced after a considerable outlay on the part of the management. W. J. Gilbert, comedian at this house during the last season, has been specially engaged for the part of Schnapps. Those of the company not in the cast will travel with Robert McWade, whom Mr. Albaugh has engaged for a short season......Rose and Harry Watkins, supported by a company, are billed to perform in Tweddle Hall during next (this) week. Lucien Barnes is the manager.......At Martin Hall "The Color Guard" will be produced under the auspices of Post 5, G. A. R. Charles Collins, professional, will appear as Peter Hygley, a Dutchman. Advices of Dec. 24.

FANNY MARSH'S THEATRE, Portland, Me., did a moderate business the past week with "After Dark." The play, so far as the mounting and scenery were concerned, has been well cared for; but the acting on the part of most members of the company was not satisfactory. Miss Fanny Marsh and Messrs. Meeker, Sutton and Wooderson are honorable exceptions. The latter gentleman assumed the part of Area Jack the first two nights with success, and for the remainder of the week, at short notice, succeeded Chas. Theodore as Dicey Morris, in which part he was very acceptable. Mr. Theodore has been quite ill all the week. This theatre narrowly escaped being destroyed by fire Dec. 23. A fire was discovered early that morning in the lower portion of the building in which the theatre is situated; but it was put out before much damage was done, except that caused by the smoke and water. This will necessitate the closing of the theatre for a week. Miss Marsh has secured Music Hall, to which place she will transfer her company the coming (this) week, "The Forty Thieves" constituting the attraction......Music Hall was partially unroofed by the severe gale of the 16th inst., but has since been repaired. The damage done, however, obliged the postponement of the sacred concert by the North Carolina Jubilee Singers; also the cancelation of Chapman's Fifth-avenue Company engagement. Letter of Dec. 23.

THE SALSBURY TROUBADOURS commenced a week's engagement at the Euclid-avenue Opera-house, Cleveland, O., December 18, presenting "The Brook" until Dec. 21, when it was succeeded by "Patchwork," which held the boards the remainder of the week. The company consists of Mr. N. Salsbury, John Webster, John Gourlay, Miss Nellie McHenry and Clara Fisher. They gave one of the jolliest and most enjoyable entertainments of the season. Business fair. Dec. 25, Boucicault Comedy Company for one week.

HENRIETTA CHANFRAU and company are to perform in Wheeling, W. Va., Dec. 28, 29, 30.

FURBISH'S FIFTH-AVENUE COMPANY opens in the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Dec. 25.

"FLIRTATION," a five-act society-comedy, by Mrs. Ames ("Eleanor Kirk"), was produced at the Chestnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 18, for the first time on any stage. A brief outline of the story must suffice, as a detailed account of the somewhat intricate plot will occupy too much space. The heroine is a coquette of the most pronounced type, Lou Sparkle. The villain, Harry Hargrave, has under his care Ray Burgess, the stepchild of the heroine's mother, and represents to the latter that the first wife was living when she married her dead husband, and demands as the price of his silence the hand of her daughter Lou. Among the admirers of Lou Sparkle are two young married gentlemen—Mr. Belcher and Mr. Fearing—whose wives are jealous of Lou's influence over their husbands. The second act shows Frank Sparkle cast off by Grace Fairchild for drunkenness, although she loves him against her father's will. Harry Arnold shakes off Lou's thraldrom, though he loves her. In the third act Mrs. Sparkle tells Lou of her terrible dilemma, and the latter defies Hargrave, and demands that he produce her sister. In the fourth act, Frank Sparkle, finding his sister enticed by a forged letter into Hargrave's apartments, shoots wildly at him, but accidentally hits, instead, Harry Arnold. The coquette had before this scornfully rejected Hargrave, and the letter referred to was written by Ray Burgess. The fifth and last act passes in Harry Arnold's sick-room, and reconciliation is brought about by Lou humbling herself to him. Frank and Grace are reunited. Lou succeeds in proving that her father was legally divorced from his first wife, and in the end affairs are apparently settled to the satisfaction of everybody. The dialogue, although graced with humor and repartee, is also distinguished by a certain prolixity, and considerable curtailing, while tending to condense the interest of the story, may eventually lead to its enjoying a run. The cast of characters was as follows: Harry Arnold, McKee Rankin; Frank Sparkle, James W. Norris; Lou Sparkle, Miss Lillie Glover; Grace Fairchild, Miss Lillian Conway; Mr. Theodore Baldwin, George H. Griffiths; Mr. Moss Fairchild, E. Bartram; Harry Hargrave, Bedford Williams; Sam Belcher, George Holland; George Fearing, F. W. Sanger; Alonzo Tift, I. F. Brennan; Mr. Clifford, G. D. Erroll; Mr. Deane, Harry Bave; Mr. Clarkson, H. C. Kennedy; Pat O'Brien, Charles Stanley; Jones, W. Murillo; Tom, Mr. C. Fisher; Blanche Belcher, Miss Lizzie Harold; Belle Fearing, Miss May Davenport; Mrs. Sparkle, Mrs. E. J. Phillips; Ray Burgess, Miss Anabel Dudley. As the alluring coquette Lou Sparkle, the performance of Miss Lillie Glover was in every way most successful, it being a part well calculated for the display of her dramatic ability. The remainder of the dramatis personæ entail a list of names too long for individual criticism. Suffice it to say that the various roles were well sustained, while a special word of praise is due to Miss Lizzie Harold, Miss Lillian Conway, and Messrs. McKee Rankin and James W. Norris. "Flirtation" was put upon the stage with every attention to scenic and general effect, and, although not presenting a very high standard of excellence, was favorably received during its first week's run. It will be followed on Jan. 1 by "Masks and Faces," in which Mr. F. F. Mackay as Triplet will make his first appearance this season.

F. S. CHANFRAU commenced a two weeks' engagement at the Walnut-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on Dec. 18, appearing as Salem Scudder in "The Octoroon," which was repeated during the past week. The part of Salem Scudder enables Mr. Chanfrau to give one of his happiest impersonations, and his efforts were well seconded by Mrs. Charles Walcot as Zoe, H. E. Meredith as McCloskey, and Charles Walcot as Uncle Pete. The drama was well mounted, and the incidental tableaux elicited deserved approbation. During the second and last week of the engagement, Mr. Chanfrau will appear in "Kit" the first four evenings, and in "Sam" the rest of the week. Jan. 1, Miss Lucille Western commences an engagement.

LOUISE M. POMEROY will appear as Juliet in "Romeo and Juliet" at the Kiralfys' Broad street Theatre, Philadelphia, at an early date in January.

AT FOX'S AMERICAN THEATRE, Philadelphia, an attractive programme was given during the week ending Dec. 23, the drama of "Marked for Life," with Sid. C. France in his original role of Skid, being the most noticeable novelty. It was preceded by an olio entertainment embracing the sketches of "Muddled and Mixed," by Mlle. Alexandrina and John Pendy, and "The Whistling Thief" by Paddy Murphy and Susie Warren, together with the Fontainebleau Sisters in "Dancing Mad," Ella Sheldon in songs-and-dances, Ed. Collyer in plantation specialties, and Emma Brennan in serio-comic vocalism. S. C. France closed his engagement here Dec. 23. The Madame Zanfretta Troupe will appear on the 25th inst. in the Christmas pantomime entitled "The Gnome-king of the Golden Mines."

AT THE OPERA-HOUSE, Pittsburg, Pa., for the third and final week of Maggie Mitchell's engagement, her new play "Mignon" was the attraction. It is a much better play than any other she has yet given there, and her acting of the role from which the play takes its name was thoroughly satisfactory. Business good. Dec. 25 "Not Guilty," with J. N. Gotthold in the principal part.

LILLIE ELDRIDGE, star actress, has vacant dates, and she publishes her address in another column.

AT THE PROVIDENCE (R. I.) OPERA-HOUSE the past week Geo. C. Boniface and his daughter, assisted by the regular stock company, presented "Sweethearts," "David Garrick," "The Lady of Lyons," "Narcisse the Vagrant," and "An American's Gold," to moderate business. This week Mr. Boniface and his daughter will act at the Christmas matinee and evening entertainment, and will be followed by Daly's Fifth-avenue Theatre Company in "Pique" Tuesday and the rest of the week. Fechter is underlined to shortly appear.

AT THE NEW INSTITUTE HALL, Newark, N. J., "The Three Guardsmen" is to be performed Dec. 25, 26, 27, with a Christmas matinee......On the 28th a new play by Henry Hill of that city, entitled "Raus Romany," is to be given. Wm. Leake is to assume the title role (Raus Romany), and the author will sustain the character of Mr. Dubois......29 and 30, Chapman & Chrisdie Pantomime Troupe are to give "Hickory Dickory" Dec. 29, 30....Charlotte Thompson and a company are billed for Jan. 1, 1877, at the Opera-house, in "Jane Eyre."

AT THE ACADEMY OF MUSIC, Montreal, "Eileen Oge" drew fairly the past week, Messrs. McDowell and M. Holmes as Bryan O'Farrell and Henry Loftus being specially meritorious. The scene of the haymakers' run, with songs-and-dances, was very good, and the effect fine. Dec. 25, "The Naiad Queen."

"AZURINE" received its last representation at the Kiralfys' Broad-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the evening of Dec. 20, the theatre remaining closed for the remainder of the week. It will be reopened Dec. 25 with the first production in America of an English spectacular pantomime entitled "Nick and Nack, or the Enchanted Heart." Mlle. De Rosa, the premiere danseuse, made her reappearance on the 18th inst.

THE BUILDING-INSPECTORS of Philadelphia will be ready to report to Councils the result of their examination of the places of amusement in that city in about four weeks. The resolution of that body, under which the inspectors are acting, is very sweeping and exacting in its character, and calls for a more rigid investigation than has been made.

THE KATIE PUTNAM COMEDY COMPANY is announced for Terre Haute, Ind., Dec. 31, Jan. 1, 1877.

CHARLES HOWARD and a dramatic company, under the management of the Kernan Brothers, are to give entertainments in the Opera-house at Norfolk, Va., this week.

MUSICAL.

CHEAP BANJO-MUSIC is published by the Dime Banjo-music Company, whose card find in another column.

G. F. HALLAM, musical director, who is now at liberty to accept engagements, can be addressed as per card.

CHEAP MUSIC, including many of the most popular songs, is published by Harding, who advertises.

"PERISHED IN THE SNOW," a new song by Eddie Fox, is published by Chas. F. Escher, who advertises.

SPAULDING'S BELLRINGERS are to perform in Gardner, Mass., Dec. 25, Clinton 26, Marlboro 27, Waltham 28, Watertown 29, Everett 30. Business is reported good.

TAMBOURINES of the best quality are offered for sale by Roe Stephens, at the advertised rate.

MME. HENRIETTA BEHRENS sang at a musical entertainment given on Dec. 21 to the inmates of the House of Correction, Philadelphia.

WILLIAM F. HOLMES, formerly of the Richings Opera Troupe, is to have a testimonial concert at St. George's Hall, Philadelphia, Dec. 28.

AT MILLER'S WINTER GARDEN, Philadelphia, a concert was given on Sunday evening Dec. 17, in aid of the Brooklyn sufferers. The volunteers included Max Heinrich, Bertha Kraus, Maggie Ray, Minnie Clyde, and the Philadelphia Horn Quartet. The receipts amounted to $76.50; but Mr. Henry Miller, the proprietor of this establishment, generously made it an even $100 by contributing the balance himself.

MISS EMILY SOLDENE and her English Comic-opera Company will commence an engagement at the Arch-street Theatre, Philadelphia, on the 25th inst., opening in "Madame L'Archiduc" and "Trial by Jury."

THE RICHINGS-BERNARD English-opera Troupe opened at the Grand Opera-house, New Orleans, La., Dec. 14, and closed on the 16th, having given "Martha," "Trovatore," "Bohemian Girl" (matinee 16th) and "Maritana." The attendance was good, and the singing of Madame Bernard especially worthy of favorable comment. The troupe left to open in Memphis, Tenn., 18th, for one week.

THE FIRST CONCERT by the Haydn Musical Association of Baltimore, Md., took place at the Academy of Music Dec. 21. The vocal portion of the programme was rendered by William Castle, late of the Kellogg English-opera Troupe.

MARC HASSLER will shortly commence a season of Saturday orchestral matinees in Philadelphia, the location as yet being undecided.

THE FORREST MANSION MUSIC HALL, Philadelphia, will be again disposed of at sheriff's sale on Dec. 30, the purchasers at a former sale having failed to make their bid good.

THE CONCERT and entertainment given at the Opera-house, Newark, N. J., Dec. 21 for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire in Brooklyn proved a success, and yielded the sum of $307.50, which Mayor Yates forwarded to Brooklyn.

"MARITANA" was given by the Arion Society of Cincinnati, O., at Robinson's Opera-house, that city, Dec. 20. J. F. Dunnie, H. J. Wetherell, Dr. Nill Taft, George A. Fitch, Miss Cora Dean and Miss Lizzie Newton sustained the leading roles. Mr. Dunnie will be remembered as the former tenor of Newcomb's Minstrels, and he acquitted himself capitally. "Fra Diavolo" and "Maritana" are to be presented by Cincinnati amateurs in January.

A PIANIST desires an engagement. See Frank B. McLaughlin's card, in which he announces that he is well posted in the variety business.

THE SOLDENE ENGLISH COMIC-OPERA COMPANY occupied the National Theatre, Washington, D. C., during the past week, attracting fair-sized audiences throughout, notwithstanding the inclement weather that prevailed. The operas presented were "Madame Angot's Daughter," "Genevieve de Brabant," "Chilperic," "Madam l'Archiduc," and "The Grand Duchess." "Trial by Jury" concluded the performance each evening. The good looks, costumes and singing of this troupe are to be commended; but, says our correspondent, "the acting falls below the mark of similar organizations that have visited the city in the past. It is entirely too slow and tame for comic opera."

MME. ANNETTE ESSIPOFF will give three concerts at Lincoln Hall, Washington, D. C., Jan. 2, 3, 4, 1877.

THE HYERS SISTERS COMBINATION are to sing in Lynn, Mass., Jan. 1, 1877, Concord 2, Haverhill 3, Portland 4, Bangor, Me., 5, Lewiston, 8.

MISS FANNIE KELLOGG is to sing in New Bedford, Mass., Jan. 2, 1877.

THE "EVANGELINE" COMBINATION is to perform in Syracuse, N. Y., Dec. 25, 26. Eliza Weathersby is now connected with the company.

VARIETY HALLS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877.—We have extended the time for receiving advertisements to December 27, and such of our patrons as desire to have their cards appear in THE ALMANAC will please send in their favors not later than that date. Rates and further particulars can be found in our advertising department.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS will oblige by sending their letters this week so as to reach us by Saturday, Dec. 30, if possible, and not later than Monday morning, Jan. 1, 1877.

In Memoriam.

HATTIE ROGERS, DIED IN ST. JOSEPH, MO., SUNDAY, DEC. 17, '76.

BY HER FRIEND WILLIAM C. WALLACE.

At last at rest!
Death's cold hand upon her brow,
Where once was life and pleasing smile—
So still, so cold, so silent now—
At last at rest.
At last at rest!
At last thy play of life is o'er—
"A vacant chair" our circle fills;
Thy smiling face is seen no more—
At last at rest!
At last at rest!
Thy little form we sadly miss,
Thy merry dance will please no more;
Thy joys, thy sorrows, come to this—
In God's the rest.

TOM MILLER has purchased all of Mr. Nuttal's interest in the Bella Union Theatre, Deadwood, D. T., and is now the sole proprietor. The company includes J. W. Wilson, J. Jenkins, Frank Thullen, Tom Miller, Pete Reid, Flora Ainsley, Lotta Stacy, Hattie Church and Lulu Young.

AT THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Springfield, O., which opened for the season Dec. 18 under the proprietorship of John Doyle, with Frank Daily business and stage-manager, performers in all branches of the variety business, especially ladies, are wanted. See card.

JAMES WELCH and Maud Lemoine are appearing nightly in their Irish specialties at the Gaiety Theatre, New Orleans, La.

CHAS. MACGINNIS, Dutch character comedian and specialty artist, is now disengaged. He advertises that he would consolidate with one or two good sketch artists.

JAMES W. WILSON of the Bella Union Theatre, Deadwood, D. T., and Margaret Niles were married by Mayor Farnum Nov. 5. Baltimore, Md., papers are requested to copy.

A COMIC AND CHARACTER VOCALIST desires an engagement with a traveling entertainment. See Comique's card.

ARTISTS OF ABILITY are wanted at Royal Palace Varieties, Pensacola, Fla. See Manager Quina's card.

THE BELLA UNION THEATRE, Cheyenne, Wy. T., is under the sole management of John Chace, with J. J. Kelly as business-manager and Ned Gibbons stage-manager, with the following company: Miss Lizzie Hastings, Ned Gibbons' sister, Little Bonton, Ned Gibbons, Johnny Brace, Nellie Gibbons and J. J. Kelly. J. Chace intends opening in Deadwood in April with the above company.

GEORGE SHANNON of Murphy and Shannon was married on the stage of the Metropolitan Theatre, Indianapolis, Ind., Dec. 18, after the performances to Pauline Estelle.

PROF. CHAS. ANDREAS, illusionist and ventriloquist, is making a tour with a company through the Western States, traveling in his own conveyances. The troupe includes the following: Nellie Zlona, aerial suspension and violoncello performer; Miss Lalka Druzilla Zlona, child-artist; Capt. E. V. Andreas, leader of orchestra, character-vocalist and reader; John R. Murdock, song-and-dance artist and marionette exhibitor and cornet-player; and Charles Andreas, second violinist. The company exhibited six nights in Austin, Nev., closing Dec. 2, and opened in Belleville 12, for four nights, thence to Carson City for one week, commencing Dec. 25. See card for particulars.

CRACE AND DAVIS, Ethiopian comedians, close their season with Emerson with E. S. Washburn's Last Sensation, Jan. 4, and will be at liberty after Jan. 22. Managers can address them in care of this office.

JOHN LE FAVRE MANNING was presented by his wife, professionally known as Jennie Sothern, with a daughter, in Boston, Mass., Dec. 15.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Brooklyn, N. Y., was closed the past week for the purpose of adapting the house to the views of the fire-inspectors. The sporting fraternity of that city and New York opened the theatre Dec. 22, and gave a sparring, dancing and singing entertainment for the benefit of the sufferers by the late fire. The theatre is to reopen Dec. 25.....At the new Park Theatre, the Carrolls have appeared in a musical sketch, "Niches from Nature," followed by the Fieldings and Miss Jennie Morgan, and winding up with the drama "Faith, or a Mother's Devotion."

THE TURNER BROS., Burt Clark and the Brahams were the additions to the company of the Theatre Comique, St. Louis, Mo., Dec. 17, where a fine business is being done. The Brahams—Harry and Lizzie—appeared to excellent advantage in their sketch of "Married Life." Burt Clark is a good singer, but he was unfortunate in having no new songs to offer. Tommy Turner's banjo-solo and funny sayings were well received, and the songs-and-dances of himself and two brothers were equally pleasing. Ed. Eddy took a benefit 19. Closing 23: Fanny Reynolds, for Indianapolis, Ind.; Hattie Ellis and dog, New Orleans, La.; Guy Linton and Lucy Adams, La Rue Family, Dunbar and Ashton, destination unknown. Announced for 24: M. C. Healey and Ella Saunders, Emma Jutan and Geo. W. Brown, Annis Fox and Lillie Hall.....The fresh arrivals at Looney's 17 were Gus Lee, Ethiopian comedian, Worden and Mack, song-and-dance men, and Lizzie Hastings and Jennie Jerome, vocalists.....The only arrival at the Novelty was George W. Raymond, who took the leading part in a sketch entitled "St. Louis in 1900." Advices of Dec. 22.

THE THEATRE COMIQUE, Washington, D. C., did a splendid business during the past week. The newcomers Dec. 18 were Niles and Evans in songs-and-dances, Millie Georgia in fancy dances, Harry Fox and Annie Rochfort in comic sketches. Geo. B. Radcliffe and Geo. W Middleton were specially engaged to support Milton Nobles in the drama of "Diamonds in the Rough." The Gem Ballet did not appear, as announced, owing to two of the leading dancers—Frankie Christie and Belle Clifton—breaking faith with the manager and leaving him in the lurch at the last moment, preventing him from applying their places in order to keep faith with the public. The benefit for the Brooklyn sufferers 22 was a success, notwithstanding the severity of the weather. About $400 was realized. The departures Dec. 23 were Milton Nobles and Fanny Burt, to Rondout, N. Y.; Geo. B. Radcliffe and Geo. W. Middleton, to Baltimore. The announcements for Dec. 25 are the Anti-Toe Brothers, Davenport Brothers, Joe Norton, Maggie Gray, Lulu Rose, Millie Rose, and a ballet troupe.....The Avenue Theatre has been refitted, and will be opened on Christmas-day by Harry Enochs of Philadelphia with the following named people: John R. Lane, business and stage manager; Fanny Davenport, Minnie Lee, the Nelson Sisters, Jennie Stone, Jenny Lamont, Lon West, Watson Sisters, Kate Smith, W. J. Mills, Seamon and Somers, Billy Hart, Bobby Granger, Jo Rodgers, J. K. Campbell, an orchestra of five performers under the direction of Prof. Thomas Williams, and a ballet troupe. Matinees will be given on Fridays. Prices of admission will be: Orchestra, 30 cents: parquet, 25 cents; and gallery, 15 cents. Letter of Dec. 24.

ANNIE NICHOLS writes to THE CLIPPER from Galveston, Texas, under date of Dec. 18, that she has postponed her departure for England until April, 1877, in consequence of the illness of her mother.

BUSINESS HAS BEEN VERY DULL at the Metropolitan Theatre, Louisville, Ky., caused by want of attractions. Miss De Courcey, W. H. Stow and Miss Dacre's dogs and the D'Alve Sisters were the new faces Dec. 18. Miss Letha Weber, who was billed to appear, failed to make the necessary railroad connection; and, as her trunks did not arrive until the 20th, she will not appear until Monday, Dec. 25. Alf. Miles gave fair satisfaction in his negro sketches. Miss De Courcey's dancing was not up to the standard. Stow's troupe of dogs was really the best of the new arrivals; they are thoroughly trained and do some very amusing tricks. The D'Alve Sisters are good-looking girls, and their banjo act is fair. W. H. Stow and Miss De Courcey close on the 23d. Fanny Kent, Letha Weber and the La Rue Family are billed for 25. Advices of Dec. 21.

THE NEW YORK ART STATUE TROUPE opened at the Opera-house, Galveston, Texas, Dec. 18, to an audience composed entirely of gentlemen. The advent of the troupe has caused considerable sensation, in both private circles and the pulpit. The indiscreetness of ministers of the gospel making it a subject of comment may be doubted, for they could not have done better service to the management by unknowingly and without cost thrown out the advertisement. The theatre was full, curiosity being excited. The tableaux and pictures were very effective, and those who went with higher motives as lovers of the beautiful in art, pure and simple, had everything to admire. The specialty artists were inferior to what is generally seen at a first-class music hall. The Rev. Dr. Bird's sermon on Sunday last regarding this troupe, and his denunciations of Christmas lotteries at the theatre are the subjects of considerable comment in the streets.....At the Adelphi Theatre, "Mike," the master of ceremonies behind the bar, got up a benefit for the lessee—Ed. Bremond—on Dec. 15. The whole company tendered their services, and among others were Hall and Thomson, James Dolan, Sam Martin, Tom Lynch, and Wm. Hepford. The house was crowded. The freshfaces 18 were Nellie Clark and Fannie Florence, the former giving an artistic exhibition with the clubs, while the latter appeared to advantage in songs-and-dances. Business fair.....At the Grand Central, Jessie Mortimer and Tommy Adams were the fresh arrivals 18. Jessie Mortimer in her songs met with deserved appreciation. Tommy Adams made a hit in his character changes. Departures: Lillie Francis and Lizzie Wilson, to San Antonio; Billy Noonan and Alice Bateman, to Chicago. Business moderate.

AT WARD'S OPERA-HOUSE, Newark, N. J., business the past week has been generally good, though the bad weather had some effect on it. The new people Dec. 18 were the Peasleys (John and Lea), Lea in a beat song-and-dance style and the best in a sketch entitled "Going to the Fair." They are favorites here, and were obliged to respond to numerous encores. Howard and Hayden were seen in a double Lancashire clog and Irish and Dutch sketches, songs-and-dances, etc.; Cummings and Turner, negro song-and-dance, and a sketch entitled "Looking for the Best of It," introducing very neat dancing; Prof. H. M. Parker and his troupe of educated dogs; Minnie Farrell and Minnie De Kalb, both in serio-comic songs; Jennie Belmont sang pleasing ballads; and Adgie Schutt appeared in "Masks and Faces," very cleverly done. Ward "The Devil's Stairs" Franklin and Kingdade supplied the place of Cardella and Victorelli on Monday night, the latter being unable to get here. On Tuesday night they made their appearance in a good acrobatic act. Closing 23: Cardella and Victorelli, to New York; Prof. Parker and dogs, to New York; Howard and Hayden, to Hoboken, N. J; the Peasleys, Baltimore. Announced for 25: The Blossoms, Willie Gaylord, Sellars and Byrnes, Frankie Johnson, Gus Shaw, Peter Depoints and Carrie Lewis. It is but justice to Mr. Ward to say that he was, equally with Manager Waldman, the instigator in getting up the benefit for the Brooklyn fire sufferers, given on Dec. 14.....At the Metropolitan business has been good during the past week. The newcomers 18 were the Claire Sisters in acrobatic acts, Baby Bindley (assisted by her father) in her several specialties, Karl Lind in his balancing acts, and the Bennetts (Frank and Eva) in a sketch entitled "The Kitchen Domestics." Blanche Selwyn and Ben Gilfoil were announced, but did not come. Departures 22: The Twin Sisters French, to Cincinnati, O.; Johnny Allen, New Haven, Ct. To open 25: Kelly and Ryan, Wilkinson Bros. and Alice Somers. Little Joe Cawthorne has recovered from his recent sickness, and will fill his dates with his brother as usual.....The Central Varieties closed during the past week. Letter of Dec. 20.

OUR BALTIMORE, MD., CORRESPONDENT, under date of Dec. 23, sends us the following variety news: "At the Holliday-street Theatre, owing to the near approach to Christmas and the bad weather, the attendance has been but fair. The bill opened with a negro sketch 'The Two Tramps,' by Gibbs, Allen, Mitchell, and Miss Oliver. Addie Stanwood gave serio-comic songs, and Curry and Fox appeared in a bar act, which gave satisfaction. R. G. Allen in his banjo-solos closed the olio, and the performances concluded with the drama of 'Escaped from Sing Sing' on Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday nights, and on Friday and Saturday, matinee and evening, 'The Gambler's Fate,' with Dominick Murray in the leading roles. He was well supported by the company. The matinee on the 23d was for the benefit of the sufferers by the Brooklyn Theatre fire. Dominick Murray closed on the latter date. Billed for 25 are Gangero's Royal Japanese Troupe, the Levino Brothers, Frank Bell, and Kate Raymond in 'The Rogues of Paris.'.....At the New Central Theatre a good bill was offered, commencing with the sketch of 'Turn Him Out.' Lillie Tottie sang ballads, Goldie, Steel and Sallie St. Clair appeared in triple-dances, James B. Radcliffe in a sketch, and Kitty Sanford in a jig, which was pleasing. Emma Bretto in songs, and Barney Reynolds in Dutch and Irish dialect songs, also met with favor. Joe Goss and Steve Taylor in a sparring-match were well received. 'The Avenger,' with E. F. Barnes in the leading role, was also given every evening. Departures 23: Chas. Howard, with the dramatic company, to Norfolk, Va., where, for one week, he will play 'The Old Farm;' Goldie, Steel and Sallie St. Clair, to New York; Emma Bretto, to Paterson, N. J.; Goss and Taylor, to Philadelphia. Announced for 25: Harris and Carroll, Julian Martinetti, La Belle Gabrielle, the Peasleys, Susie Warner and the "Baba" ballet from Niblo's, N. Y.....At the Odeon business is slack. Julia Bennett, Joe Norton, Jim Dalton, Helen Revere, Fannie Way, and the Davenport Brothers appeared in their specialties, and the comic pantomime 'Tot' was given. Nellie Germon, to Norfolk, Va.; Joe Norton and the Davenport Brothers, to Washington, D. C.; and Jim Dalton, to Chicago, left 23d. To appear 25: Andrew Gaffney, Kitty Rowland and the Hasson Sisters.....The Front-street Theatre failed to open Dec. 18, as announced. Manager T. Blackston Roser arrived, and so did the people who were engaged, but, Roser not advancing the necessary capital, the house remained closed. Among the people who were engaged there are some who are in a bad fix, having no money to get out of town with."

FROM CINCINNATI, O., our variety advices to Dec. 22 run as follows: "At the National Theatre Comique the new appearances 17 were the Rollin Howard Burlesque Company, Billy Wylie and the two Haleys. The performance began with a burletta of 'The Three Sisters," by Fannie Beane, Geo. A. Beane and T. W. Hanshew. Mr. Hanshew, in the olio, recited "On the Shores of Tennessee" with good effect. The burlesque of "Yeast Lynne," by Rollin Howard, Nellie Larkello, Fannie Beane, T. W. Hanshew, George Beane and the company performed the afterpiece. Billy Wylie in the olio gave Irish songs-and-dances, and the Haleys made a good impression. The only departure 23 is to be Tillie Antonio, for Shelby's, Buffalo. To open 24: Mel Meade and Nellie Lasalle. Business fair.....The new appearances at Loewen Garden Theatre 17 were Tommy Neal, an excellent Irish comedian; Kitty Sheppard, whose serio-comic vocalisms have been favorably received; and Emerson and Clarke, popular breakneck song-and-dance men. Departures 23: Lizzie Parker, for Pittsburg; and Emerson and Clarke, for Pastor's, New York. The new theatre will be opened to-morrow evening. It has been christened the Coliseum, and is a handsome hall, ninety feet deep by sixty-three in width. Three sides are occupied by the gallery. The total seating capacity will be about 1,400. The stage is 40 by 25 feet, and by 25 feet, and is the same used formerly by the open-air theatre. It is stocked with a complete set of scenery, and has a neat drop-curtain. The admission has been fixed at 25 and 15 cents; and the new venture should be a success, if properly managed. To open 26: Bushnell and Flynn, Charles Diamond, Crumley and De Forrest, Mons. Loyal, Lou West, Josephine Shandley and Bertie Rheinhart.....Walter Bray, the popular son of Ethiope; Harry Montague, motto-singer; Jeppe and Fannie Delano, sketch artists; Harry Armstrong and John Whitney, comedians; Carrie Atherton, serio-comic vocalist; Etta Florence, vocalist and actress; Charles Shay, comedian; and Charles Donnelly, lion-tamer, comprised the company at Shickling's Hall this week. Harry Montague and Carrie Atherton were the additions to the Grand Opera-house; Ella Blondell, Charles A. Vincent, Ida and Georgie Morrell, Snow Brothers, Sharpley Brothers and Harry Morris.....The Vaidis Twin Sisters, who proved a big card in their gymnastic and trapeze feats, and Ella Mayo, a pleasing vocalist, were the new appearances at Sandford's Hall 17. The Snyder Brothers close 24, going to Detroit. To open 24: Guy Linton, Lucy Adams, and Worden and Mack.....At the Eldorado, Billy and Minnie Homer, Irish vocalists; Emma Berger, vocalist; and John Kelly, comedian, opened 17.....Billy Pastor's Traveling Variety Troupe opened a week's season at Wood's Theatre 18. The company proved strong, and gave an agreeable programme, the component parts of the organization being the Phoites, Charles Diamond, Foy Sisters, Tierney and Cronin, Keating and Bland, Jas. S. and Kate Edwards, Phil Heath, Henrietta Mollenhauer, Billy Pastor and Ned Wambold. The company goes hence to Chicago. Charles Diamond severed his connection with the company here. Business has been fair."

AT THE ST. CHARLES THEATRE, New Orleans, La., there were several new appearances on Dec. 17, and the programme was completely remodeled. The performance opened with the sketch entitled "Dodging for a Wife," in which James M. Gilbert made quite a hit as Sam Budge. Signor Fabra, who opened on the 13th, gave an amusing seance in prestidigitation, and was entirely satisfactory. Wash Norton, who also commenced his engagement on the 13th, exhibited his changes, personating six different characters. Maude De Lisle, Clara Belmont, Ada Laurent and Charley Armstrong remain. The evening's entertainment closed with "Jube Slogan, Vint Douois, J. J. Bowling and Belle Gilbert in their feats of rifle-shooting, and the trained dogs Romeo and Zip. The departures since my last are Eug. F. Gorman, and the Lawrence Sisters, to Chicago; and Frank Mara, to Cincinnatti. Advices of Dec. 19.

BOB MACK, dramatic agent, Cincinnati, O., advertises that he wants first-class performers at all times.

MURPHY AND MACK, Irish comedians and specialty artists, are meeting with success at the Adelphi Theatre, Galveston, Texas, where they have been performing for the past nine weeks.

MARIE AND ANNIE ANCHE and Ella—are in the tenth week of their engagement at Fox's American Theatre, Philadelphia, Pa., and their character-sketches, dancing and other specialties are very favorably received by the audiences there. Managers can address as per advertisement.

MR. FITZSIMMONS is requested to address W. J. Gilmore, as per card.

VARIETY ARTISTS can secure dates at the Olympic Theatre, this city, by applying to Manager Sinn, as per card.

GROVER GODDARD and Dr. Andrews of Philadelphia visited, on Dec. 17, Erminia Venturoli, the once popular danseuse, who is now living in poverty in that city. Both gentlemen consider her a proper subject for the Guardians of the Poor, as she is in a state of semi-idiocy.

AT WOOSAM'S VARIETIES, Philadelphia, where Mell Kirtz is now the stage-manager, the new faces on Dec. 18 were Kitty Smith, Dolly Davenport, and Jimmy Mack, the latter a clever jig-dancer. Variety performers wishing engagements here are referred to an advertisement in another column. Belle Cushman, Emma Reed, and Johnny Sullivan open here on the 25th inst.

BARNEY REYNOLDS has withdrawn from the management of the recently-opened International Music Hall, Philadelphia, Charles A. Davis now filling the vacancy as stage-manager.

AT WOOD'S MUSEUM, Cleveland, O., he himself the only original black Dutch comedian, and composer of his own Dutch songs, can be engaged after Feb. 27 through Johnson & Ross, agents, who advertise. Root & Son of Chicago publish one of Mr. Clark's songs, entitled "The Great Centennial Pomshells."

ACCIDENT.—A GYMNAST.—George Whalen, known as one of the Norman Bros., while performing on the trapeze at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., Dec. 18, met with a serious though not fatal accident. In attempting to leap from one trapeze to another he missed and fell to the floor, a distance of some fifteen or twenty feet. A doctor was summoned, and Mr. Whalen was removed to his home, No. 24 Broadway, and at last accounts was resting easy.

THE ATTRACTIONS at the Theatre Comique, Cleveland, O., for the past week were Prof. Sloman, the Lloyd Bros., Lizzie Sutton, Henry and Lizzie Doud, McVickers and Sanders, and Kit Carson Jr. Departures Dec. 23: McVickers and Sanders, and Kit Carson Jr., to New York. Arrivals 25: Perry Bros., Billy and Minnie Kayes, Flora Moore, James Woodville, and Amelia Dean.....Matt Morgan and company hold the boards of the Academy of Music Dec. 21, 22 and 23.

AT THE ADELPHI, Hartford, Ct., the entertainment given the past week was up to the usual standard, yet a falling-off in the attendance was noticeable. The new people 18 were Belle La Verde, a pleasing serio-comic; the Warren Sisters, statue-clog; John Carle, banjo-soloist; Minnie and Lillie La Verde, musical sketches; and John Griffin, Irish vocalist. Closing 23: Kearney and Moran, to Meriden, Ct., and the La Verdes, with no present engagement. Announcements for 25: Mrs. Whittingham and Master Newman, Kirk and Drew, and Master Tommy Flynn on Christmas the company give two entertainments in Robert's Opera-house.

THE NEW FACES at Smith's Opera-house, Grand Rapids, Mich., Dec. 17 were Dick Devlin, a good Irish comedian, and Harry and May Thompson, who in their vocalisms and sketches pleased. The only departure 23 was Hattie Hawthorne, to Chicago. The Newton Sisters are announced for 25. Biz good, as is also the entertainment.

THE ORRIN BROTHERS, now performing in their acrobatic specialties at the Adelphi Theatre, Chicago, Ill., open in Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 15. For open time they can be addressed care of this office.

CHEEVERS AND KENNEDY open at the Howard Athenæum, Boston, Mass., Jan. 29.

SCHOOLCRAFT & COES' NOVELTY COMPANY is to open at Music Hall, Portland, Me., Jan. 1, four nights and matinee, under management of Wm. Calder. The company comprises Luke Schoolcraft, Geo. H. Coes, Alice Brennan, Stewart Dare, Geo. A. Hall, Kelly and Ryan, Sheffer and Slavin, Jas. Fox, Wm. Calder, and Alfy Chippendale.

THE WOODS—Harry and Fanny—and Joseph Arthur, burlesque artist, are spending the holidays at the home of the former, in Canton, O.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Adelphi, Toledo, Dec. 18, were Altie Hallett, who shows a decided improvement in her trapeze act; B. C. Hart, who has met with good success in his negro acts; William Hasson; Nellie Ritter, in serio-comic songs; and Conway and Kerrigan, who see great favorites. Closing 23: Maggie Pearle, Philadelphia; Billy and Maggie Kaye and Amelia Dean, Cleveland. To open 25: Den Thompson and Julia Wilson.....At the Theatre Comique, Dick Mack, Minnie Rossalin, Connors and Kelly, and Amanda Archer were the fresh arrivals 18. Closing 23: Connors and Kelly, to Chicago; Hamilton Sisters, unknown. Opening 25: Blanche Clifton, Dan and Flora Mason, Jean and Mattie Boyd, C. L. Banks and Gus Mills.....The Atlantic Varieties has closed its doors for the present. Letter of Dec. 23.

THE ENTERTAINMENT at the Howard, Boston, the past week, included "Arrah-na-Pogue," "The Green Monster," and an olio performance by the artists named in our last issue. For Christmas week Stuart Robson appears in his specialty of Captain Cross-tree in "Blackeyed Susan," Adah Richmond enacting William, and Marie Bates Susan. "Little Red Riding-hood," with Maffit and Bartholomew, will also be presented, and Harry Kernell, John Kernell, Clara, Moore, Schoolcraft and Coes, and Fields and Hoey appear in the olio. "Jack Sheppard" will be given Saturday night, Dec. 30.....At the Boylston Museum the programme for the current week includes the pantomime of "Robin the Robbin," and Charley Yale, Eloise Allen, Jerome and Cameron, Nellie Brooks, George Kurtz, Harry Blodgett, J. W. McAndrews, Nellie Carleton, Lou Sanford, and Mlle. Etta, comprise the specialists.

AT THE GRAND CENTRAL VARIETY THEATRE, Philadelphia, the attendance during the past week evidenced the popularity of the entertainment given. The new faces on the 18th were Western and Walling, the Richmond Sisters, Huber and Glidden, and Sam Baylis. The Richmond Sisters—Josie and Lulu—proved a source of decided attraction in their songs-and-dances. Western and Walling amused their auditors in their original sketch of "The Old Back-gate," the feminine make-up of Walling being especially noticeable for its excellence; Huber and Glidden in their "Musical Oyster-can" specialties, and Sam Baylis with his act of "Gulliver's Lilliputians, or Living Shadows," were also pleasing features. Frank Schaeffer has taken the position of leader of the orchestra here, formerly filled by Professor Phil Blumenahne. Sheridan and Mack, Miss Nellie St. John, the Leslie Brothers, Western and Walling, and Huber and Glidden closed Dec. 23. The Langlois Brothers, Mlle. Zitella, Miss Martha Wren, and Watson and Ellis open Dec. 25, on which date will be produced the spectacle of "Lurline, or the Naiad Queen."

AT ENOCHS' VARIETIES, Philadelphia, an enjoyable entertainment was given during the week ending Dec. 23, the prominent features thereof being the Female Minstrels, Miss Minnie Lee's serio-comic vocalism, the Morosco Family's gymnastic acts, and the characteristic sketches of Mons. Loyal's "Artist's Model" and "Women of the Day." Billy Wright's popularity was proved amply by the large attendance at his benefit on Dec. 21, the veteran Ethiopian comedian then appearing for the first time in several years in his knife-throwing act. The Morosco Family closed on the 23d. To open 25: Barlow, Wilson and Welch, and Charley Benedict, who has been laying off this week. Letter of Dec. 23.

THE NEW PEOPLE at the Theatre Comique, Providence, R. I., the past week were Bryant and Williams, song-and-dance; Frank George, Irish vocalist; Harry Lampee, character dancer, and Lyd Showers, song-and-dance. Andy Showers, with his troupe of trained dogs and monkeys, and the new pantomime. "The Magic Trumpet," were specially entertaining. The attendance was good. This week a new pantomime will be produced by Bob Butler, entitled "The Devil's Auction," introducing the snow-ballet, under the direction of Mr. Lampee.

IN THE APPEAL FOR AID or pecuniary assistance, published in our last issue, for Mrs. Daniel J. Crowley, widow of the late Daniel J. Crowley, professionally known as Snow, one of the Snow Brothers, who died in Buffalo, N. Y., Dec. 10, it was stated that she was left "to pay a large bill for physicians' services, as well as other incidental expenses." We have since been informed that Mr. Crowley's mother went there from Boston, Mass., after her son's death, and paid the bills; also all the funeral expenses, and took his remains with her to Boston for interment.

CHAS. HARRIS AND LOTTA GRAY open at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, N. Y., Dec. 25, appearing in their burlesque specialties. They can be addressed care of this office.

NORA RYAN, Lizzie Eldridge and Mr. Sparks opened at Tooker's Varieties, Norfolk, Va., Dec. 21. Lulu Leonard began 20. Admiral and Kitty Sanford are billed for this week.

SUICIDE OF HATTIE ROGERS.—This song-and-dance performer was found dead in her bed in St. Joseph, Mo., on Sunday morning, Dec. 17, by Lizzie Warren, a sister professional who had shared Miss Rogers' couch the previous night. She commenced her professional career in Buffalo, N. Y., when a mere child, and since then had performed in many variety companies in the West. She was 20 years of age, and is said to have been the wife of a hardware merchant in Chenute, Kansas, by the name of Day. Full particulars of the sad event may be gleaned from the testimony given at the Coroner's inquest, as follows:

LIZZIE WARREN, on an actress and performer at the Metropolitan Theatre. I have known the deceased for about two weeks. She was with me pretty constant for the last week. Saturday night we danced together at 3 and I went to bed together about midnight. I could not say she was sober when she went to bed. It was daylight when I saw her Sunday morning. She was lying very close to me, and I asked her how she came on. She made no reply, and I shook her. She was motionless. I got up and looked at her. There was no pulse—she was cold. I then gave the alarm to the actors, and some of them came in.

FRANK FORREST.—I am a performer at the Metropolitan Theatre. I came to St. Joseph a week ago last Thursday. I have known the deceased since last Friday night. She told me that she was from Buffalo, N. Y., and had been a singer and dancer there.

JOHN HOLLAND, stage manager of the Metropolitan Theatre. I engaged Hattie Rogers about six weeks ago. She was then at Chenute, Kan., as a performer. She arrived in St. Joseph about five weeks ago, but did not commence playing the engagement at No. 14. I was at the theatre she was prompt. She came to me Saturday evening, and asked to be excused from singing, as she had a bad cold. She appeared to be well up to the close of the performance.

JAMES LEATIE.—I am a musical performer at the Metropolitan Theatre, and stage manager. I have been acquainted with deceased since 1866, and was intimate with her. She spoke to me about her troubles. On Saturday she and I were sitting at the stove in the hall of the theatre, and she asked me if I would do her, and go with her up over to the gambling-house and tell James Sutter to come to her, and to let on to him that she had taken poison. I sent a boy to Sutton, and he came. He sat down on a row of chairs, and he shook her up. The deputy-marshal came to arrest her for a debt, and she said if she went to jail she would not recover, and died.

EUGENE SUTTER.—I have been acquainted with deceased about four or five weeks. She told me she expected her husband next week. She also said to me: "I will fool you some of these days." I believe she died from morphine and whiskey. She drank pretty hard.

The jury, after deliberating upon the testimony, gave the following verdict: "We, the jury, believe that Hattie Rogers came to her death by some poisonous substance and intemperate habits."

NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, Brooklyn, N. Y., Billy Rice, Bobby Newcomb, Lida Mac, Archy Hughes and the rest of the company entertained well-filled houses the past week.

CORBYN'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS, of which Sheridan Corbyn is proprietor, having started on a tour around the world, are to appear in Sydney, N. S. W., about Dec. 1. Their route is to include the principal towns in Australia, India, Japan and China.

A NEGRO COMEDIAN, who can do musical-moke and end-business, also a banjo-solo, is wanted by Lon Catlett, who advertises.

DAVID BROS.' MINSTRELS opened in Library Hall, Pittsburgh, Pa., Dec. 18, and played since to a succession of very good houses. In the first-part Emerson and Cotton on the ends are among the best, and the singing of Messrs. Russell, Fredericks and Read helps to make up a highly enjoyable scene. In the olio, Mackin and Wilson are seen in songs-and-dances and specialties, in which they were nightly greeted with applause and laughter. Billy Emerson contents himself with doing a couple of simple steps of a dance. In a negro sketch he showed that he is possessed of a fund of quaint and original humor. Ben Cotton's act was also well done, and met with favor. Ernest Linden in operatic selections was very fine. J. R. Kemble makes an excellent interlocutor and straight man.

SWEATNAM'S MINSTRELS, Philadelphia, presented a good programme, including the pedestal clog-dances of Erwin Thurman, a ventriloquist, act by a youthful artist, C. W. Brewster, and the concluding interlude of "The Wrong Bottle." Robert Fraser, the well-known pantomimist, has become associated with Billy Sweatnam in the management, and the troupe will hereafter be known as Sweatnam & Fraser's Minstrels.

GRIFFIN AND RICE, two clever song-and-dance men, made their first appearance with Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, Philadelphia, on the 18th inst., in their plantation-scene "Beautiful Carline." John L. Carncross sang a new ballad, entitled "Whisper Yes or No, Love."

FRED H. BLECKER states through our business department that Lew Simmons has satisfactorily arranged the broken contract referred to in our issue of Nov. 25.

SIMMONS & SLOCUM'S MINSTRELS are in Pittsburg this week. Route: Wheeling, W. Va., Jan. 1, 2, Columbus, O., 3, 4, Springfield 5, Dayton 6.

SPRAGUE & BLODGETT'S GEORGIA MINSTRELS performed in Madison, Wis., Dec. 21, Watertown 22, Oshkosh 23, and are billed for Fond du Lac 25, Appleton 26, Greenbay 27, Sheboygan 28, and Milwaukee 29 30.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS will show in New Haven, Ct., Dec. 27, Hartford 28, Meriden 29, Springfield, Mass., 30, Fitchburg Jan. 1, 1877, Fall River 2. They have just left New York State, where they met with success, as will be seen by appended extracts. Harry J. Clapham, the business-manager, also reports that business has been good.

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.—Corinthian Hall was more than crowded last evening by people anxious to hear and see the far-famed Haverly's Minstrels; and however high their expectations, we think the performance of the troupe fully justified them. The jokes were fresh and bright, and the singing was remarkably fine. The character acting was extremely good, and the entire entertainment one of the best in minstrelsy that we have seen in a long time.—*Rochester Daily Democrat.*

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS.—In spite of the furious storm Saturday night, Haverly's Minstrels were favored with a large audience, and nobody regretted going out to enjoy an entertainment of this character. Manager Clapham's assurances that the performances should be absolutely free from everything that could possibly offend were well founded. This is the secret of their wonderful success when discreputable troupes have "gone to the dogs," even as they belong. From the beginning to the end of the entertainment everything was of a pleasing character. Barlow Brothers, Wilson, the end-men, are extremely funny in all their sayings and doings. The singing and orchestral music were very good. Rapier's, Jones' and Roe's solos were warmly applauded. Jones is a new beginner. He has a phenomenal voice, which will develop remarkably by cultivation. Primrose and West are absolutely perfect and unequaled in their specialties. Barlow's old-darky personalities are true to nature. French is witty, a very fine banjoist, and a good singer. The entertainment as a whole was one of the best that have ever been given here.—*Utica Daily Herald.*

HAVERLY'S MINSTRELS. — Notwithstanding the inclement weather of last evening, a large audience assembled in Martin Opera-house to witness the performance given by Haverly's Minstrels. It was the best entertainment of the kind seen in this city in many a day. The singing was very fine, the comedians excellent, the song-and-dance men first-class, the orchestra good, and the programme well selected. Barlow is wonderfully good in his specialties; Primrose and West are the best clog-dancers we remember seeing. In fact, all are good, and the first-part is something not easily forgotten.—*Albany Morning Argus*

CIRCUSES.

HOWES' LONDON CIRCUS is to show in Bainbridge, Ga., Jan. 1, Thomasville 2, Quitman 3, Valdosta 4, Live Oak, Fla., 5, Monticello 5, Quincy 8, Tallahasse 9, Madison 10, Lake City 11, Jacksonville 12, Gainesville 13.

A HALF INTEREST in a sideshow is wanted by P. Harris, who announces that he has a good curiosity on hand. Address as per advertisement.

TWO TRICK-MULES and a spotted trick-horse are offered for sale by St. F. C. Roberts. See card.

EQUESTRIANS AND GYMNASTS are wanted for P. T. Barnum's Show for the season of 1877. Address or apply to J. J. Malhans, as per advertisement.

W. H. BATCHLER, the well-known leaper, now traveling with Howes' London Circus, was presented in New Orleans, La., Dec. 10, with a son weighing ten pounds.

THE NEW NATIONAL THEATRE, Philadelphia, was reopened as a circus on the evening of the 23d inst., under the direction of the veteran S. Q. Stokes, and with a company including Miss Molly Brown, Martino Lowande, the Stokes Family (Katie, Emma and Ella), the Metie Family, Tom King, Billy Porter, George Dunbar, and Ted Almonte. Performances will be given here each afternoon and evening during the holidays.

THE INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS, during the week ending Dec. 23, exhibited in the building Broad and Cherry streets, Philadelphia, lately known as the Offenbach Garden. Dr. James L. Thayer made a welcome reappearance in the ring as a jester, and Romeo Sebastian and Clarinda Lowande continued to attract as the equestrian features of this circus. The Morosco Family open Dec. 25.

ZENONA PASTRANA, bearded-lady, who has appeared in the principal European circuses, theatres and concert saloons with success, desires to visit the United States. She speaks English and several other languages, and dances. For further particulars and address see advertisement.

PROF. E. HAMILTON has not retired from the show business, but he has disposed of his share in the Euclid Combination Show. He proposes remaining a day during the coming season, and advertises for performers; also that the sideshow privileges, etc., are to rent.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877.—We have extended the time for receiving advertisements to December 27, and such of our patrons as desire to have their cards appear in THE ALMANAC will please send in their favors not later than that date. Rates and further particulars can be found in our advertising department.

"ELI PERKINS" is to lecture in Portage City, Wis., Dec. 26, Kittanning, Pa., 28, Parker 29, Northport, Ia., 30, Mount Morris 4, Amsterdam 6, Yarmouth, Me., 9.

A NEW OPERA-HOUSE is nearly completed in Clinton, Ia. It will have a seating capacity for 1,600 persons, and can accommodate 2,000.

OPERA-CHAIRS nearly new are offered for sale at a low price. See advertisement in finding column.

FRANK GIBSON, agent, whose address find in another column, is disengaged. He has had eight years' experience.

THE STEINAU JEWELRY COMPANY of Cincinnati, O., manufacturers and importers of fine cheap jewelry, invite dealers to send their business-cards and fancy goods and peddlers to send for their new illustrated catalogue. See advertisement.

AT "THE GUIDE AND NEWS" steam show-printing establishment, Richmond, Va., all kinds of theatrical work can be

TERMS.

Single copy 10 cents. Per annum $4.00 in advance, including postage to any part of the United States. Foreign postage extra.

Advertising under the head of Amusements, 15 cents per line for each insertion.

Miscellaneous and Sporting advertisements, 20 cents per line for each insertion.

Extracts from other papers, incorporated in news department, 50 cents per line.

Advertisements to be paid for at the time of insertion, and liberal discount made when paid for three months or longer in advance.

FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor, Clipper Building, Centre and Leonard streets, N. Y.

Reduction in Rate of Subscription.—All subscriptions to The Clipper after Jan. 1, 1877, will be received at the rate of $4 per annum, and the time of all unexpired subscriptions now on our books will be extended in conformity with these rates.

AMUSEMENTS.

THE CLIPPER ALMANAC FOR 1877.

THE ALMANAC FOR 1877, WHICH WE ARE NOW COMPILING, WILL CONTAIN:

The Clipper Time Table.

Fastest recorded time in Horse-racing, Trotting, Pacing, Hurdle-racing, Steeplechasing, Rowing, Running, Walking, Snow-shoe Racing, Ice-boating, Swimming, Skating, Bicycle-riding, and by Fire-engines and Hose Companies, Ocean and River Steamers, and Locomotives; Records of Jumping, Lifting, the Prize-ring, Ratting, Ball-throwing, Cricket, Billiards, Rifle-shooting, Skittles, Glazing, Trap-shooting, Type-setting, Bricklaying, etc.

Chronicle of Important Theatrical Events for the Year 1876.

Sporting Chronology for 1876.

Astronomical Information for the Year.

Baseball—The Season of 1876, Giving the Players' Averages and Record of Model Games.

A List of Theatres Destroyed by Fire.

And several other departments of useful information, with numerous illustrations, including

THE CHASE IN OLD GAUL, THE MAD POET'S AND THE PILOTS' MONUMENTS IN GREENWOOD CEMETERY, ETC., ETC.; also, among others, the following interesting stories and poems:

THE CALLBOY'S TREAT—A story of the stage, by Celia Logan.

TUMBLETY'S BAND—A reminiscence of the early days of minstrelsy, by Chas. H. Day.

THE CRIME OF A CLOWN—An advance-agent's story, by J. Wight.

LIGHTNING SALVE—A sideshow story, by Vandyke Brown.

PASSION DRIVEN—A romance of an Artist's Model.

THE MISER'S HAND—A Tradition of Italy, by Mrs. E. Burke Collins.

THE MILL OF DEVERS—An illustrated poem, by E. Norman Gunnison.

BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE (by request), and PARODY ON SAME, by Magnolia.

THE DANCERS—An illustrated poem.

MY ONLY COMIC SONG—Illustrated—by J. H. B.

THE OLD YEAR—A poem.

THEOPHILUS BROWN—A Legend of Printing-house square (poem) by Aaron Vanderwerker.

and numerous other special and miscellaneous features that will make it a most acceptable annual and insure it a large circulation.

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HALF A PAGE	20
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Advertisers are requested to send in their favors NOT LATER THAN DECEMBER 27.

FRANK QUEEN, Publisher and Proprietor,
P. O. Box 3,860. 88 and 90 Centre street, New York

CHAS. MacGINNIS, DIALECT CHARACTER COMEDIAN and SPECIALTY ARTIST, at liberty after Dec. 15. Would consolidate with one or two good sketch-artists. Address care Lockbox 36, 40-1t Centralia, Ill.

OPERA-CHAIRS FOR SALE CHEAP. Several hundred leather-covered, first-class Opera-chairs, in lots to suit. Cost $4.50 and $4 each. Nearly new. Will be sold at half the cost. P. T. BARNUM, 40-3t Bridgeport, Ct.

OPENING OF THEATRE COMIQUE, SPRINGFIELD, O., DEC. 18, 1876.
JOHN DOYLE.......Proprietor
FRANK DAILY.......Business and Stage Manager
LADY SPECIALTY ARTISTS WANTED AT ALL TIMES.
Salaries must be low, as they are sure.
No wine-room. Good performers can secure dates by addressing as above. 40-1t*

FRANK GIBSON, AGENT. DISENGAGED. Eight (8) years' experience. Last engagement with BLIND TOM. Four years with FRANK MAC EVOY'S NEW HIBERNICON. Address FRANK GIBSON, 40-1t* Fulton Opera-house, Lancaster, Pa.

GREAT SONG, "PERISHED IN THE SNOW," BY EDDIE FOX. The most beautiful song in print. For male and female artists. Sold at all music stores. Published by CHAS. F. ESCHER, 40-3t* 1,320 Girard avenue, Philadelphia, Pa.

GREAT EXCITEMENT in New Orleans over the Happy Irish Pair, James Welch and Maude Lenoine. Six encores nightly at the Gaiety Theatre. [1t*

WANTED, A COLLAR-AND-ELBOW WRESTLER. Must be temperate and good dresser, and not weigh over 150lb. JAMES WELCH, 40-1t* Gaiety Theatre, New Orleans, La.

ROYAL PALACE VARIETIES, PENSACOLA, FLA.
A. QUINA.......PROPRIETOR AND MANAGER
EMILE AMES.......STAGE-MANAGER
ARTISTS OF FIRST-CLASS ABILITY IN ALL BRANCHES OF THE PROFESSION, LADIES ESPECIALLY, CAN SECURE DATES AT ALL TIMES BY STATING LOWEST SALARY. Address the MANAGER, as above. 40-2t*

SLUSSER'S THEATRE COMIQUE, DANVILLE, ILL. NOW IN THE FULL TIDE OF SUCCESS. Talent wanted at all times. Performers wishing BONANZAS can save pen, ink and paper by not writing. Address J. E. GREEN, Manager, 39-3t Theatre Comique.

UNION HALL, GOUVERNEUR, N. Y. A new and beautiful hall. Commodious stage and dressing-rooms, first-class scenery. Seating capacity, 800. To rent at reasonable rates by the night or on percentage. Good patronage. Address UNION HALL CO., 39-13t* Gouverneur, St. Lawrence Co., N. Y.

PAUL'S OPERA-HOUSE, FROSTBURG, MD., for rent, by the night, week, or on percentage, to first-class companies and combinations only. It is beautifully frescoed, has first-class stage, scenery and dressing-rooms, is seated with opera chairs, heated with steam, and lighted with gas. The nicest little house in the State. Capacity, 800. Address PAUL'S OPERA-HOUSE, 39-13t* Frostburg, Md.

TO MANAGERS AND TRAVELING Companies, Stars and Combinations. We are constantly in receipt of the successes of London and Paris, and parties desiring attractive plays would do well to correspond with us. We have recently sold "Miss Moulton" and "Danichef" to the Union-square Theatre; also "Daniel Druce" to Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer. We have the following successful plays to dispose of in some localities:
1. "THE GREAT DIVORCE CASE."
2. "SWEETHEARTS."
3. "TOM COBB."
4. "MARRIED IN HASTE."
5. "FERREOL."
6. "JOHN GARTH."
We also have a magnificent play for a leading man, one for strong, emotional actress, and one for eccentric comedian. All foreign successes.
SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 34-13t* 122 Nassau street, New York.

ACTORS AND AMATEURS can always get their Plays, Guide-books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Tableaux Lights, Magnesium Lights, Colored Fire, Burnt Cork (prepared by new process, better than any other made), Face Preparations, Costumes, Wigs, Beards and Moustaches (at reduced prices), Scenery, Operas, Charades. Our new catalogue, sent free, containing full description and price list. Address SAMUEL FRENCH & SON, 122 Nassau street, New York. Just published "My Mother-in-Law, or a Divorce Wanted," price 15 cents. [34-13t*

CITY HALL, LEWISTON, MAINE. This is a new hall, facing the Park, located on three streets, and is one of the best halls in New England. Will seat 1,800. Large and commodious stage, with all modern improvements and a full set of scenery. Brilliantly lighted with gas, and furnished with every convenience to make it first-class. Thirty per cent. reduction from last year's prices. For dates and particulars address 10-52t* CITY HALL, Lewiston, Me.

TO CIRCUS AND SIDESHOW Managers. M. R. KUNKELY, 163 South street, between Roosevelt and Dover streets, New York City, Manufacturer of Circus and Sideshow Canvas. 36-13t*

HARVEY'S OPERA-HOUSE, HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA. Beautifully frescoed, first-class stage and dressing-rooms, well lighted and ventilated. CAPACITY, 800. FOR RENT BY NIGHT OR PERCENTAGE. 36-5t* ROBT. T. HARVEY & SONS.

DAVIS OPERA-HOUSE, FINDLAY, OHIO. It has just been completed, and seats eight hundred; it has 350 iron opera-chairs in dress circle; good front and stage entrances; lighted by gas; stage 35 feet by 45 feet; proscenium opening, 25 feet; foot and border lights; elegant drop and act curtains, and nine complete sets of scenery by the Chicago scenic artists TRYON & GRAHAM. Findlay is an excellent show town of about Six thousand inhabitants, and will support a good show a week. For terms and dates apply to DAVIS, DETWILER & CO., 39-13t Findlay, O.

JUST PUBLISHED. John Rutledge's best songs, HAPPY AGAIN AS OF OLD, answer to KISS AND BE HAPPY AGAIN, and THE GRAVE OF MABLE CLARE, 35c. each, postage free. H. G. HOLLENBERG, 39-3t 294 Main street, Memphis, Tenn.

STOVER'S OPERA-HOUSE, MARINGO, IA. New, splendid scenery, ample staging. SEATING CAPACITY, 800 CHAIRS. 39-6t* M. W. STOVER, Proprietor.

CHANGE OF MANAGEMENT. OPERA-HOUSE, OIL CITY, PA., will be managed (after Jan. 1, 1877) by the former lessee, SAM. T. JACK, present manager of NEW OPERA-HOUSE, FRANKLIN, PA. First-class attractions wishing time at either or both places, or for the OIL-REGIONS CIRCUIT, may address SAM. T. JACK, 39-3t St. Charles Hotel, Oil City, Pa.

G. F. BALLAM, MUSICAL DIRECTOR, AT LIBERTY. Address 104 East 11th street, 40-1t* New York.

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NOTICE TO AGENTS AND COMBINATIONS. HOWARD HOUSE, BALTIMORE, MD. This hotel is convenient to all theatres, and the table is furnished with the best the market affords. Rate to professionals, $9 to $10.50 per week. 37-13t*

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MAGICAL MANUFACTORY.—Magical apparatus and conjuring tricks for stage or parlor; also juggling-balls, knives, etc., the finest and best finished at reasonable figures. Send 15cts. for illustrated catalogue, or 3cts. for price-list. THOS. W. YOST, No. 28 North 9th street, Philadelphia, Pa. 32-13t*

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MR. GEORGE RIGNOLD, en route for England; will return to America about Jan. 15, 1877. All communications for him should be addressed to his agent, H. B. LONSDALE, 37-4t* Care COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

MASONIC HALL, CHILLICOTHE, O., enlarged and remodeled, will be ready for opening Dec. 9. Capacity, 800. Entrance to dress-circle and parquet on ground floor; balcony-circle seats all available; stage 28x47 feet, complete, with all modern appliances. FULL SETS OF WORKING-TRAPS. 19 COMPLETE SETS OF SCENERY. SCENERY AND FRESCO BY E. B. HOUGH OF WEITING OPERA-HOUSE, SYRACUSE, N. Y., formerly of Booth's. Stage and machinery by W. H. Groom, Syracuse. Spacious and convenient dressing-rooms. For rent to first-class troupes by night or week, or on shares. Terms moderate. Apply to [37-13t*] PH. KLEIN, Supt.

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MANAGERS CAN ADDRESS MRS. J. H. HACKETT for open dates at 61 East 4th street, N. Y., or Simmonds & Wall. 40-13t

MR. SOTHERN'S TOUR, 1876-77.
DETROIT, Mich., Dec. 25, 30: CHICAGO, Jan. 1, 6, 1877;
ST. LOUIS, Jan. 8, 13: SAN FRANCISCO, Jan. 22, Feb. 17;
ARCH-STREET THEATRE, Phila., March12, till end of season. Permanent address, SIMMONDS & WALL,
38-tf 10 Union square, N. Y. City.

THE ST. JAMES ANGLO-AMERICAN HOTEL, 56 Lime street, Liverpool, Eng. J. W. ALLINSON.......Proprietor
THE HOTEL adjoins Sam Hague's Minstrels, is within three minutes of the leading theatres and railway stations, and is, therefore, particularly convenient for TRANS-ATLANTIC PROFESSIONAL GENTLEMEN. The American Bar, handsomely furnished, with reading-room, lavatories, etc., will be found an especially desirable resort. English and American theatrical papers on file. 39-26t

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HASCALL'S HALL, GOSHEN, IND., has recently been fitted up with a new drop-curtain and six complete sets of scenery, painted by the Chicago Scenic Artists MESSRS. TRYON & GRAHAM. Goshen is a fine town of 5,000 inhabitants, on the Lake Shore and Michigan Southern R. R., about halfway between Chicago and Detroit. A good show can play three nights to good business. For terms apply to 35-13t* CHAS. B. ALDERMAN, Goshen, Ind.

CARPENTER'S HALL, CAMBRIDGE CITY, IND. JAMES McCAFFREY, Agent. First-class Hall; Lighted by Gas; Licensed; Splendid Scenery; good Piano. Seating capacity, 600 chairs. 33-13t*

MASONIC TEMPLE, NASHVILLE, TENN. L. C. Halle, manager. Just Refinished. Everything Entirely New. Dress-circle and parquet with patent folding chairs; family circle with handsome chairs. Inclined seats, new drop-curtain, new scenery, new stage. Seating capacity, 1,200. The most elegant and complete theatre in the State. Rent low. Combinations and stars treated with on liberal sharing terms. Address all communications to L. C. Halle, manager, Nashville, Tenn. Refer to Adelaide Phillipps Opera Troupe, John T. Ford (Edwin Booth Co.), Maggie Mitchell, Furbish's Fifth avenue Co., Hall's Combination, Harrigan and Hart, Bryant's, Kelly & Leon's, Harry Robinson's, Cal Wagner's, and other minstrel troupes. 1-51t*

IRVING HALL, WATERBURY, CT. Splendidly furnished. Good stage and ante-rooms. Drop-curtain. Well lighted and ventilated. Seating capacity, 700. Population, 15,000. Address H. P. CAMP, Waterbury, Ct. 53-13t

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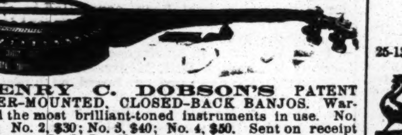

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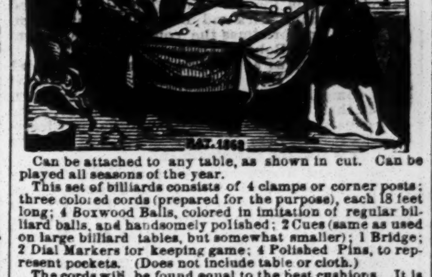

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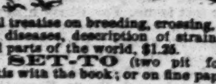

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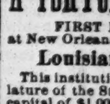

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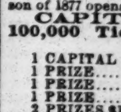

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2 PRIZES	$1,000	2,000
5 PRIZES	500	2,500
10 PRIZES	250	2,500
50 PRIZES	100	5,000
100 PRIZES	50	5,000
200 PRIZES	25	5,000
500 PRIZES	10	5,000
1,000 PRIZES	5	5,000

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